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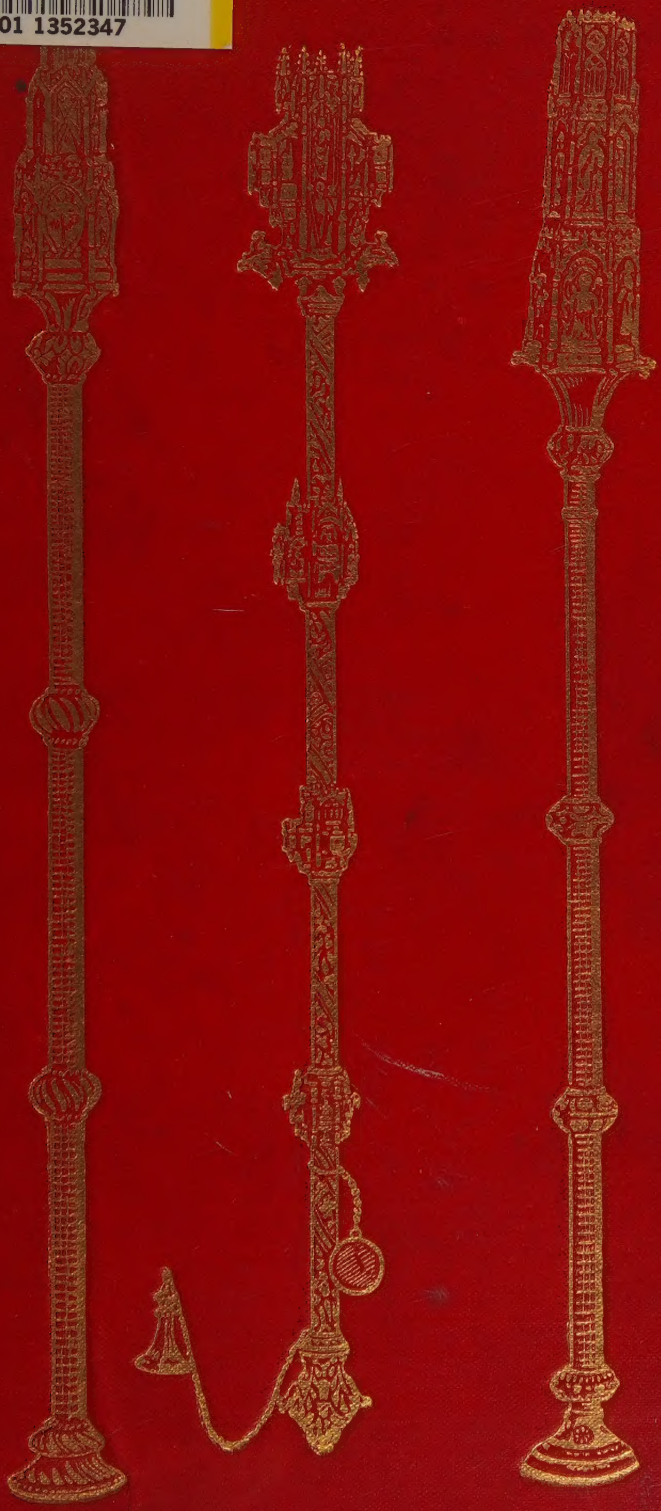

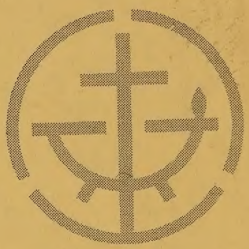

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RECTORIAL ADDRESSES

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SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART.

TO

THE MARQUESS OF BUTE

1863—1893

EDITED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY

LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1894

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

K.G.

CHANCELLOR

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

THIS VOLUME

OF

RECTORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED DURING HIS CHANCELLORSHIP

IS

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THE EDITOR

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CONTENTS

PAGE

1. Introduction by the Editor ix

2. Rectorial Addresses—

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. . . . 1

John Stuart Mill 17

James Anthony Froude—First Address . . . 81

„ „ Second Address . . 111

Lord Neaves 155

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley—First Address . . 185

„ „ Second Address . . 210

Lord Selborne 235

Sir Theodore Martin 261

Lord Reay 283

Arthur James Balfour 307

Marquess of Dufferin and Ava 331

Marquess of Bute 365

3. Appendices—

(1) List of Rectors 397

(2) List of Rectors' Prizes 399

INTRODUCTION

THE publication of the Rectorial Addresses delivered at the University of St. Andrews, since the passing of the Universities (Scotland) Act of 1858, has often been thought of. The late Principals Tulloch and Shairp were most anxious that it should be undertaken. As more than one-third of a century has elapsed since the passing of the Act, it seems appropriate that the thirteen Addresses, which have been delivered by our eleven Rectors, should now be brought together, and issued in a memorial volume, for the benefit of the University and its students. All the Rectors who still live have cordially consented to the publication of their addresses, and the representatives of those who are dead have done the same.

To those who wish to understand the aims and ideals of our Scottish Universities, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, the perusal of these Addresses will be more than interesting, as they discuss some of the deepest educational problems, and deal with others of wide practical significance. It is an honour to the students of the University that such men have been elected to fill the rectorial chair.

It may be expedient, in a brief Introduction, to state a few historical facts in reference to the office of Rector; and to add one or two incidents in connection with the elections which have taken place at St. Andrews, during the last thirty years.

Next to the Chancellor, the Rector is the highest dignitary in the University. According to the terms of the foundation Charter it was necessary that the Rector should be a graduate of the University and in holy orders; but subsequent to the Reformation it was ordained that "ony man may be made Rector that is a suppost and past maister of the University, saving he keep residence within the same, after his acceptation of the office, and during the time thereof, for the maist part." In consequence of repeated disturbances at the annual election it was enacted in 1625 that in future no one should be eligible for the office of Rector "praeter primarios collegiorum magistros." This enactment was in turn superseded by a statute of 9th August 1642, to the effect that "because it is required that the Rector of the University be a man, not only of known piety and gravity, but also of eminent virtue, it is ordained, that no regents of philosophy, but the Principals of the Colleges, and public Professors only, shall be capable of the office of Rectorate; and that the Rector, being chosen, shall exercise his office with such dignity and authority as the Rectors of the University have done in former times." From the union of the Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard in 1747, till the coming into operation of the Universities (Scotland) Act of 1858, eligibility to this office was practically confined to the two Principals, the Professor of Divinity, and the Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

It appears that under the original constitution of the University all its masters and students were entitled to take part in the election of the Rector. In 1475 this privilege was restricted to the Doctors, Masters, and Graduates, but in 1625 the students were again included. In 1642, however, a new Act expressly excluded the junior students, and limited the privilege to such of them as were Bachelors,

Magistrands, and Students of Divinity. This arrangement continued until 1825, when the following resolution was adopted by the Senatus Academicus:—"As the Act of the Royal visitation in 1625, and which does not appear to have been repealed, bears that the right of voting at the election of the Rector should be common to the Masters and all the Students of the University without exception, they find that in future at the election of the Rector, this order should be strictly observed."

Previous to 1859 the electors were divided into four nations, termed *Fifani*, *Angusiani*, *Lothiani*, and *Albani*. Each nation chose from its own number an Intrant, and the four Intrants elected the Rector—the previous Rector having a casting vote in case of an equality in the voting of the Intrants. By an Ordinance of the Scottish Universities Commission, dated 4th May 1859, voting by nations was abolished, and a general poll of all matriculated students substituted—the casting vote being transferred to the Chancellor.

The choice of a Rector being limited to four persons, the annual election became, in course of time, a mere matter of routine. It excited scarcely any interest among the students—the result being almost always a foregone conclusion. A movement for reform began shortly before the appointment of the Scottish Universities Commission of 1826, and in March 1825 the *Comitia* unanimously chose Sir Walter Scott to be Rector of the University. The presidents declared the election void, and dismissed the *Comitia*. The result of the election and the circumstances attending it were officially communicated to Sir Walter by Principal Nicoll, who received from him the following reply:—

"EDINBURGH, *8th March* 1825.

REVEREND SIR—Before I was this evening honoured with your letter, I had received a visit from some young Gentlemen of your

University, making me the honourable proposal to which you allude, which, however, I did not hesitate a moment to decline, partly from personal considerations, but much more from my sense of the great detriment likely to ensue to the University and the Students from the dissension which my acceptance of the honour which they meant for me must necessarily have involved. I have endeavoured to express my personal feelings of the distinction proposed, and the reasons which induce me in honour and conscience to decline it in the letter, of which I send you a copy hastily transcribed, as the hour is late, and I must despatch the original. I hope it may have some effect in putting the matter at rest. I am greatly indebted to you Sir, as a respected individual, and the learned body of which you are the Head, for their undeserved expressions of respect and regard. As I have anticipated their wishes in this respect, permit me to presume so far on your good opinion as to express my sincere hope that the young Gentlemen's proceeding may be viewed by the Senatus Academicus as the natural, tho' perhaps ill-considered emanation of a wish to assert privileges of which they supposed themselves possessed, and that it will not be remembered unfavourably against the individuals concerned. I am sensible the wisdom of the Senatus Academicus requires no counsel from me on such a point, but having been in some degree involuntarily implicated in the matter, I hope I will be judged pardonable in offering my intercession.

With sincere good wishes for the prosperity of your respected and venerable University I have the honour to be, Reverend Sir, your most obedt. humble Servt., WALTER SCOTT.

I should do the young Gentlemen much injustice if I did not add that their application to me was couched in the most becoming terms with respect to you, and the Senatus."

In March 1843 another effort was made to break through the traditional routine, and this time Dr. Chalmers was elected Rector by a plurality of votes. The Senatus forthwith declared the election to be null, and shortly afterwards expelled three of the Intrants who had voted for an outside Rector. The case was appealed to the St. Andrews University Commissioners, who were then sitting in Edinburgh, and who went very fully into the whole matter. In the end the Commissioners recalled the sentence of expulsion

pronounced by the Senatus, and reinstated the three students in all the privileges formerly belonging to them. On the other hand they held that the election of Dr. Chalmers was properly declared null and void by the Senatus.

A more successful attempt at reform was made in 1858, when a large section of the students again resolved to have a Rector from without. When the *Comitia* met as usual, on the first Monday of March, two of the Intrants voted for Dr. Buist, Professor of Church History, and two for Sir Ralph Anstruther. The retiring Rector, Dr. Brown, Professor of Divinity, (who favoured the reform party), gave his casting vote for Sir Ralph. Doubts were cast on the validity of the election, and the matter was ultimately referred to Lord Advocate Inglis. He advised the University to uphold the election, and to instal Sir Ralph; which was accordingly done, on 25th March 1858.

Professor Mitchell, who is perhaps the most trustworthy authority now living in reference to the history of the University during his student years, tells me that Sir Ralph's address was delivered in the Lower Library Hall—that historic room in which the Scottish Parliament once sat. It was not an elaborate oration, or academic address, like those of his successors in office; but such an *extempore* speech as might be expected from a genial country gentleman. It was not published in pamphlet-form, but a report of it appeared in the *Fifeshire Journal* for March 31st, 1858; in which the subsequent proceedings of the installation day—(the 24th)—at a meeting of graduates, and an evening banquet—are recorded. The following are extracts from Sir Ralph Anstruther's address:—

". . . Gentlemen, I feel, and have felt during the greater part of my life, the deepest interest in the University and city of St. Andrews, and in everything connected with them; and I look back with the

most lively emotions of pleasure to the years I spent here in early life. And this, not only when I think of the amusements of my boyhood, of the zest with which I cast aside my student's gown, and rushed to the Links to join in that wonderful game, which seems to possess equal charms for the merry schoolboy and the grave professor, or of the exhilarating plunge into the Witch Lake and rapid swim across its waters, or of the more quiet ramble to the Kenly. . . . These, indeed, are all reminiscences of the most agreeable character, but my chief source of pleasure in the retrospect is, that those days were the only period of my life when I really and truly devoted myself to the pursuit of knowledge, and because the instructions I then received have been of the most inestimable value to me in all the subsequent parts of my life. This is why I feel so deep an interest in St. Andrews, and this is why I feel such gratitude to you, gentlemen, for having this day enabled me to renew in so gratifying and honourable a fashion my connection with my old and deeply venerated Alma Mater. . . . You petitioned the Senatus Academicus—you petitioned the Royal Commissioners—you elected extrinsic Rectors—you selected the best and most gifted men in Scotland to the office, amongst others, I would mention the immortal names of Scott and Chalmers; but all in vain. Then you took something of an erratic course, went beyond the limits of your own country, and, in a fit of desperation, actually elected the Emperor of Russia! Gentlemen, it was a bold step. As the law has been explained by Her Majesty's legal adviser for Scotland, had his Imperial Majesty accepted office, he would have been to all intents and purposes your Rector. . . . Gentlemen, fortunately for you, the Emperor did not accept. It is possible indeed that he never heard of the honour intended for him, at any rate he did not accept, neither did either of our two eminent countrymen to whom I have alluded. Your ambition then had a sad fall, and you were obliged to content yourselves with a plain, simple, country gentleman, one equally removed from the two last illustrious individuals I have mentioned in genius and persuasive eloquence, as he is from the former in the power, and, I trust, in the spirit of Imperial despotism. . . ."

The proceedings at the meeting of graduates in the afternoon were interesting, but the speeches delivered at the evening banquet which followed were much more so; and from these I select some sentences spoken by one of the

most distinguished men who has ever held office in the University, Professor Ferrier. He said:—

". . . This day will be ever memorable in the annals of our Scotch Universities—memorable more particularly in the annals of the University of St. Andrews,—and for two reasons—first, on account of the meeting of the Association of Graduates; and, secondly, on account of the installation of a new and extraneous Rector of the University. This, I believe, is the first occasion on which the Association of our Graduates has met in a corporate and social capacity. . . . . In regard to the installation of our new Rector, I am sure that our old Alma Mater must have felt that she had renewed her youth, when, by that imposing ceremony, the trammels which had so long confined her were broken through. My excellent friend, Dr. Anderson, has just alluded very touchingly to his youthful recollections when he was a student here—I think he said—some few centuries ago (great laughter)—for a few centuries are as nothing in the lifetime of so distinguished a geologist. Our University must then have been in her teens; now she is a venerable old lady of a very certain age, namely, about four hundred and fifty years. But I am sure that she must have felt her old blood rejuvenescent, when listening to the admirable address with which our Rector inaugurated the new era on which she is entering. We owe a great deal to Sir Ralph Anstruther, not only for the prompt kindness with which he met our wishes, and entered into our views, but for the fine and cordial spirit which his well-timed, and in all respects happy address infused into the proceedings of the day. In regard to the sister Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, these are the glories of England. They are institutions with which our Scottish Universities can, in some respects, never pretend to vie. But let us hope that the time is at hand—if it be not already come—when they shall stand forth as the glories of Scotland. Meanwhile let the sister Universities shine on together, each preserving its proper and distinctive lustre. Let each endeavour to appropriate whatever is available for good in the system of the other. But in working out their respective reforms, let each look principally, or only, to itself—let each work out its own system in its own way, and in accordance with the wants and the genius of its own people. . . ."

The election of Sir Ralph Anstruther was immediately followed by the passing of the Universities (Scotland) Act

of 1858, which placed the election of Rector on an entirely new basis. The previous practice was completely reversed. Instead of two Principals and two Professors being alone eligible for the office, Principals and Professors were henceforth expressly excluded from holding it. The Rector at the same time ceased to be resident head of the University, an office which thereafter devolved upon the Principal.

Under the old system the Rector, immediately after his election, nominated deputies and assessors. The deputies were usually the other *viri rectorales*, while the assessors were the members of the Senatus Academicus. These constituted the Rectorial Court, before which all causes were heard and determined. For a long period the Rector acted as a civil magistrate within the University, and to him an appeal lay in all matters of discipline from the sentences of the Colleges. At one time his jurisdiction even extended over the people of the Town, when any of them interfered with the rights and privileges of the University, or assaulted any of its members. After 1859 it was no longer necessary that the Rector should appoint deputies and assessors as before, but he was allowed the privilege of appointing one assessor on the newly-instituted University Court of which he himself was made the President.

The first election of a Rector under the new system took place on 24th November 1859, when Colonel Mure of Caldwell—the accomplished author of *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*—was elected by a majority of 22 votes over Sir Ralph Anstruther—the state of the poll being: for Colonel Mure, 73, and for Sir Ralph Anstruther, 51. Colonel Mure, however, declined to accept the office, on account of the state of his health. There was a general feeling that, in the circumstances, the office should revert to Sir Ralph Anstruther, but the Uni-

versities Commission appointed a new election to take place on 20th December. On that occasion Sir William Dunbar was nominated in opposition to Sir Ralph, but the latter was elected by a majority of 7—64 voting for Sir Ralph Anstruther, and 57 for Sir William Dunbar. At a meeting of Senatus held on 17th March 1860 a letter was read from Sir Ralph, intimating that on account of the state of his health it would be inconvenient for him to be installed at that time. There is no further reference to his tenure of the office in the Minutes of Senatus, nor any mention of his having delivered an inaugural address. At the first meeting of the newly-constituted "General Council" of the University, which was held on the 29th March 1860, it is stated in a long report of the proceedings in the county newspaper, that Sir Ralph was not present.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.—then William Stirling, Esq., of Keir—was the second Rector. He was elected on the 27th November 1862, by 101 votes; over 59 recorded for Lord Dalhousie. He delivered his address on the 18th of January, 1863, but it was not published at the time in pamphlet form, as all subsequent addresses of the St. Andrews Rectors have been. It was reported in the *Perthshire Journal* of 22nd January 1863; and, from that report, it is printed verbatim in the sixth volume of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's published *Works*, containing his "Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses," from which the text in this volume is reproduced. The present baronet writes that it "shews every sign, in its careful wording, of having been taken from the MS.; and my father himself was satisfied with it, as he had some copies specially printed for himself." It was remarkable for the high strain of moral wisdom pervading it, being weighted with "good counsel" from beginning to end.

Mr. John Stuart Mill was elected Rector, on the 23rd of November 1865, by 95 votes; as against 48, recorded for Lord Kinnaird. His address—delivered on the 1st of February 1867—is printed from his published works. It was one of the most interesting in the series, and—philosophically speaking—the most important, as it contained a survey of existing educational methods, and of the curriculum of study at the University; dealing with perennial problems, rather than with passing interests. Mill's discussion of the deficiencies of our Secondary Education was far in advance of his time. He traversed, in encyclopedic fashion, almost the whole domain of knowledge, mapping it out with rare analytic skill: and it is questionable if, in any of his larger treatises, he has left a better memorial of his philosophic insight. There is a fulness and a stateliness about it, as well as a presage of the future, which are all remarkable. He indicated the value to the University of a course of training in "Engineering and the Industrial Arts," as well as in Law and Medicine, and the older Disciplines—a forecast of what has been partially realised. His plea for the historical study of dogma—whether in Ethics or Theology—and for a comprehensive policy in the organisation and development of the Church of the Future, was as significant as his vindication of the study of Art. It was by far the longest address delivered at St. Andrews, but its merit justified its length.

Mr. James Anthony Froude was elected Rector on the 26th of November 1868, by 91 votes; against 77, given to Mr. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. He was one of two Rectors who, during their tenure of office, gave a second address to the students, in addition to that delivered at installation. Both of these addresses were republished by Mr. Froude in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. He was installed as Rector, and gave his first address on the 20th

of March 1869. Those who heard it remember how it was lit up by many subtle "asides," and the happy commentary of a master in historical criticism. It was, in the best sense of the phrase, a utilitarian address, inasmuch as it was a plea for such a kind of culture as would fit young men for the after-work of life. On the 17th of March 1871 Mr. Froude gave a second address, ostensibly on *Calvinism*, but in reality dealing with the profound philosophical problems which underlie Theology.

On the 23rd of November 1871, Mr. Ruskin was elected Rector, by 86 votes; against 79, recorded for Lord Lytton. It would seem that some exception was taken to Ruskin's election, on the ground that he was a Professor in the University of Oxford: and in the Scottish Universities Act of 1856 it is expressly stated that no "Professor" is eligible for the office of Rector. Mr. Ruskin's friends held—and were probably quite within their legal rights in holding—that the disability applied only to a *Scottish* University Professor, that is to say, one engaged in the work of teaching in Scotland. I do not think Mr. Ruskin resigned. From an expression in one of his letters—written when he was thought of as Rector in a subsequent year—I gather that he considered the legal difficulty a device of "the opposition." Had he resigned, Lord Lytton would have become Rector; but a new election took place early in the following year.

In 1883 Mr. Ruskin was again approached by some of the students, to see if he would accept the Rectorship if elected. I do not know how he replied to the official letter of the student, or committee of students, who first addressed him; but his letters to others on the subject are most characteristic. As Mr. Ruskin is still, however, happily amongst us, their publication must be deferred.

On the 28th of March 1872, Lord Neaves was chosen

Rector, by 73 votes; over Professor Huxley, who had 70. He was installed on the 14th day of February 1873. His visit to St. Andrews was marked by no special incident; but I well remember how, as the rectorial procession wended its way up the narrow passage, or extemporised alley in the Library, to the dais where the address was to be delivered, 'mid showers of peas thrown right and left by the students even at that stage of the proceedings, the ever humorous Rector turned round to the Vice-Chancellor, and said, "This is just a pis-alley." Lord Neaves's address was full of wisdom. It almost seemed as if the flaming torch had been handed on to him by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Λαμπάδια ἔχοντες διαδώσουσιν ἀλλήλοις.

Dean Stanley had been an occasional visitor to St. Andrews, long before his election to the Rectorial Chair; and he loved the place, and much connected with it, as few men have done. It was he who called it "the Oxford of the North." He was elected on the 26th of November 1874; by 70 votes over Lord Salisbury, who had 66. His inaugural address, given on the 31st of March 1875, and published at the time as a pamphlet, was reprinted two years later under the title of "The Study of Greatness," in his volume of *Sermons and Addresses Delivered at St. Andrews.* It is a singularly interesting study of the influence of the contemplation of Greatness, whether embodied in Institutions, in Men, in Ideas, or in Deeds. The effect of this address is admirably described by Principal Shairp, in a letter to Lady Augusta Stanley, who had been unable to accompany her husband to St. Andrews:—

"During his three days here he was at his brightest and best, with but one thing wanting to make all perfect—your presence. In his address on Wednesday he surpassed himself, or rather I should say that he was at his very best. I put his address alongside of that

wonderful burst at the Scott Centenary; only that was but twenty minutes, this was maintained for nearly an hour and a half. Every one, old and young, was hushed and thrilled by it. I wish you had seen the faces of the students, how intent eager and responsive they were, as they drank in every word.

Then at the two evening parties he threw himself in among the students in a way that astonished every one. Poor shy lads! they had never seen before, perhaps will never see again, such a man, addressing them in such easy, equal, and hearty terms. The naturalness and gracefulness with which he moved about from one to another surprised me, well as I knew the charm of his manner.

His presence has been like a bright angel's visit, that has sweetened many a heart not used to such things. His address and his influence here will, I trust, be no passing, but a permanent good to the old place. Before the term of his Rectorship expires we shall hope to see him here again, and you with him, restored to health, as before."

Dean Stanley followed Mr. Froude's example, and gave a second address, during his term of office as Rector. Principal Tulloch had asked him, on the occasion of his former visit, to address the theological students at St. Mary's College. He complied by speaking to the University at large, on the 16th of March 1877, his subject being "The Hopes of Theology"; an address which was published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in May 1877, and afterwards in the Dean's *Sermons and Addresses*. In the interval between his two rectorial visits to St. Andrews, Lady Augusta had died, and the mainspring of Dean Stanley's life was broken: but, although his loss gave a certain sadness to his second address, and—as he told the Queen—it was "less inspiring, because less congenial to the mass of the students," *The Hopes of Theology* is one of the finest things he ever wrote. In it he tried to "bell the Inchcape Rock," on which so many of the galleons of the old theology had suffered shipwreck. His address contains a

very remarkable vindication of that "catholic, comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of the present time, but of the times that are yet to be."

During his visit to St. Andrews in 1877, Dean Stanley preached two remarkable sermons in the city. One of these, addressed to the students of the University in their own chapel of St. Salvator's College, was specially memorable as a discourse of a great preacher of the nineteenth century. It contained a memorable passage on the influence of the best traditions of a Seat of Learning upon the mind and character of students, producing a sort of academic apostolical succession. His references to Burns and to Scott, and to "the upward journey over the Hill of Difficulty to the House called Beautiful," were memorable; but much more noteworthy, and most pathetic, was the Dean's description of the sound of rivulets, heard all night by the weary traveller in the south of Spain—rivulets made by the Moorish conquerors of Granada five centuries ago; and its parallel in the continuity of intellectual and moral influence in the world. That simile, drawn out in a wonderful manner, and spoken by a voice of rare delicacy and strength of persuasion, produced a more intense effect on the audience which listened to it, than is the customary result of University sermons.

"The weary traveller in the south of Spain who, after passing many an arid plain and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear rushing and rippling under the shade of the spreading trees, and along the side of the dusty road, the grateful murmur of the running waters, of streamlets whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice in the stillness of the early dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which, amidst all the changes of race and religion, have never ceased to flow. Their

empire has fallen, their creed has been suppressed by fire and sword, their nation has been driven from the shores of Spain, their palaces crumble into ruins, but the trace of their beneficent civilisation still continues ; and in this continuity, that which was good and wise and generous, in that gifted but unhappy race, still lives on to cheer and refresh their enemies and conquerors. *Even so it is with the good deeds of those who have gone before us*—whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of unselfish devotion, of saintly practice,—these still feed the stream of moral fertilisation, which will run on, when their place knows them no more, even when their names have perished."

One of the impressive incidents of Dean Stanley's visits to St. Andrews was the way in which he quoted and referred to the well-known Greek words inscribed on a scroll in the Library Hall, behind the dais from which he spoke—Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν—turning round and pointing to the motto, with a rare dignity and intensity of feeling. It appealed to many who heard it; and, over and over again, the late Principal Shairp spoke of that incident as one of the most pathetic which had ever occurred, in his experience, in connection with our rectorial gatherings. Afterwards, at Westminster, the Dean alluded to these St. Andrews visits, with their many memories, as about the most delightful in his life.

The election of Lord Selborne, on the 22nd of November 1877, by 79 votes; as against 64 recorded for the Hon. Gathorne Hardy, was welcomed by many—Liberals and Conservatives alike—as a gain to the University. Lord Selborne was an old friend of Bishop Wordsworth, and of Principal Shairp. When he came to deliver his address, he was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor. Lady Selborne (who accompanied him) stayed at Bishopshall. One little incident connected with his visit may be mentioned. In August 1878 Bishop Wordsworth had written some Latin

verse, *Ad Virum nobilissimum Comitem de Beaconsfield, post reditum a Berolinensi Congressu, July* 16, 1878. Meeting Stanley at Megginch Castle—that delightful haunt of happy memories to all who were privileged to know its inmates—he asked the Dean to give him an English version of them, which he might send to the Premier. In a few days the Bishop received what he had asked; and the Latin original by himself, with Stanley's English version, were sent to Hughenden Manor. He received a reply, the first sentence of which was, "It is the happiest union since Beaumont and Fletcher." With a very pardonable pride, at a dinner party in Bishopshall, the Bishop showed this letter to the Rector, and sent it round his table to the assembled guests. I do not know whether the remark was more characteristic of Disraeli, or laudatory of Wordsworth and Stanley.

Sir Theodore Martin was elected Rector in November 1880, by 113 votes; over 68 given to Mr. Freeman, the historian. Of his tenure of office one of the chief things to be recorded is the fact that Lady Martin—Helen Faucit of the English stage—accompanied her husband to St. Andrews. They were the guests of the Vice-Chancellor, and Lady Martin most kindly volunteered to give to the students a recital of the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, and of a part of *As You Like It*, in which—as Rosalind—she was so charming on the stage. Sir Theodore and Lady Martin left many happy memories behind them.

On the 22nd November 1883, Mr. Russell Lowell, United States Minister to England, was elected Rector, by 100 votes; as against 82 recorded in favour of the Right Hon. E. Gibson, M.P. for Dublin University. In the course of the contest, Mr. Lowell wrote on the 17th November 1883.

". . . I had not the least notion that there was any political colour in the election of Rectors, or I should not have consented to stand. I hope that it will be made to appear (if proper) that my candidature rests on purely literary grounds."

After his election several letters were received from representative men in Great Britain and America, referring to the choice of the students. One of them went the length of regarding it as a new international bond—one of amity and friendship—between the great Anglo-Saxon races of the world. But, most unfortunately for St. Andrews, the legality of the election was challenged by the supporters of the rival candidate, on the ground that Lowell was an American, and therefore an alien! After long consideration and discussion with Principal Tulloch, it was agreed that the point—one almost of international law—should be referred to Lord Selborne, the outgoing Rector. I need not quote Lord Selborne's reply; it will suffice to give an extract from Mr. Lowell's letter of 12th December 1883.

". . . I have, I need hardly say, been altogether gratified with the kindly way in which my election has been received on both sides of the water; but I cannot help feeling that I should have been wiser, had I at once withdrawn—on hearing that objections would be made—instead of yielding to the perhaps too friendly advice of Lord Selborne. I have left the matter wholly in the hands of the Vice-Chancellor, in whose discretion and good feeling I have entire confidence; but I should be glad if you will kindly say to him that I earnestly wish him to give every possible weight to any doubts that may occur to his own mind, and to be sure that *I have absolutely no personal feeling as to the result.*

"I shall always be grateful for the universal expression

of kindness brought out by the occasion, serving to warm again the blood of my old age. . . ."

The result was that Mr. Lowell withdrew, and Lord Reay was elected.

Up to this time, seven of the Rectorial Addresses had been delivered in the Upper Library Hall of the University in South Street, in which the portraits of many persons officially connected with the University are hung. It was invariably found, however, to be too small to accommodate those who wished to attend the triennial ceremony; and when Lord Reay became Rector, the Senate resolved to transfer the function to the Recreation Hall, in the City Road. There the installation of Lord Reay took place, and there his address was delivered in 1885, a sort of *annus mirabilis* in the history of the University—as Principal Tulloch used to call it—so far as the conferring of honorary degrees was concerned. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was given to the representatives of no fewer than eight different religious denominations; and the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon the following—many of them having been students of the University—The Marquess of Lorne, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Reay (Rector), Lord Cross, Sir George Young, the Hon. Waldegrave Leslie, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.; Mr. John B. Balfour, M.P.; Mr. James A. Campbell, M.P.; Dr. Hugh Cleghorn, Mr. William Leonard Courtney, New College, Oxford; Sir R. Anstruther Dalzell, Vice-President of the India Council; John Duncan, M.D., Edinburgh; Mr. Andrew Lang, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; Mr. E. Ray Lankester, University College, London; Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, London; Dr. Playfair, London; the Principal of University College, Dundee; the Provost of St. Andrews, and the minister of Ballachulish and Ardgour.

As the address of an academical statesman, Lord Reay's was the weightiest of these delivered at St. Andrews. If Mr. Mills' was the production of a comprehensive theorist, Lord Reay's address was that of a sagacious practical statesman; and it contained some suggestions which have been adopted by the Scottish Universities Commission.

On the 25th November 1886, the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour was elected by the students to succeed Lord Reay, by 108 votes; against 88 recorded for Sir John Lubbock. As a distinguished politician and literary man, he was welcomed by the students with rare enthusiasm. There is nothing specially to record of his tenure of office, as his manifold official duties in the Service of his Country made his stay in St. Andrews a very brief one. His visit to the University was memorable, however, in many ways.

On the 28th November 1889, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava was chosen to succeed Mr. Balfour, by 103 votes; over 100 recorded in favour of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Lord Dufferin is one of the most accomplished diplomatists and administrators in foreign lands, that England has known. His address was one which the students of the University will cherish for generations to come; and it is perhaps the only Rectorial Address which was to be found for sale in the bookstalls of railway stations on the Continent of Europe.

On the 24th November 1892, the Marquess of Bute was elected Rector—the only occasion on which there was no contest. Of his address it is impossible to speak too highly, or of his services to the University and its students, as well as of his patriotic schemes for the restoration and development of the glories of St. Andrews. Perhaps no one amongst our contemporaries loves the ancient city—from an antiquarian, a historic, a religious, and an academic

point of view—more profoundly than Lord Bute; and it is to be hoped that his efforts to befriend it, on strictly academic lines, including his wish to see other colleges—either affiliated to, or incorporated within it—will be at length realised.

The Addresses are all reprinted from the pamphlets in which they originally appeared, the footnotes and quotations being also by the respective authors.

Reference has been made to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Russell Lowell, who were elected, but did not accept office. Of all those, however, amongst contemporary literary men, whom the students of St. Andrews wished to honour by election to their rectorial Chair—but who could not see his way to comply with their wish—Robert Browning is the most famous. He was approached three times in different years, when it was thought possible to secure his services, The first occasion was in 1869, before I went to St. Andrews. On the 11th March, in that year, he wrote thus to Mr. W. W. Tulloch, the son of the Principal of St. Mary's College.

"If I have delayed answering your letter, and attempting to comment upon its enclosure, you must partly blame yourself; you literally 'took my breath away.' I had no notion that the wish to do me the great honour of making me Rector of your famous University was so effectually and so earnestly expressed. I cannot regret under all circumstances that I shrank from what I am really unfit for—but I do regret that I was ignorant, at the time, of the existence of such a kind and generous feeling in my behalf as that which you now mention, and which must have been the result of your own speech, rather than any merits of mine. All I can say is that I am most grateful to you, and all who sympathise with you; and that I shall never think

of Saint Andrews without a throb of pride at having at least succeeded in making you my friends and well wishers."

In 1876—the first winter which I spent in St. Andrews—the students of that year again thought of Browning as their Rector, and a committee of them urged him to allow himself to be nominated. They received a declinatory note. Nothing daunted, four of their number started for London one Friday afternoon, when University class-work was ended, met the poet next morning, by appointment, at his house in Warwick Square, and urged him to consent to become their Rector. He was greatly impressed, as he told me afterwards, by this most significant proof of what Carlyle had called "the beautiful enthusiasm"[1] of the Edinburgh students when he was elected as their Rector. He received them most courteously; and while compelled to decline their request, he presented to each of the enthusiasts, before they left, a copy of one of his volumes of verse. One of the four was Mr. Macdonald Mackay, now Professor of History in University College, Liverpool.

Browning wrote afterwards—

"London, 19 Warwick Crescent, W.,
Nov. 22, '77.

. . . I really want words to do any sort of justice to my feelings—very mingled as they are, great pleasure with much pain, yet in which after all the pleasure predominates—exquisite pleasure I will say at the evidence of sympathy and kindness which have taken me by surprise indeed. I shall not trust myself to stammer when I am clearly unable to speak. The gentlemen of the Deputation will have informed you of that refusal of the previous offer—made formally to me nearly a year ago—of the "Independent Club" at Glasgow.

[1] See the report of his Rectorial Address at Edinburgh, on the 2nd April 1866.

Having been forced to decline the same honour, warmly pressed on me in that instance, I felt it impossible to seem to throw a slight upon my friends and supporters there. I believe I mentioned to them that the main difficulty in the case was that I had been compelled to forego the distinction, originally put within my reach by St. Andrews; and now certainly no academical distinction of a similar nature—if such existed—should induce me to accept it. Quite enough pride, or something better, remains to me that I *might* have been—but for circumstances out of my control—the unanimously chosen Rector of the University.

May I beg you to interpret—far beyond the letter—the sense of what I have attempted to say. . . .

Robert Browning."

It would thus seem that the reason why Browning declined the Glasgow Rectorship in 1876 was that he had previously declined the St. Andrews offer in 1869; and that the reason why he refused to stand for St. Andrews in 1877 was that he had refused the Rectorship in Glasgow in 1876!

Again, however, in 1884, some of the students of that year tried to persuade him once more to become a candidate for the Rectorship. On the 10th of January 1884 he wrote—". . . The honour of standing for the Rectorship, was, by the same post, proposed to me, as you expected; and—very respectfully (in no conventional sense)—declined, as on former occasions. I am glad to see that Lord Reay is a candidate; no fitter one could be suggested. . . ."

Going back a few years, at the close of 1880, some students thought of Tennyson as their Rector; but, before being definitely selected, he was approached with the view of finding out whether he would accept the office if

elected. He replied from Aldworth on 19th November 1880:—

". . . Present my thanks to the students, but let me be forgiven if I decline the honour."

When the idea first occurred to me of collecting and editing these Addresses, I submitted it to the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, as I thought he might wish to undertake the preparation of such a volume, and to contribute to it a more elaborate Historical Sketch of the University than anything I could write. When I found that he did not contemplate such a work, it seemed to me appropriate—since more than a third of a century has passed since the first Rectorial Address was given, under the regulations of the Universities Commission of 1858—to collect and to edit all those delivered at St. Andrews, for the sake both of past and present *alumni*. I daresay that many former students of this ancient University will be glad to possess a volume containing not only the address to which they themselves listened, as undergraduates—and which they took part in securing for their *Alma Mater*—but also the addresses of earlier and later Rectors, who have conferred lustre on the University of which we all are proud.

The extraordinary love which old St. Andrews students have for their *Alma Mater*, and which Professors—who have only spent a year or two in the city, and then gone to other spheres of labour—share with them, has no parallel in any other Scottish, and perhaps not in any British, University. Just the other day, I met, at the entrance gate of the University of Edinburgh, a distinguished student, who had taken his Arts classes at St. Andrews, and afterwards gone for his Divinity course to Edinburgh. I asked him what he was now doing. He said he was lingering beside "his stepmother," as in duty bound, for a short time; but

that he was going off to Germany very soon. The way in which he spoke of the stepmother showed what he thought of his old *Alma Mater*.

One thing should be mentioned in connection with the Rectorial Elections at St. Andrews, as compared with those in the other Universities of Scotland. In every case, save one, there has been a contest; and even in that one the election was preceded by an academic debate, over the merit of possible rivals (and what University, or what student in it, would be "worth his salt," were there no friendly—or hostile—canvassing of the claims of men, thought worthy of such an office); but the contest at St. Andrews has not usually been a political one, as it has been almost invariably in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell remarks—in the noble address which begins this volume—that the office of Rector was not created, by the Universities Act of 1858, "without some discussion." The chief objection taken to the creation of the office was that, as "the example of Glasgow Rectorial Election was sure to be followed, they would be apt to be mere political contests; and that such contests might both interfere with academical discipline, and have the effect of introducing amongst the students habits of premature political partisanship."[1] Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell further says that the decision come to on both sides ultimately was, "in the hope that the political element in the elections would be diminished rather than increased."

Whatever may have been the case with the other Universities, there is no doubt that the St. Andrews students have spontaneously sought for Rectors who would adorn the Office, rather than for men who would help a Party. Long may it be so! Perhaps they have seen, more clearly than students at other Universities have done, that both

[1] See p. 13.

the political parties of the day—*as of all time*—have an equally important function to discharge towards the State; and that these rectorial conflicts had better turn round other issues, than a decision as to which of the two should be honoured by the election of one of its members to academic office.

To glorify St. Andrews as a University city is happily a work of supererogation. It is a little University, and has always been so. Owing to its position, on a seaboard promontory, remote from the great centres of population and industry,—cut off even from the main lines of modern locomotion,—it has "dwelt apart," and pursued a somewhat solitary way. It has not been greatly moved by the stir of the centuries, during which its teachers have striven to educate the young men who have resorted to it. Any success it has achieved is not quantitative, but qualitative. It is perhaps to its honour that—in an age which measures most attainments by their utilitarian market-value—one little Place of Learning has gone on its way with quiet perseverance, surrounded, (on south and west and north), by younger and much larger Institutions, supposed at times to be ready to take it up within them, if not to menace its very existence. It is notorious that Institutions which are threatened live long; but one of the most interesting things about St. Andrews is the number of its friends: the great "cloud of witnesses" who have either written in praise of it, or spoken in its honour, or proved their devotion by deeds of beneficence. It is questionable if any University in the world ever received so signal a proof of the loyalty of its sons, as was shown to St. Andrews when an old student, the late Mr. Alexander Berry—afterwards one of the most successful merchant-princes of Australia—drew up a will, in which he bequeathed *his whole fortune*, reckoned by the

million, to his brother in liferent, and to the University of St. Andrews in fee. Unfortunately for the University, (or fortunately—who can tell?) Mr. Berry died with his will unsigned; and the younger—inheriting the whole of the vast estates, but knowing his elder brother's wish—left £100,000 as a gift to St. Andrews. A similar instance of loyal devotion to the place is seen in the bequest of Sir Taylor Thomson—Her Majesty's late representative at Teheran—of £30,000, to found bursaries at the University where he was himself taught. These gifts are very significant signs of the strength of the tie—far stronger than the donors were aware of when they were students—which continues to bind men, after they go abroad and push their fortunes in other lands, to the old place where they were trained in Arts or in Science.

I have referred to the uniqueness of St. Andrews in Scotland, in everything except its wealth; but it is questionable if any single University in the world—Oxford, or Cambridge, in England; Bologna, Paris, Salamanca, or Berlin, on the Continent; any one of the hundred colleges in the United States, or of the dozens in Canada—has had so much written in its praise as the University of this little city by the sea. The fascination which it comes to exact over its students is most subtle. It binds them, or ever they are aware of it. Lads from the moorlands of Perthshire or Inverness trained in remote country Parish Schools, youths coming straight from the noisy din of our larger towns, from the sombre thoroughfares of Dundee, boys from English public schools, children of professional men in London or the Colonies, "sons of the manse" in Scotland or in England, —all find out, in a very short time, that the hand of the past as well as of the present is upon them, and that they are bound to the place where they are being trained by a very curious magnetic spell. Letters are constantly received from

old *alumni*, now occupying positions of distinction in our own or other lands, who write of the University,—of the days they spent in it, and of its influence over them,—with an ardour which makes the ordinary resident wonder what can possibly give rise to it. I may add that some of these letters refer to Principals Tulloch and Shairp, and to Professor Baynes, in such a way that I wish they had been included in the already published *Memoirs* of the Principals, and in the too long delayed memorial volume of my late esteemed colleague, the Professor of Logic. Such letters—written with all the glow of perfervid youth—lead their recipient to ask, "What is the *cause* of this enthusiasm?" Is it the long history of the city, which attracts and fascinates, for it surely cannot be the present condition of the place? Is it the Ruins, the Links, the sandy Dunes, the grand Sea-coast—attractive alike in storm and calm? Is it the Library, with its mediæval as well as its modern stores, so delightful to the student bent on learning? Is it the Students' Union, or the College Societies—the "Philosophical," which it took so many years to organise, but which is now flourishing? or the "Classical" and "Literary" combined? or the "Musical"? or the "Dramatic"? Is it the social life of the place,—the kindness of so many of the citizens to the students? Is it the University Golf-Club, its Summer Tennis, or its Artillery Battery, or its College Chapel Services? Or is it something of all of these combined?

Perhaps it is most of all the unconscious influence of the great historic past of St. Andrews. It is well known that the *genius loci* exerts itself most powerfully when one is least conscious of it. Anyhow very soon after his arrival in the city, the novice gets to understand the meaning of the words which our old dramatist, John Webster,[1] wrote

[1] In his *Duchess of Malfi*.

I do love these ancient Ruins ;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon a reverend History.

The tributes to the city, in prose and verse, are far too numerous to quote in this preface ; but, as they come from many quarters, a few may be given as samples of the rest. One of the best is by a Scottish poet, Arthur Johnston, who wrote in praise of many places in Latin verse. The fourth section of his *Poemata Omnia* (1642) contains "Descriptiones celebriorum urbium Scotiæ." It is questionable if any of his descriptions is finer than the following—

Andreapolis

Urbs sacra, nuper eras toti venerabilis orbi ;
Nec fuit in toto sanctior orbe locus.
Iuppiter erubuit tua cernens templa, sacello
Et de Tarpeio multa querela fuit.
Haec quoque contemplans Ephesinae conditor aedis,
Ipse suum meritò risit & odit opus.
Vestibus aequabant templorum marmora Mystae
Cunctaque divini plena nitoris erant.
Ordinis hic sacri princeps, spectabilis auro,
Iura dabat patribus Scotia quotquot habet.
Priscus honor periit ; traxerunt templa ruinam,
Nec superest Mystis qui fuit ante nitor :
Sacra tamen Musis urbs es, Phoebique ministris,
Nec major meritis est honor ille tuis.
Lumine te blando, Musas quae diligit, Eos
Adspicit, & roseis molliter afflat equis.
Mane novo juxta Musarum murmurat aedes
Rauca Thetis, somnos & jubet esse breves.
Proximus est campus, studiis hic fessa juventus
Se recreat, vires sumit & énde novas.
Phocis amor Phoebi fuit olim, Palladis Acte,
In te jam stabilem fixit uterque larem.

Perhaps another poem, referring to Dundee, may have an interest to the readers of these Addresses, from the

relation in which the newly founded College in that city stands to the University.

Taodunum

Urbs vetus, undosi cui parent ostia Taï,
Et malè Cimbrorum quod tegit ossa solum,
Genua te spectans sua ridet marmora, moles
Pyramidum flocci barbara Memphis habet.
Ipsa suas meritò contemnunt Gargara messes,
Quasque regit, damnat terra Liburna rates.
Et Venetûm populi de paupertate queruntur,
Nec Cnidus aequoreos jactat, ut ante, greges.
Si conferre lubet, pubes Spartana juventae,
Consulibus cedit Roma togata tuis.
Qui mendicatum Taï de gurgite nomen
Dat tibi, credatur mentis & artis inops.
Structa Deûm manibus cùm possis jure videri,
Iure Dei-donum te tua terra vocat.

Every one knows that our English lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, visited St. Andrews, in company with his biographer Boswell, in 1773. The following is an extract from Boswell's account of the "Tour":—

"18*th August* 1773.—We had a dreary drive, in a dusky night to St. Andrews, where we arrived late. We found a good supper at Glass's Inn, and Dr. Johnson revived agreeably. He said, 'The collection called *The Muses' Welcome to King James* (first of England and sixth of Scotland), on his return to his native kingdom, showed that there was then abundance of learning in Scotland: and that the conceits in that collection, with which people find fault, were mere mode?' He added, 'We could not now entertain a Sovereign so; that Buchanan had spread the spirit of learning amongst us, but we had lost it during the civil wars.'[1]

After supper we made a *procession to Saint Leonard's College*, the

[1] When a Scotchman was talking against Warburton, Johnson said he had more literature than had been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan. Upon the other's mentioning other eminent writers of the Scotch, "These will not do," said Johnson; "Let us have some more of your northern lights; these are mere farthing candles."—Johnson's *Works* (1787), xi. 208.

landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern. That college had some time before been dissolved; and Dr. Watson, a professor here (the historian of Philip II.), had purchased the ground, and what buildings remained. When we entered this court, it seemed quite academical; and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation.

Thursday, August 19.—. . . Dr. Watson observed, that Glasgow University had fewer home-students since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it. *Johnson.*—'Why, Sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an authour leaves the great, and applies to the multitude.' *Boswell.*—'It is a shame that authours are not now better patronised.' *Johnson.*—'No, Sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth ameng the multitude, and lets them take it as they please; in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood.' *Watson.*—'But is not the case now, that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?' *Johnson.*—'No, Sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks, his own way. I wonder, however, that so many people have written, who might have let it alone. That people should endeavour to excel in conversation, I do not wonder; because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated.' . . .

After what Dr. Johnson had said of St. Andrews, which he had long wished to see, as our oldest university, and the seat of our Primate in the days of Episcopacy, I can say little. Since the publication of Dr. Johnson's book, I find that he has been censured for not seeing here the ancient chapel of *St. Rule*, a curious piece of sacred architecture. But this was neither his fault nor mine. We were both of us abundantly desirous of surveying such sort of antiquities; but neither of us knew of this. I am afraid the censure must fall on those who did not tell us of it. . . . There is no wonder that he was affected with a strong indignation, while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnston burst out, 'I hope in the high-way.' I have been looking at his reformations.

It was a very fine day. Dr. Johnson seemed quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the scenes which were now presented to him. He kept his hat off while he was upon any part of the ground where the cathedral had stood. He said well, that 'Knox had set on a mob, without knowing where it would end; and that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull his house about his ears.' As we walked in the cloisters, there was a solemn echo, while he talked loudly of a proper retirement from the world. Mr. Nairne said he had an inclination to retire. I called Dr. Johnson's attention to this, that I might hear his opinion if it was right. *Johnson.*—'Yes, when he has done his duty to society. In general, as every man is obliged not only to "love God, but his neighbour as himself," he must bear his part in active life; yet there are exceptions. Those who are exceedingly scrupulous (which I do not approve, for I am no friend to scruples), and find their scrupulosity invincible, so that they are quite in the dark, and know not what they shall do,—or those who cannot resist temptations, and find they make themselves worse by being in the world, without making it better, may retire. I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I could fall on my knees, and kiss the pavement. But I think putting young people there, who know nothing of life, nothing of retirement. is dangerous and wicked. It is a saying as old as Hesiod,

Ἔργα νεῶν, βουλαί τε μέσων, εὐχαί τε γερόντων.

That is a very noble line; not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season of life has its proper duties. I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend; but I find my vocation is rather to active life.' I said, *some* young monks might be allowed, to show that it is not age alone that can retire to pious solitude; but he thought this would only show that they could not resist temptation.

He wanted to mount the steeples, but it could not be done. There are no good inscriptions here. Bad Roman characters he naturally mistook for half Gothick, half Roman. One of the steeples, which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down; 'for,' said he, 'it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox, and no great matter!' Dinner was mentioned. *Johnson.*—'Ay, ay; amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner.'

We went and looked at the castle, where Cardinal Beaton was murdered, and then visited Principal Murison at his college, where is a good library-room; but the Principal was abundantly vain of it, for

he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, 'You have not such a one in England. . . .'

We looked at St. Salvador's College. The rooms for students seemed very commodious, and Dr. Johnson said, the chapel was the neatest place of worship he had seen. The key of the library could not be found, for it seems Professor Hill, who was out of town, had taken it with him. Dr. Johnson told a joke he had heard of a monastery abroad, where the key of the library could never be found. . . ."

Lord Cockburn's account of St. Andrews, given in his *Circuit Journeys,* is characteristic ; and, as it reflects the spirit of the place a generation or two after Dr. Johnson's visit, it may be quoted.

"ARBROATH, *Saturday Forenoon, 27th April* 1844.— . . . I mean to pass on and meditate amidst the fragments of St. Andrews.

28th April 1844.—And a delightful meditation it has been. We got here yesterday in time to mount St. Regulus, which soon gives a stranger an idea of the whole place, and to view the Cathedral ; and I have passed the whole of this, the day of peace, amidst the relics and the scenery of this singular spot. Both days have been beautiful.

I have only been twice here before, and am thankful that I had utterly forgotten everything about it, except its general character. The first time was about thirty-two years ago. . . . Professor Fergusson, then in his 90th year, lived here at that period, with whose family I was very intimate. He was then the most monumental of living men. A fine countenance, long milk-white hair, grey eyes, nearly sightless, a bare, deeply gullied throat, gave him the appearance of an antique cast of this world, while an unclouded intellect, and a strong spirit, savoured powerfully of the next.

My next visit here was a few years after this—I can't remember exactly when—but I came to see some priory acres, about which there was a litigation. I only stayed one evening. And on neither occasion had I time to see, or leisure to feel, the place.

I have now, partly alone, and partly with Professor Jackson, seen and felt it all, outside and inside.

There is no single spot in Scotland equally full of historical interest. A foreigner who reads the annals of Scotland, and sees, in every page, the important position which this place occupied in the literary, the political, and the ecclesiastical transactions of the country, would

naturally imagine the modern St. Andrews, though amerced perhaps of its ancient greatness, to be a large, splendid, and influential city. On approaching it, he sees across an almost treeless plain a few spires standing on a point of rock on the edge of the ocean; and on entering he finds himself in a dead village, without the slightest importance or attractions, except what it derives from the tales that these spires recall.

There is no place in this country over which the Genius of Antiquity lingers so impressively. The architectural wrecks that have been spared are in themselves too far gone. They are literally ruins, or rather the ruins of ruins. Few of them have left even their outlines more than discoverable. But this improves the mysteriousness of the fragments, some of which, moreover, dignify parts of otherwise paltry streets, in which they appear to have been left for no other purpose except that of protesting against modern encroachment. And they are all of a civil character. Even what is called the castle was less of a castle than of a palace. It was a strong place, but not a place chiefly for military defence. They all breathe of literary and ecclesiastical events, and of such political transactions as were anciently involved in the Church. There is no feeling here of mere feudal war.

And the associations of ancient venerableness which belong so peculiarly to St. Andrews are less disturbed by the repugnances of later ages than in any place that I can think of, where the claims of antiquity are opposed to those of living convenience. The colleges which, though young in comparison with the cathedral, the tower, and the castle, are cœval with the age of the Reformation, instead of interfering with the sentiment of the place, bring down the evidence of its learning into a nearer period, and prolong the appropriate feeling. . . . The old academic edifices are in excellent keeping with the still older ruins. And these colleges, when gone into, display many most interesting remains, especially the general university library, a far better collection of books than I had any idea they possessed.

The town itself, though I would rather have no town at all, is less offensive than might be at first conceived possible. . . . The proper town—the true St. Andrews—is in good character. It is still almost entirely surrounded by its ancient wall, and is said never to have been larger than it is now, a statement which the absence of all vestiges of ancient buildings *beyond* the wall makes very probable. Its only three considerable streets all radiate, at a very acute angle, from the cathedral westward. There has never been any attempt at decoration on the houses, which are all singularly plain, though often dignified by a bit

of sculpture, a scarcely legible inscription, a defaced coat-of-arms, or some other vestige of the olden time. There are very few shops, and, thank God, no trade or manufactures. I could not detect a single steam-engine, and their navy consisted of three coal sloops which lay within a small pier composed of large stones laid rudely, though strongly, together upon a natural quay of rock. The gentry of the place consists of Professors, retired Indians, saving lairds, old ladies and gentlemen with humble purses, families resorting here for golf and education, or for economy, or for sea-bathing. Nobody comes for what is called business. Woe be on the ignorant wight who did! He would die of lethargy the first week.

For all this produces a silent, calm place. The streets on Saturday evening and all this day were utterly quiet. The steps of a passenger struck me, while sitting in this Black Bull parlour, as if it had been a person moving in a cloister, or crossing some still college quadrangle, amidst the subdued noises of a hot forenoon. . . .

It is the asylum of repose—a city of refuge for those who cannot live in the country, but wish for as little town as possible. And all this is in unison with the ruins, the still surviving edifices, the academical institutions, and the past history of the place. On the whole, it is the best Pompeii in Scotland. If the Professors and the youths be not studious and learned, it must be their own fault. They have everything to excite their ambition—books, tranquillity, and old inspiration. And if anything more were wanting, they have it in their extensive links, their singular rocks, and their miles of the most admirable, hard, dry sand. There cannot be better sea walks. The prospects are not very good, except perhaps in a day such as this—a day of absolute calmness and brightness—when every distant object glitters, and the horizon of the ocean, in its landless quarter, trembles in light, and the white sea-birds stand on one leg on the warm rocks, and the water lays itself out in long unbroken waves, as if it was playing with the beautiful bays. The water, however, though clear enough for the east coast, is no match for the liquid crystal that laves all our western shores.

Nor are the philosophers here disturbed, like some other naturally quiet spots, by being made a thoroughfare of. The town leads to almost nothing. Few can say truly that they went to any place by St. Andrews. St. Andrews itself must be the object of the pilgrimage.

But though, to a stranger, tranquillity seems to be deeply impressed on the whole place, the natives are not solitary. On the contrary,

among themselves they are very social. Except those who choose to study, they are all idle ; and having all a competency, often humble, no doubt, but sometimes considerable, they are exactly the sort of people who can be gregarious without remorse, and are allured into parties by the necessity of keeping awake. And they have a local pleasure of their own, which is as much the staple of the place as old colleges and churches are. This is golfing, which is here not a mere pastime, but a business and a passion, and has for ages been so, owing probably to their admirable links. This pursuit actually draws many a middle-aged gentleman whose stomach requires exercise, and his purse cheap pleasure, to reside here with his family ; and it is the established recreation of all the learning and all the dignity of the town. There is a pretty large set who do nothing else, who begin in the morning and stop only for dinner, and who, after practising the game in the sea breeze all day, discuss it all night. Their talk is of holes. The intermixture of these men, or rather the intermixture of this occupation, with its interests, and hazards, and matches, considerably whets the social appetite. And the result is, that their meetings are very numerous, and that, on the whole, they are rather a guttling population. However, it is all done quietly, innocently, and respectably, insomuch that even the recreation of the place partakes of what is, and ought to be, its peculiar character and avocation.

If St. Andrews contributes little to knowledge, what college contributes much? What have been the *direct* products of Oxford? The chief use of the academic bowers is, to preserve the taste and the means of learning. And, in this view, though other Scotch colleges may be better fitted for professional education, there is none of them so well suited for a lettered retreat.

Yesterday and to-day I have explored all the outsides of things, and as much of the interiors as Sunday would permit Mr. Jackson, the Professor of Divinity, to show me. I walked eastward with him this afternoon to the Spindle Rock, about two miles off; a beautiful sea-beach walk, ending with that tall and singular cliff standing apart on the shore—the best of many specimens of the kind (pp. 226-32)."

There are many felicitous descriptions of the place in prose. Dean Stanley's, Lord Bute's, and others, are recorded in this volume. From Stanley's the following sentences may be quoted :—

"Other sacred and historic localities of your country have been

long ago deserted by the stream of events. The White House of Ninian lies a stranded relic on the shores of Galloway. For nearly a thousand years the holy island of Iona has ceased to be 'the luminary of the Caledonian regions.' But this temple, as of another Minerva, planted as on another storm-vexed Cape of Sunium—this secluded sanctuary of ancient wisdom—with the foam-flakes of the Northern Ocean driving through its streets, with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms into the sky—still carries on the tradition of its first beginnings. Two voices sound through it—'One is of the sea, one of the cathedral'—'each a mighty voice;' two inner corresponding voices also, which, in any institution that has endured and deserves to endure, must be heard in unison—the voice of a potent past, and the voice of an invigorating future."

In her *Memoir of the Life of John Tulloch,* Mrs. Oliphant writes (pp. 122-23)—

"There are now few places where the visitor is more likely to meet with other pilgrims from all quarters of the world. The little grey town with its rocks and ruins, the stately relics of a historico-ecclesiastical period now entirely passed, and leaving no sign except in these monuments of a lodging far more magnificent than faith or learning has ever since had in Scotland,—with the dark and dangerous reefs below, which make St. Andrews Bay a name of fear to seafaring men; and around the half-encompassing sea, sometimes grey as northern skies can make it, sometimes crisp and brilliant in its blue breadth, as full of colour as the Mediterranean; the long stretch of sandhills and cheerful links, the brown and red roofs all clustered about an old steeple or two, thinning out into farmhouses and cottages landward among their spare and wind-swept trees, running down into fisher-houses, and the bustle of a little storm-beaten fort towards the east,—stands now, as then, upon its little promontory, with all those charms of situation and association which make a place of human habitation most dear. I think there is no such sweep and breadth of sky anywhere. The "spacious firmament on high" sweeps round and round, with the distant hills in soft outline against its tints of pearl, and the levels of the sea melting into it, yet keeping their imperceptible line of distinction, brimming over in that vast and glorious cup. The great globe sways visibly in the summer sunshine, so that the musing spectator seems to see its vast circumference, the level of its human diameter, the circle that holds

it separate from all other spaces and worlds. Nowhere else has my mind received the same impression of "the round world and all that it contains." And there could be no more magnificent sight anywhere than the sunsets that flame upon the western sky over the long levels of the links, or the rush of the Aurora Borealis in the intense blue of the midnight frost, or the infinite soft gradations of earth and sea and air in the lingering summer evenings, when the gleam of half-a-dozen lighthouses comes out intermittent, like faint earthly stars in the dim celestial circles when silence reigns and peace."

Another description of the sunsets and evening lights at St. Andrews may be given from an article, entitled "Alma Mater on Sea," contributed by Mrs. Alexander to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in August 1884.

The sunsets here over the woods of Strathtyrum and the hills beyond are wonderfully fine. Such colouring is rarely seen in these latitudes: gorgeous flaming crimson, richest orange, deep purple—changing to rose and gold, to palest green and blue, with the delicate lustre of mother-of-pearl, casting their glories over field and trees, touching the glimpse of water, where the Eden runs into the sea at the head of the links, with fire, and slowly retreating before the downy darkness of the short summer night. When you have watched the death of day, and read your book or paper by the lingering light till ten o'clock, should you be still wakeful, you may see the first flush of dawn a few minutes after what we are accustomed to consider midnight (p. 177).

Arthur Johnson's Latin poem on St. Andrews has been already quoted. One or two other poetical tributes to it may be given.

In the first canto of *Marmion*, Sir Walter Scott represents the Palmer as thus addressing the Lord

> But I have solemn vows to pay,
> And may not linger by the way,
> To fair St. Andrews bound;
> Within the ocean-cave to pray,
> Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
> From midnight to the dawn of day,
> Sung to the billows' sound.

It would be superfluous to explain the allusions in this stanza. After Sir Walter's, there are certainly no modern poems referring to St. Andrews, at all so memorable as one by an old student—and afterwards the Gifford Lecturer of the University—Mr. Andrew Lang; and other two by a later student (whose premature death every one who knew him deplores), Mr. Robert F. Murray of Ilminster, Somersetshire. Mr. Lang lived as a student in the College Hall—afterwards Bishopshall—near the ruined chapel of St. Leonard. He embalmed his memories of a friend, of the University, and of the city, in the following immortal lines, and which he called

Almae Matres[1]

(St. Andrews, 1862. Oxford, 1865.)

St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and grey,
The grey North Ocean girds it round.
And o'er the rocks and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

St. Leonard's chapel, long ago
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh-budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall:
The tough roots rent the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous:
We did not dream, we could not know,
How hardly Fate would deal with us!

[1] *Rhymes à la Mode.* By A. Lang.

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town :
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touched his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O, little city, grey and sere,
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me !
A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And, in the spring time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,
And Pleasure quick to come at call.
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And Autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen rolled ;
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast
The "flying terms" with bands of gold,—

All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

Mr. Murray's tribute to his University is contained in two poems, published in the *The Scarlet Gown,* one entitled "A December Day," the other "After Many Days."

A December Day

Blue, blue is the sea to-day,
  Warmly the light
Sleeps on St. Andrews Bay—
  Blue, fringed with white.

That's no December sky !
  Surely 'tis June
Holds now her state on high,
  Queen of the noon.

Only the tree-tops bare
  Crowning the hill,
Clear-cut in perfect air,
  Warn us that still

Winter, the aged chief,
  Mighty in power,
Exiles the tender leaf,
  Exiles the flower.

Is there a heart to-day,
  A heart that grieves
For flowers that fade away,
  For fallen leaves ?

Oh, not in leaves or flowers
  Endures the charm
That clothes those naked towers
  With love-light warm.

O dear St. Andrews Bay,
  Winter or Spring
Gives not nor takes away.
  Memories that cling

All round thy girdling reefs,
  That walk thy shore,
Memories of joys and griefs
  Ours evermore.

After Many Days

The mist hangs round the College tower,
The ghostly street
Is silent at this midnight hour,
Save for my feet.

With none to see, with none to hear,
Downward I go
To where, beside the rugged pier,
The sea sings low.

It sings a tune well loved and known
In days gone by,
When often here, and not alone,
I watched the sky.

That was a barren time at best,
Its fruits were few ;
But fruits and flowers had keener zest
And fresher hue.

Life has not since been wholly vain,
And now I bear
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain
Some slender share.

But, howsoever rich the store,
I'd lay it down,
To feel upon my back once more
The old red gown.

It is doubtful if any Verses on St. Andrews will ever rival these three, either in their poetry or their pathos.

I at first intended to write a detailed account of the incidents of each election. That will be done, however, much more effectively by a student who took part in them, than by a professor officially outside of them all.

It has seemed appropriate that this volume should be bound in red, as it is a memorial of the " City of the Scarlet

Gown," and that its cover should have embossed upon it a reproduction of the University Maces, which have been carried in procession at every Rectorial Address for thirty years.

The St. Andrews University Maces were engraved in volume xxvi. of the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (1892), which contains an interesting paper, by Alexander J. S. Brook, entitled "An Account of the Maces of the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, the College of Justice, the City of Edinburgh, etc."

. I have been indebted for the historical facts in connection with the office of Rector before 1858, to Mr. Maitland Anderson, the accomplished librarian of the University of St. Andrews, to whom I desire to express my most cordial thanks.

Should any profit accrue from the sale of the volume, it will be devoted, in some form or other, to the benefit of the students of the University, who elect the Rector; and it would have been inscribed to the Students, as a body, had it not been for the obvious fitness of dedicating it to the Chancellor.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

March 1894.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART.

Rector from 1862 to 1865

Address Delivered on January 18, 1863

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART.

Mr. Principal and Gentlemen — The first duty which I have to perform to-day is to thank you very sincerely for the high honour which you have done me in placing me in the chair of Rector of this ancient and famous University. With the distinction, I likewise accept all the responsibilities thereto attached; and I hope to be able to discharge the duties of the post in such a manner as may not disappoint those who at the recent election were pleased to prefer my humble name to that of a noble Earl distinguished by high services rendered to the State.[1]

The honour which you have conferred is valuable, not only for its own sake, not only because it was unexpected and unsolicited, but also because it has been conferred by young and generous hearts, whose sympathy and approval are more cheering and grateful to men of an elder generation than the givers can ever know until they themselves have ceased to be young. No one can look with any hope or interest into his own future, without looking earnestly and wistfully into the broader future of those who are following him in the journey of life. The limits of the one, and its possibilities, are already discernible. The more distant boundaries of the other give ampler room both for hope and achievement. All those whose duty it is to address mixed assemblages, single out the young as the objects of their most passionate appeals. The young heart, they know full well, is the kindliest soil for any seed they may have to sow, as it is also that in which the plant has

[1] The Earl of Dalhousie.

the best chance of coming to maturity. It is therefore a high privilege to be selected by an audience wholly composed of the young, to address them in a few words of friendly counsel as to their present employments and their future career.

It is impossible to meet the assembled youth of a seminary of this rank without being struck by the thought, which cannot be too strongly pressed home to themselves, that theirs are the hands in which will soon be placed, in no inconsiderable degree, the future fortunes of their country. It will mainly rest with you, and your contemporaries at our other seats of learning, whether the age which opens as you enter on the duties of life is to be a better or a worse portion of the world's history than that which is passing away; whether it is to be an age of stagnation, or of feverish advance ending in retrogression, or of orderly and triumphant progress; whether intellectual life is to flourish in it, side by side with material prosperity; whether Scotland is to repose on her old laurels as the land of Napier and Adam Smith, of Watt and of Brewster, of Hume and Robertson, of Jeffrey and Carlyle, of Burns and Scott, and of Campbell and Aytoun; or whether she is to produce other names worthy to be enrolled with these in the true golden book of this empire. In this great responsibility you are all jointly and severally concerned. There is one, and but one, way of meeting it. Let each one of you cultivate to the utmost the faculties with which he has been endowed, that he may bring them to the world's arena in the highest state of order and efficiency. That is the main purpose for which you are assembled in this University. You are here also to acquire habits of industry and application, the power of continuously giving your minds to any subject until you have mastered it in its principles, and in its details. Lastly, you are here to store your minds with positive knowledge; to provision them for the voyage of life, from the ancient storehouses and fountains; and to obtain facility in using the keys of science, which hereafter may open for you the doors of the inner chambers of wisdom.

I wish I could impress upon your minds the immense importance of improving your opportunities, and the bitterness of the unavailing regret with which you will look back on the neglect of them; or convey to you some adequate idea of the price at which such opportunities would be purchased by some of us, for whom they are long since past and over. There is a time for all things—a time for preparation and a time for action. When the latter hour has struck for us, we cannot by any device put back the hands of the clock. Prepared or not prepared, most of us must face the realities of life, and begin a sterner education under that hard taskmaster the world, who cares not where straw is found, but demands that bricks shall be made. Even those favoured few who, when their contemporaries are at work, may recur to the preparation for work, even they cannot recall the hours which they have lost, or the happy flexibility of faculty which they have wasted; and they find themselves contending with obstacles far more serious than those from which they had before turned back, with powers rusted for want of use, and bad habits luxuriant from long indulgence.

> To know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

That which lies before you, in this your academical life, is to learn the art of learning. You will never again have the choice of acquiring it on easier or on so easy terms; and, if you succeed in acquiring it, it is an art which you will practise with profit and with pleasure to your dying day. The precise methods by which it is to be acquired, it is unnecessary for me to attempt to describe, as it certainly would be presumptuous, in the presence of your distinguished Professors. Besides, the method must be discovered, in a great measure, by each man for himself. Our minds work in various ways, differing from each other as the tools of the carpenter differ. The saw, the chisel, the hatchet, and the plane are all made for cutting, but must be handled in different ways—each in a way of its own, and

none of them like the common knife, which can nevertheless be made to answer some of the purposes of all the four. Each man's experience will teach him the most effective mode of applying his own powers. The one thing needful is that they should be applied, and kept in honest and healthy exercise.

While I endeavour to press it upon you that you are here to submit your minds to a course of intellectual training, I do not forget that there is a moral discipline of at least equal importance to which you must betimes, and especially at this time, become accustomed. It is, in my opinion, a mistake to draw a broad distinction between these two kinds of training, as if they were two distinct operations, and as if it were possible to choose the one and reject the other, and to carry on the one with success while the other is wholly neglected. Depend upon it, this separation is not possible. Man cannot attain to any practice, or even to any just appreciation of what is true and beautiful in morals, without at the same time using and strengthening his intellectual powers. Nor can we exercise and improve our intellectual powers by any conceivable process which will not at the same time develop some of the most important of our moral faculties. Self-control, self-denial, the habit of sacrificing the present to the future—things lying at the foundation of all practical virtue—must be acquired before the high places of thought can be reached; nor is there any surer way of acquiring them than by resolutely facing the hill of intellectual difficulty. Certainly, one of your chief aims here ought to be to obey, in your studies, in your amusements, in your academic and social life, the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Like anything else worth learning, you will learn obedience to this rule more easily now than at a later period of life. The moral capacity of our nature, no less than its intellectual capacity, shrinks and stiffens if not brought early into active exercise.

There is an error into which young students are apt to fall, at which I may here glance. It is an error to which

those of a lively imagination are specially liable. They console themselves for neglect of their proper academical studies, and for their consequent deficiency in important branches of scholastic knowledge, by the thought that they are pursuing in private some other reading which they find more attractive, and the results of which they persuade themselves will be of equal value. This is one of those flattering unctions which are ever at hand to soothe the stings of conscience. Work and play, even intellectual work and intellectual play, are two distinct things, and must not be confounded. Each is good in its way, and necessary for our intellectual and physical well-being, but neither can supply the place of the other. Of course, it is possible to turn play into work, as Horace Walpole did, of whom it was said that after his serious business of collecting knick-knacks and chronicling gossip, he used to go and unbend his mind in the House of Commons. I doubt, however, whether this transformation is ever attempted or effected at college. Certain it is that the mind which has undergone the severe training of accurate scholarship and scientific reasoning, is in a very different state of power and efficiency from that which has only disported itself in the flowery pastures of miscellaneous literature. It is also certain that the disciplined mind will derive much more advantage from subsequent desultory reading, will assimilate more quickly all that is nutritive in that circumambient atmosphere of print in which we, of this age and country, live and move and have our being. I believe that even those who read very little nowadays, read, or at least run their eyes over a greater amount of letterpress, than was read a century ago by many who were true lovers of reading. For that very reason many of us, not naturally incapable of thought, think a good deal less. Never was there a time when so much loose and imperfect thought was served up by the aid of skilful cookery, and when it was of greater importance for the reader to keep his mental palate and digestive organs in a sound and healthy state.

Do not understand me to speak with disparagement of

desultory or general reading. In its proper place it is no less profitable than agreeable, and a taste for it is one of the happiest of inclinations. Books are a source of pleasure the purest and most lasting; the wisest of men have found them the best of companions, as they are also, to use the apt words of a modern poet, the

> Friends that can neither alter nor forsake.

But in this companionship and friendship, free and various as it may be, there is great necessity for choice. Consider how enormous is the mass of real knowledge and thought that is now garnered in books; how still more stupendous is the heap of sham knowledge, and second or tenth hand thought of which they are the vehicles. Who ever yet glanced round the shelves of even a moderate library without encountering some book or books of which he had never before heard? Choose any subject, no matter how small, and visit a collection of books relating to that subject, or look into its bibliography, and you will find yourself in a hive of very strange and very busy bees, and will discover that even in the narrowest corner of literature, of the making of books there is no end. Some time since I visited a friend at Florence, and was shown into a noble room, about fifty feet long, nearly full of books. I remarked that he seemed to have collected a very fine Italian library. "Hardly Italian," he replied; "for I have nothing here but what relates to the history and literature of Tuscany." Sixteen years ago M. Duplessis published his *Bibliography of Books concerning Proverbs,* in which he enumerated about one thousand separate works. A gentleman in Germany lately told me that he was thinking of editing a new edition, and that he had collected materials which would increase M. Duplessis' list threefold. A large octavo volume has lately appeared — a Bibliography of French Books of Heraldry; and the French language, some fifteen years ago, already possessed six hundred treatises on the diseases of the vine. Think of the reading-room of the British Museum, with its magnificent circuit of four hundred and twenty feet

of wall covered to the height of six feet with books of reference—books, each of which may be supposed to be in frequent requisition by one or other of the readers. Lastly, turn over the pages of the *London Publisher's Circular*, a large annual volume, and behold the strong and steady stream of English books alone, which every year pours itself into the ocean of literature. In navigating this ocean, of which the stoutest mariner can pass over only some fractional part, it is surely well to keep some port in view. Reading with a special purpose even at leisure hours, with reference to some favourite period of history, or other branch of knowledge, gives an interest to all kinds of reading and a flavour not their own to very dry books. It is a habit into which lovers of books almost unconsciously fall; yet it would be well for each man to select his subject with deliberation, and with due consideration to the time at his disposal, and the opportunities within his reach.

Many of you have probably already made, or will soon make, choice of a profession. This important subject has lately been so admirably and thoroughly treated in a book with which you all are, or ought to be, familiar, that I should be guilty of presumption if I did much more than refer you to the pages of *Beginning Life*.[1] Those of you who are destined for any of the branches of the public service at home or abroad, which are entered through competitive examinations, may be said to have begun life already. The dependence of success in these examinations on industry and diligence at college is too close and obvious to need illustration. Although the connection between success in other paths of life and a creditable college career is less obvious, and perhaps less close, the two things are, notwithstanding, intimately connected. Let me call your attention to what Principal Tulloch says of the learned professions, which he characterises as "the especially intellectual professions, demanding vivacious intellectual interest, and powers of independent thought" in all who would

[1] *Beginning Life*, by John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College. Edinburgh, 1862, 8vo.

pursue them with honour to themselves and usefulness to others. In these professions, while solid professional learning is essential, a large and various stock of knowledge is of immense value. What morsel of erudition or scrap of science is there which may not at some time or other be turned to good account by the lawyer, whose business, touching, at all points, the whole circle of human interest and passion, may lead him into any subject on which dispute and litigation are possible, and who may, one day, have to deal with the foundations of British liberty, or the subtleties of international law, and the next to explain, clearly and neatly, the qualities of a coal or the fashion of a bobbin? Let those of you who intend to practise the healing art listen to the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—a man whose own remarkable attainments justified the high standard which he prescribed for others. "There is no profession," says this eminent man, "in which it is more essential that those engaged in it should cultivate the talent of observing, thinking, and reasoning for themselves, than it is in ours. How many branches of knowledge there are which, if not directly, are indirectly, useful in the study of pathology, medicine, and surgery. And all general knowledge, whether of moral or physical science, tends to expand the intellect, and to qualify it better for particular pursuits." [1]

But, in truth, the bar and medicine are in small danger of being overcrowded with incompetent or uncultivated men, for in them such men have so little chance of employment that their connection with either profession will be little more than in name. But in the sacred profession no such safeguard exists. Into all sections of the Church there are ways of ingress from which no means have yet been found of excluding some persons very far below the mark of their high calling. How heavy, then, is the responsibility of those who are led either by inconsiderate zeal or coarse worldly motives, to undertake awful duties for which they

[1] *Discourse addressed to the Students of St. George's Hospital.* London, 1843. 8vo. pp. 16-18.

are not intellectually fitted! I can imagine no position more humiliating to a man of any sense and feeling than to find himself, Sunday after Sunday, emptying the church which he has undertaken to endeavour to fill, and deterring his neighbours from the worship to which it is his chief business to draw them.

But supposing the young aspirant for ordination to possess all the intellectual vivacity and spiritual fervour necessary for the effective performance of sacred functions, I see in the present aspect of opinion within and without the Church, strong reasons why he should pause and ponder maturely before he binds himself with an irrevocable vow. I need hardly remind you in this place of the great changes of opinion to which all associations of men are liable. The law of change is abundantly exemplified in the history of your own University. It is a Protestant University, founded by Papal bull, and endowed by prelates who shed the blood of Protestant martyrs. It has seen various kinds of Protestantism established as the religion of the State. It has also seen the rise and growth of several flourishing Protestant sects. Men can no more go on thinking the faded thoughts than following the superseded callings of distant times. It would be as impossible to restore any human interest to many of the questions which most strongly moved the wisest minds of the fifteenth century, as it would be to revive the business of the monkish scribe and establish a scriptorium in Printing-House Square. Even of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which we are linked by so many golden chains of poetry and eloquence, immortal as the minds which fashioned them—of the centuries of Shakespeare and Jonson, of Bacon and Milton—how much of the wit is now dim, how much of the humour is evaporated, how much of the thought is to us alien and unintelligible! Articles and formulas of belief the most precise, the most consummate theories of ecclesiastical polity, are not exempt from the law of decay to which other productions of the human mind are subject. Look at what has lately happened in that Church of which it is the boast

and pride that she is "from change and all mutation free." Pius IX., exasperated at the loss of his territories, fulminates excommunications into the air, addressed to all whom it may concern—those concerned being two persons only, the King of Italy and the French Emperor, a proceeding interesting to the world, in so far as it shows that the Pope is somewhat ashamed of his once formidable spiritual weapon. Mark the effect of the thunder among his own priesthood. Of the Italian clergy, upwards of 8,000, headed by the learned Passaglia, approach him with a petition praying that he will now resign the whole of that temporal power of which he has repeatedly and publicly declared that he cannot part with the smallest portion, and the invasion of a part of which had so lately called forth his severest spiritual censure. While an important section of the Italian clergy is thus giving a practical exemplification of Catholic unity, some of our divines, eminent for learning, piety, and worth, are evincing uneasiness under the pressure of standards and formulas which they had previously accepted and subscribed. Questions have been raised by them, certainly in no unbecoming spirit, on subjects on which a few years ago speculation would hardly have been considered allowable to persons of their cloth. They have endeavoured to show how old ideas may bear new meanings, how old truths may be brought into new combinations. Even those who have entered the lists as their antagonists, professing to stand strictly upon the ancient ways, seem sometimes to have indulged—if I may venture to judge—in novelties of their own.

Upon these controversies this is no time or place to enter. But their existence, and the interest they excite, betoken a time of unusually free and active inquiry. I cannot help pointing out the importance of these questions, and this temper of the time, to you who are preparing yourselves for the ministry. I ask you seriously to consider how painful must be the position of the man who has to reconcile convictions which have been slowly growing up in his matured mind with vows taken, perhaps somewhat

hastily, in his youth, and who, even if he succeeds in satisfying his own conscience, knows that the meaning which he now attaches to these vows is not the meaning which they commonly bear amongst those who have also taken them. With a mind fully endowed and cultivated, and a faith securely fixed, a minister of the Gospel stands second to none in the dignity and usefulness of his calling. But if he, imperfectly informed himself, doubting himself, undertakes to enlighten the ignorance and solve the doubts of others, then he is of all professional men the most superfluous and the most miserable. Let me entreat you, while you are still without the pale of the one calling which a man can hardly quit without some shadow of discredit, to consider well the difficulties which lie on the threshold and the difficulties which you may find within. Recollect that on the day you enter it, you engage that your then thoughts and opinions, on a wide range of complex subjects, shall be the thoughts and opinions of your whole life. If you feel any misgiving as to your power of keeping this engagement, let the painful conflicts on this very matter which have fallen to the lot of others, warn you, while there is yet time, to seek some other field of exertion. If, on the other hand, you feel no such misgiving, and resolve to continue your preparation for the ministry, remember that that preparation demands the strenuous exercise of all your faculties; and especially set before you that precept of the Gospel which you aspire to preach, which bids you "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

In conclusion, I shall take the liberty of offering a few remarks on the nature and duties of the office in virtue of which I have the honour to address you. The office, as it at present exists in our Universities, is, as you are aware, the creation of the Universities Act of 1858. It was not created without some discussion, though, as that discussion took place not in Parliament, but at a full meeting of Scotch members, no report of it was published. Those who objected to the creation did so on the ground that as the example of Glasgow rectorial elections was sure to be

followed, the elections would be apt to be mere political contests; and that such contests might both interfere with academical discipline, and have the effect of introducing amongst the students habits of premature political partisanship. On the other side, it was argued that it was a wholesome principle in a free country to introduce a good deal of the popular element into all our institutions; that the students had never yet made any choice that was not creditable to them; and that when the office ceased to be merely honorary, political leaders would be less ready than in former times to accept it. I think I may safely say that the majority who decided the question, and the minority who acquiesced in their decision, did so in the hope that the political element in the elections would be diminished rather than increased by the proposed changes. If there be a danger of its again unduly predominating, I think it will arise from the belief, natural perhaps, but unsound nevertheless, that some advantage will arise to the Universities from their rectors being distinguished politicians, or at least members of the House of Commons.[1] Desiring very earnestly to see our Universities enjoy direct representation in that House, I must take the liberty of warning you—who, I hope, may one day vote for a member for the Scottish Universities—against supposing that Parliamentary rectors are likely to fructify into Parliamentary representatives. Suppose some English borough "much bemused in beer" and bribery, to be disfranchised next month, and the Scotch members to make an effort to secure the seat for our Universities—observe what is not unlikely, under present circumstances, to happen. Other claimants—advocating the claims of London, Middlesex, Cork, and I know not how many other constituencies—may say to us: "You are making a very unreasonable demand; your Universities have three rectors in the House already—two of them the Prime Minister and his first lieutenant; they are, in fact,

[1] This impression was sufficiently apparent in some of the speeches at the meetings preliminary to the late rectorial elections at St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

almost as strongly represented in point of numbers as the English Universities, and we protest against giving them a fourth seat." My two distinguished colleagues, with whom it is an honour to be associated, are, I fear, but too likely to take the same course and use the same argument. This adverse argument naturally arises from selecting rectors from the House of Commons. Until Parliament will consent to do justice to the claims of the Scotch Universities, their real representatives are and must be the members for the towns and counties in which they are situated. Your rectors have certain duties to perform here, and they ought to be chosen chiefly with a view to the efficient performance of these duties—with due regard, of course, had to personal character—and not with a view to other functions which certainly do not belong to the office, and which can hardly be safely assumed. It only remains for me to thank you for the attention with which you have heard me, and to announce my intention to give an annual ten-guinea prize, during my tenure of office, for the best English essay—the subject of the first of which will ere long be made public.

JOHN STUART MILL

Rector from 1865 to 1868

Address Delivered on February 1, 1867

JOHN STUART MILL

In complying with the custom which prescribes that the person whom you have called by your suffrages to the honorary presidency of your University should embody in an address a few thoughts on the subjects which most nearly concern a seat of liberal education, let me begin by saying that this usage appears to me highly commendable. Education, in its larger sense, is one of the most inexhaustible of all topics. Though there is hardly any subject on which so much has been written, by so many of the wisest men, it is as fresh to those who come to it with a fresh mind, a mind not hopelessly filled with other people's conclusions, as it was to the first explorers of it: and notwithstanding the great mass of excellent things which have been said respecting it, no thoughtful person finds any lack of things both great and small still waiting to be said, or waiting to be developed and followed out to their consequences. Education, moreover, is one of the subjects which most essentially require to be considered by various minds, and from a variety of points of view. For, of all many-sided subjects, it is the one which has the greatest number of sides. Not only does it include whatever we do for ourselves, and whatever is done for us by others, for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer to the perfection of our nature; it does more. In its largest acceptation, it comprehends even the indirect effects produced on character and on the human faculties, by things of which the direct purposes are quite different; by laws, by forms of government, by the industrial arts, by modes of social life; nay, even by physical facts not dependent on

human will; by climate, soil, and local position. Whatever helps to shape the human being—to make the individual what he is, or hinder him from being what he is not—is part of his education. And a very bad education it often is; requiring all that can be done by cultivated intelligence and will, to counteract its tendencies. To take an obvious instance: the niggardliness of Nature in some places, by engrossing the whole energies of the human being in the mere preservation of life, and her over-bounty in others, affording a sort of brutish subsistence on too easy terms, with hardly any exertion of the human faculties, are both hostile to the spontaneous growth and development of the mind; and it is at those two extremes of the scale that we find human societies in the state of most unmitigated savagery. I shall confine myself, however, to education in the narrower sense; the culture which each generation purposely gives to those who are to be its successors, in order to qualify them for at least keeping up, and if possible for raising, the level of improvement which has been attained. Nearly all here present are daily occupied either in receiving or in giving this sort of education: and the part of it which most concerns you at present is that in which you are yourselves engaged—the education which is the appointed business of a national University.

The proper function of a University in national education is tolerably well understood. At least there is a tolerably general agreement about what a University is not. It is not a place of professional education. Universities are not intended to teach the knowledge required to fit men for some special mode of gaining their livelihood. Their object is not to make skilful lawyers, or physicians, or engineers, but capable and cultivated human beings. It is very right that there should be public facilities for the study of professions. It is well that there should be Schools of Law, and of Medicine, and it would be well if there were schools of Engineering, and the industrial arts. The countries which have such institutions are greatly the better for them; and there is something to be said for

having them in the same localities, and under the same general superintendence, as the establishments devoted to education properly so called. But these things are no part of what every generation owes to the next, as that on which its civilisation and worth will principally depend. They are needed only by a comparatively few, who are under the strongest private inducements to acquire them by their own efforts; and even those few do not require them until after their education, in the ordinary sense, has been completed. Whether those whose speciality they are, will learn them as a branch of intelligence or as a mere trade, and whether, having learnt them, they will make a wise and conscientious use of them or the reverse, depends less on the manner in which they are taught their profession, than upon what sort of minds they bring to it—what kind of intelligence, and of conscience, the general system of education has developed in them. Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians. What professional men should carry away with them from a University, is not professional knowledge, but that which should direct the use of their professional knowledge, and bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a special pursuit. Men may be competent lawyers without general education, but it depends on general education to make them philosophic lawyers—who demand, and are capable of apprehending, principles, instead of merely cramming their memory with details. And so of all other useful pursuits, mechanical included. Education makes a man a more intelligent shoemaker, if that be his occupation, but not by teaching him how to make shoes; it does so by the mental exercise it gives, and the habits it impresses.

This, then, is what a mathematician would call the higher limit of University education: its province ends where education, ceasing to be general, branches off into departments adapted to the individual's destination in life.

The lower limit is more difficult to define. A University is not concerned with elementary instruction: the pupil is supposed to have acquired that before coming here. But where does elementary instruction end, and the higher studies begin? Some have given a very wide extension to the idea of elementary instruction. According to them, it is not the office of a University to give instruction in single branches of knowledge from the commencement. What the pupil should be taught here (they think), is to methodise his knowledge: to look at every separate part of it in its relation to the other parts, and to the whole; combining the partial glimpses which he has obtained of the field of human knowledge at different points, into a general map, if I may so speak, of the entire region; observing how all knowledge is connected, how we ascend to one branch by means of another, how the higher modifies the lower, and the lower helps us to understand the higher; how every existing reality is a compound of many properties, of which each science or distinct mode of study reveals but a small part, but the whole of which must be included to enable us to know it truly as a fact in Nature, and not as a mere abstraction.

This last stage of general education, destined to give the pupil a comprehensive and connected view of the things which he has already learnt separately, includes a philosophic study of the Methods of the Sciences; the modes in which the human intellect proceeds from the known to the unknown. We must be taught to generalise our conception of the resources which the human mind possesses for the exploration of nature; to understand how man discovers the real facts of the world, and by what tests he can judge whether he has really found them. And doubtless this is the crown and consummation of a liberal education: but before we restrict a University to this highest department of instruction—before we confine it to teaching, not knowledge, but the philosophy of knowledge—we must be assured that the knowledge itself has been acquired elsewhere. Those who take this view of the function of a University

are not wrong in thinking that the Schools, as distinguished from the Universities, ought to be adequate to teaching every branch of general instruction required by youth, so far as it can be studied apart from the rest. But where are such schools to be found? Since science assumed its modern character, nowhere: and in these islands less even than elsewhere. This ancient kingdom, thanks to its great religious reformers, had the inestimable advantage, denied to its southern sister, of excellent parish schools, which gave, really and not in pretence, a considerable amount of valuable literary instruction to the bulk of the population, two centuries earlier than in any other country. But schools of a still higher description have been, even in Scotland, so few and inadequate, that the Universities have had to perform largely the functions which ought to be performed by schools; receiving students at an early age, and undertaking not only the work for which the schools should have prepared them, but much of the preparation itself. Every Scottish University is not a University only, but a High School, to supply the deficiency of other schools. And if the English Universities do not do the same, it is not because the same need does not exist, but because it is disregarded. Youths come to the Scottish Universities ignorant, and are there taught. The majority of those who come to the English Universities come still more ignorant, and ignorant they go away.

In point of fact, therefore, the office of a Scottish University comprises the whole of a liberal education, from the foundations upwards. And the scheme of your Universities has, almost from the beginning, really aimed at including the whole, both in depth and in breadth. You have not, as the English Universities so long did, confined all the stress of your teaching, all your real effort to teach, within the limits of two subjects, the classical languages and mathematics. You did not wait till the last few years to establish a Natural Science and a Moral Science Tripos. Instruction in both those departments was organised long ago; and your teachers of those subjects have not been

nominal professors, who did not lecture: some of the greatest names in physical and in moral science have taught in your Universities, and by their teaching contributed to form some of the most distinguished intellects of the last and present centuries. To comment upon the course of education at the Scottish Universities is to pass in review every essential department of general culture. The best use, then, which I am able to make of the present occasion, is to offer a few remarks on each of those departments, considered in its relation to human cultivation at large: adverting to the nature of the claims which each has to a place in liberal education; in what special manner they each conduce to the improvement of the individual mind and the benefit of the race; and how they all conspire to the common end, the strengthening, exalting, purifying, and beautifying of our common nature, and the fitting out of mankind with the necessary mental implements for the work they have to perform through life.

Let me first say a few words on the great controversy of the present day with regard to the higher education, the difference which most broadly divides educational reformers and conservatives; the vexed question between the ancient languages and the modern sciences and arts; whether general education should be classical—let me use a wider expression, and say literary—or scientific. A dispute as endlessly, and often as fruitlessly agitated as that old controversy which it resembles, made memorable by the names of Swift and Sir William Temple in England and Fontenelle in France—the contest for superiority between the ancients and the moderns. This question, whether we should be taught the classics or the sciences, seems to me, I confess, very like a dispute whether painters should cultivate drawing or colouring, or, to use a more homely illustration, whether a tailor should make coats or trousers. I can only reply by the question, why not both? Can anything deserve the name of a good education which does not include literature and science too? If there were no more to be said than that scientific education teaches us to think,

and literary education to express our thoughts, do we not require both? and is not any one a poor, maimed, lopsided fragment of humanity who is deficient in either? We are not obliged to ask ourselves whether it is more important to know the languages or the sciences. Short as life is, and shorter still as we make it by the time we waste on things which are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure, we are not so badly off that our scholars need be ignorant of the laws and properties of the world they live in, or our scientific men destitute of poetic feeling and artistic cultivation. I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves of a human being's power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they think it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage, but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd, they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed: but is the human mind's capacity to learn measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? I should prefer to see these reformers pointing their attacks against the shameful inefficiency of the schools, public and private, which pretend to teach these two languages and do not. I should like to hear them denounce the wretched methods of teaching, and the criminal idleness and supineness, which waste the entire boyhood of the pupils without really giving to most of them more than a smattering, if even that, of the only kind of knowledge which is even pretended to be cared for. Let us try what conscientious and intelligent teaching can do, before we presume to decide what cannot be done.

Scotland has on the whole, in this respect, been considerably more fortunate than England. Scotch youths have never found it impossible to leave school or the university, having learnt somewhat of other things besides Greek and Latin; and why? Because Greek and Latin

have been better taught. A beginning of classical instruction has all along been made in the common schools: and the common schools of Scotland, like her Universities, have never been the mere shams that the English Universities were during the last century, and the greater part of the English classical schools still are. The only tolerable Latin grammars for school purposes that I know of, which had been produced in these islands until very lately, were written by Scotchmen. Reason, indeed, is beginning to find its way by gradual infiltration even into English schools, and to maintain a contest, though as yet a very unequal one, against routine. A few practical reformers of school tuition, of whom Arnold was the most eminent, have made a beginning of amendment in many things: but reforms, worthy of the name, are always slow, and reform even of governments and churches is not so slow as that of schools, for there is the great preliminary difficulty of fashioning the instruments: of teaching the teachers. If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience, were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Latin and Greek as studies which must engross the school years, and render impossible any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely, by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules—those rules being acquired with tenfold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have had time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. I might go much further; but I am as unwilling to speak out all that I think practicable in this matter, as George Stephenson was about

railways, when he calculated the average speed of a train at ten miles an hour, because if he had estimated it higher, the practical men would have turned a deaf ear to him, as that most unsafe character in their estimation, an enthusiast and a visionary. The results have shown, in that case, who was the real practical man. What the results would show in the other case, I will not attempt to anticipate. But I will say confidently, that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for ejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.

Let me say a few words more on this strangely limited estimate of what it is possible for human beings to learn, resting on a tacit assumption that they are already as efficiently taught as they ever can be. So narrow a conception not only vitiates our idea of education, but actually, if we receive it, darkens our anticipations as to the future progress of mankind. For if the inexorable conditions of human life make it useless for one man to attempt to know more than one thing, what is to become of the human intellect as facts accumulate? In every generation, and now more rapidly than ever, the things which it is necessary that somebody should know are more and more multiplied. Every department of knowledge becomes so loaded with details, that one who endeavours to know it with minute accuracy, must confine himself to a smaller and smaller portion of the whole extent: every science and art must be cut up into subdivisions, until each man's portion, the district which he thoroughly knows, bears about the same ratio to the whole range of useful knowledge that the art of putting on a pin's head does to the field of human industry. Now, if in order to know that little completely, it is necessary to remain wholly ignorant of all the rest, what will soon be the worth of a man, for any human purpose except his own infinitesimal fraction of human wants and requirements? His state will be even worse than that of simple ignorance. Experience proves that

there is no one study or pursuit, which, practised to the exclusion of all others, does not narrow and pervert the mind; breeding in it a class of prejudices special to that pursuit, besides a general prejudice, common to all narrow specialities, against large views, from an incapacity to take in and appreciate the grounds of them. We should have to expect that human nature would be more and more dwarfed, and unfitted for great things, by its very proficiency in small ones. But matters are not so bad with us: there is no ground for so dreary an anticipation. It is not the utmost limit of human acquirement to know only one thing, but to combine a minute knowledge of one or a few things with a general knowledge of many things. By a general knowledge I do not mean a few vague impressions. An eminent man, one of whose writings is part of the course of this University, Archbishop Whately, has well discriminated between a general knowledge and a superficial knowledge. To have a general knowledge of a subject is to know only its leading truths, but to know these not superficially but thoroughly, so as to have a true conception of the subject in its great features; leaving the minor details to those who require them for the purposes of their special pursuit. There is no incompatibility between knowing a wide range of subjects up to this point, and some one subject with the completeness required by those who make it their principal occupation. It is this combination which gives an enlightened public: a body of cultivated intellects, each taught by its attainments in its own province what real knowledge is, and knowing enough of other subjects to be able to discern who are those that know them better. The amount of knowledge is not to be lightly estimated, which qualifies us for judging to whom we may have recourse for more. The elements of the more important studies being widely diffused, those who have reached the higher summits find a public capable of appreciating their superiority, and prepared to follow their lead. It is thus too that minds are formed capable of guiding and improving public opinion on the greater concerns of practical life. Government and civil

society are the most complicated of all subjects accessible to the human mind: and he who would deal competently with them as a thinker, and not as a blind follower of a party, requires not only a general knowledge of the leading facts of life, both moral and material, but an understanding exercised and disciplined in the principles and rules of sound thinking, up to a point which neither the experience of life, nor any one science or branch of knowledge, affords. Let us understand, then, that it should be our aim in learning, not merely to know the one thing which is to be our principal occupation, as well as it can be known, but to do this and also to know something of all the great subjects of human interest: taking care to know that something accurately; marking well the dividing line between what we know accurately and what we do not; and remembering that our object should be to obtain a true view of nature and life in their broad outline, and that it is idle to throw away time upon the details of anything which is to form no part of the occupation of our practical energies.

It by no means follows, however, that every useful branch of general, as distinct from professional, knowledge, should be included in the curriculum of school or university studies. There are things which are better learnt out of school, or when the school years, and even those usually passed in a Scottish University, are over. I do not agree with those reformers who would give a regular and prominent place in the school or University course to modern languages. This is not because I attach small importance to the knowledge of them. No one can in our age be esteemed a well-instructed person who is not familiar with at least the French language, so as to read French books with ease; and there is great use in cultivating a familiarity with German. But living languages are so much more easily acquired by intercourse with those who use them in daily life; a few months in the country itself, if properly employed, go so much farther than as many years of school lessons; that it is really waste of time for those to whom that easier mode is attainable, to labour at them with no

help but that of books and masters: and it will in time be made attainable, through international schools and colleges, to many more than at present. Universities do enough to facilitate the study of modern languages, if they give a mastery over that ancient language which is the foundation of most of them, and the possession of which makes it easier to learn four or five of the continental languages, than it is to learn one of them without it. Again, it has always seemed to me a great absurdity that history and geography should be taught in schools; except in elementary schools for the children of the labouring classes, whose subsequent access to books is limited. Who ever really learnt history and geography except by private reading? and what an utter failure a system of education must be, if it has not given the pupil a sufficient taste for reading to seek for himself those most attractive and easily intelligible of all kinds of knowledge? Besides, such history and geography as can be taught in schools exercise none of the faculties of the intelligence except the memory. A University is indeed the place where the student should be introduced to the Philosophy of History; where Professors who not merely know the facts, but have exercised their minds on them, should initiate him into the causes and explanation, so far as within our reach, of the past life of mankind in its principal features. Historical criticism also —the test of historical truth—is a subject to which his attention may well be drawn in this stage of his education. But of the mere facts of history, as commonly accepted, what educated youth of any mental activity does not learn as much as is necessary, if he is simply turned loose into an historical library? What he needs on this, and on most other matters of common information, is not that he should be taught it in boyhood, but that abundance of books should be accessible to him.

The only Languages, then, and the only Literatures, to which I would allow a place in the ordinary curriculum, are those of the Greeks and Romans; and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy.

That position is justified, by the great value, in education, of knowing well some other cultivated language and literature than one's own, and by the peculiar value of those particular languages and literatures.

There is one purely intellectual benefit from a knowledge of languages, which I am specially desirous to dwell on. Those who have seriously reflected on the causes of human error, have been deeply impressed with the tendency of mankind to mistake words for things. Without entering into the metaphysics of the subject, we know how common it is to use words glibly and with apparent propriety, and to accept them confidently when used by others, without ever having had any distinct conception of the things denoted by them. To quote again from Archbishop Whately, it is the habit of mankind to mistake familiarity for accurate knowledge. As we seldom think of asking the meaning of what we see every day, so when our ears are used to the sound of a word or a phrase, we do not suspect that it conveys no clear idea to our minds, and that we should have the utmost difficulty in defining it, or expressing, in any other words, what we think we understand by it. Now it is obvious in what manner this bad habit tends to be corrected by the practice of translating with accuracy from one language to another, and hunting out the meanings expressed in a vocabulary with which we have not grown familiar by early and constant use. I hardly know any greater proof of the extraordinary genius of the Greeks, than that they were able to make such brilliant achievements in abstract thought, knowing, as they generally did, no language but their own. But the Greeks did not escape the effects of this deficiency. Their greatest intellects, those who laid the foundation of philosophy and of all our intellectual culture, Plato and Aristotle, are continually led away by words; mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature, and supposing that things which have the same name in the Greek tongue must be the same in their own essence. There is a well-known saying of Hobbes, the far-reaching significance of which you will more and more

appreciate in proportion to the growth of your own intellect: "Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." With the wise man a word stands for the fact which it represents; to the fool it is itself the fact. To carry on Hobbes' metaphor, the counter is far more likely to be taken for merely what it is, by those who are in the habit of using many different kinds of counters. But besides the advantage of possessing another cultivated language, there is a further consideration equally important. Without knowing the language of a people, we never really know their thoughts, their feelings, and their type of character: and unless we do possess this knowledge, of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded. Look at a youth who has never been out of his family circle: he never dreams of any other opinions or ways of thinking than those he has been bred up in; or, if he has heard of any such, attributes them to some moral defect, or inferiority of nature or education. If his family are Tory, he cannot conceive the possibility of being a Liberal; if Liberal, of being a Tory. What the notions and habits of a single family are to a boy who has had no intercourse beyond it, the notions and habits of his own country are to him who is ignorant of every other. Those notions and habits are to him Human Nature itself; whatever varies from them is an unaccountable aberration which he cannot mentally realise: the idea that any other ways can be right, or as near an approach to right as some of his own, is inconceivable to him. This does not merely close his eyes to the many things which every country still has to learn from others: it hinders every country from reaching the improvement which it could otherwise attain by itself. We are not likely to correct any of our opinions, or mend any of our ways, unless we begin by conceiving that they are capable of amendment: but merely to know that foreigners think differently from ourselves, without understanding why they do so, or what they really do think, does but confirm us in our self-conceit, and connect our national vanity with the

preservation of our own peculiarities. Improvement consists in bringing our opinions into nearer agreement with facts; and we shall not be likely to do this while we look at facts only through glasses coloured by those very opinions. But since we cannot divest ourselves of preconceived notions, there is no known means of eliminating their influence but by frequently using the differently coloured glasses of other people: and those of other nations, as the most different, are the best.

But if it is so useful, on this account, to know the Language and Literature of any other cultivated and civilised people, the most valuable of all to us in this respect are the languages and literature of the ancients. No nations of modern and civilised Europe are so unlike one another, as the Greeks and Romans are unlike all of us; yet without being, as some remote Orientals are, so totally dissimilar, that the labour of a life is required to enable us to understand them. Were this the only gain to be derived from a knowledge of the ancients, it would already place the study of them in a high rank among enlightening and liberalising pursuits. It is of no use saying that we may know them through modern writings. We may know something of them in that way; which is much better than knowing nothing. But modern books do not teach us ancient thought; they teach us some modern writer's notion of ancient thought. Modern books do not show us the Greeks and Romans; they tell us some modern writer's opinions about the Greeks and Romans. Translations are scarcely better. When we want really to know what a person thinks or says, we seek it at first hand from himself. We do not trust to another person's impression of his meaning, given in another person's words; we refer to his own. Much more is it necessary to do so when his words are in one language, and those of his reporter in another. Modern phraseology never conveys the exact meaning of a Greek writer; it cannot do so, except by a diffuse explanatory circumlocution which no translator dares use. We must be able, in a certain degree, to think in Greek, if we would represent to ourselves how a Greek

thought: and this not only in the abstruse region of metaphysics, but about the political, religious, and even domestic concerns of life. I will mention a further aspect of this question, which, though I have not the merit of originating it, I do not remember to have seen noticed in any book. There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand—to go to the fountain head for—than our knowledge of History. Yet this, in most cases, we hardly ever do. Our conception of the past is not drawn from its own records, but from books written about it; containing not the facts, but a view of the facts, which has shaped itself in the mind of somebody, of our own or a very recent time. Such books are very instructive and valuable; they help us to understand history, to interpret history, to draw just conclusions from it; at the worst, they set us the example of trying to do all this; but they are not themselves history. The knowledge they give is upon trust, and even when they have done their best, it is not only incomplete but partial, because confined to what a few modern writers have seen in the materials, and have thought worth picking out from among them. How little we learn of our own ancestors from Hume, or Hallam, or Macaulay, compared with what we know if we add to what these tell us, even a little reading of contemporary authors and documents! The most recent historians are so well aware of this, that they fill their pages with extracts from the original materials, feeling that these extracts are the real history, and their comments and thread of narrative are only helps towards understanding it. Now it is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies, that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with contemporary minds; we are not dependent on hearsay; we have something by which we can test and check the representations and theories of modern historians. It may be asked, why then not study the original materials of modern history? I answer, it is highly desirable to do so; and let me remark by the way, that even this requires a dead language, nearly all the docu-

ments prior to the Reformation, and many subsequent to it, being written in Latin. But the exploration of these documents, though a most useful pursuit, cannot be a branch of education. Not to speak of their vast extent, and the fragmentary nature of each, the strongest reason is, that in learning the spirit of our own past ages, until a comparatively recent period, from contemporary writers, we learn hardly anything else. Those authors, with a few exceptions, are little worth reading on their own account. While, in studying the great writers of antiquity, we are not only learning to understand the ancient mind, but laying in a stock of wise thought and observation, still valuable to ourselves; and at the same time making ourselves familiar with a number of the most perfect and finished literary compositions which the human mind has produced—compositions which, from the altered conditions of human life, are likely to be seldom paralleled, in their sustained excellence, by the times to come.

Even as mere languages, no modern European language is so valuable a discipline to the intellect as those of Greece and Rome, on account of their regular and complicated structure. Consider for a moment what Grammar is. It is the most elementary part of Logic. It is the beginning of the analysis of the thinking process. The principles and rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with the universal forms of thought. The distinctions between the various parts of speech, between the cases of nouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, the functions of particles, are distinctions in thought, not merely in words. Single nouns and verbs express objects and events, many of which can be cognised by the senses: but the modes of putting nouns and verbs together, express the relations of objects and events, which can be cognised only by the intellect; and each different mode corresponds to a different relation. The structure of every sentence is a lesson in logic. The various rules of syntax oblige us to distinguish between the subject and predicate of a proposition, between the agent, the action, and the thing

acted upon; to mark when an idea is intended to modify or qualify, or merely to unite with, some other idea; what assertions are categorical, what only conditional; whether the intention is to express similarity or contrast, to make a plurality of assertions conjunctively or disjunctively; what portions of a sentence, though grammatically complete within themselves, are mere members or subordinate parts of the assertion made by the entire sentence. Such things form the subject-matter of universal grammar; and the languages which teach it best are those which have the most definite rules, and which provide distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought, so that if we fail to attend precisely and accurately to any of these, we cannot avoid committing a solecism in language. In these qualities the classical languages have an incomparable superiority over every modern language, and over all languages, dead or living, which have a literature worth being generally studied.

But the superiority of the literature itself, for purposes of education, is still more marked and decisive. Even in the substantial value of the matter of which it is the vehicle, it is very far from having been superseded. The discoveries of the ancients in science have been greatly surpassed, and as much of them as is still valuable loses nothing by being incorporated in modern treatises: but what does not so well admit of being transferred bodily, and has been very imperfectly carried off even piecemeal, is the treasure which they accumulated of what may be called the wisdom of life: the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct, which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided in their observations by the greater simplicity of manners and life, consigned to their writings, and most of which retains all its value. The speeches in Thucydides; the Rhetoric, Ethics, and Politics of Aristotle; the Dialogues of Plato; the Orations of Demosthenes; the Satires, and especially the Epistles of Horace; all the writings of Tacitus; the great work of Quintilian, a repertory of the best thoughts of the ancient world on all subjects connected with education; and,

in a less formal manner, all that is left to us of the ancient historians, orators, philosophers, and even dramatists, are replete with remarks and maxims of singular good sense and penetration, applicable both to political and to private life: and the actual truths we find in them are even surpassed in value by the encouragement and help they give us in the pursuit of truth. Human invention has never produced anything so valuable, in the way both of stimulation and of discipline to the inquiring intellect, as the Dialectic of the ancients, of which many of the works of Aristotle illustrate the theory, and those of Plato exhibit the practice. No modern writings come near to these, in teaching, both by precept and example, the way to investigate truth, on those subjects, so vastly important to us, which remain matters of controversy, from the difficulty or impossibility of bringing them to a directly experimental test. To question all things; never to turn away from any difficulty; to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism, letting no fallacy, or incoherence, or confusion of thought, slip by unperceived; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it;—these are the lessons we learn from the ancient dialecticians. With all this vigorous management of the negative element, they inspire no scepticism about the reality of truth, or indifference to its pursuit. The noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades these writers, Aristotle no less than Plato, though Plato has incomparably the greater power of imparting those feelings to others. In cultivating, therefore, the ancient languages as our best literary education, we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture. In purely literary excellence—in perfection of form—the pre-eminence of the ancients is not disputed. In every department which they attempted, and they attempted almost all, their composition, like their sculpture, has been to the greatest modern artists an example, to be looked up to with hopeless admira-

tion, but of inappreciable value as a light on high, guiding their own endeavours. In prose and in poetry, in epic, lyric, or dramatic, as in historical, philosophical, and oratorical art, the pinnacle on which they stand is equally eminent. I am now speaking of the form, the artistic perfection of treatment: for, as regards substance, I consider modern Poetry to be superior to ancient, in the same manner, though in a less degree, as modern Science: it enters deeper into nature. The feelings of the modern mind are more various, more complex and manifold, than those of the ancients ever were. The modern mind is, what the ancient mind was not, brooding and self-conscious; and its meditative self-consciousness has discovered depths in the human soul which the Greeks and Romans did not dream of, and would not have understood. But what they had got to express, they expressed in a manner which few even of the greatest moderns have seriously attempted to rival. It must be remembered that they had more time, and that they wrote chiefly for a select class, possessed of leisure. To us who write in a hurry for people who read in a hurry, the attempt to give an equal degree of finish would be loss of time. But to be familiar with perfect models is not the less important to us because the element in which we work precludes even the effort to equal them. They show us at least what excellence is, and make us desire it, and strive to get as near to it as is within our reach. And this is the value to us of the ancient writers, all the more emphatically, because their excellence does not admit of being copied, or directly imitated. It does not consist in a trick which can be learnt, but in the perfect adaptation of means to ends. The secret of the style of the great Greek and Roman authors, is that it is the perfection of good sense. In the first place, they never use a word without a meaning, or a word which adds nothing to the meaning. They always (to begin with) had a meaning; they knew what they wanted to say; and their whole purpose was to say it with the highest degree of exactness and completeness, and bring it home to the mind with the greatest possible clearness and vividness. It never entered into their

thoughts to conceive of a piece of writing as beautiful in itself, abstractedly from what it had to express: its beauty must all be subservient to the most perfect expression of the sense. The *curiosa felicitas* which their critics ascribed in a pre-eminent degree to Horace, expresses the standard at which they all aimed. Their style is exactly described by Swift's definition, "the right words in the right places." Look at an oration of Demosthenes; there is nothing in it which calls attention to itself as style at all: it is only after a close examination we perceive that every word is what it should be, and where it should be, to lead the hearer smoothly and imperceptibly into the state of mind which the orator wishes to produce. The perfection of the workmanship is only visible in the total absence of any blemish or fault, and of anything which checks the flow of thought and feeling, anything which even momentarily distracts the mind from the main purpose. But then (as has been well said) it was not the object of Demosthenes to make the Athenians cry out "What a splendid speaker!" but to make them say, "Let us march against Philip!" It was only in the decline of ancient literature that ornament began to be cultivated merely as ornament. In the time of its maturity, not the merest epithet was put in because it was thought beautiful in itself; nor even for a merely descriptive purpose, for epithets purely descriptive were one of the corruptions of style which abound in Lucan, for example: the word had no business there unless it brought out some feature which was wanted, and helped to place the object in the light which the purpose of the composition required. These conditions being complied with, then indeed the intrinsic beauty of the means used was a source of additional effect, of which it behoved them to avail themselves, like rhythm and melody of versification. But these great writers knew that ornament for the sake of ornament—ornament which attracts attention to itself, and shines by its own beauties, only does so by calling off the mind from the main object, and thus not only interferes with the higher purpose of human discourse, which ought, and generally professes, to have some matter to communicate,

apart from the mere excitement of the moment, but also spoils the perfection of the composition as a piece of fine art, by destroying the unity of effect. This, then, is the first great lesson in composition to be learnt from the classical authors. The second is, not to be prolix. In a single paragraph, Thucydides can give a clear and vivid representation of a battle, such as a reader who has once taken it into his mind can seldom forget. The most powerful and affecting piece of narrative perhaps in all historical literature, is the account of the Sicilian catastrophe in his seventh book, yet how few pages does it fill! The ancients were concise, because of the extreme pains they took with their compositions; almost all moderns are prolix, because they do not. The great ancients could express a thought so perfectly in a few words or sentences, that they did not need to add any more: the moderns, because they cannot bring it out clearly and completely at once, return again and again, heaping sentence upon sentence, each adding a little more elucidation, in hopes that though no single sentence expresses the full meaning, the whole together may give a sufficient notion of it. In this respect I am afraid we are growing worse instead of better, for want of time and patience, and from the necessity we are in of addressing almost all writings to a busy and imperfectly prepared public. The demands of modern life are such—the work to be done, the mass to be worked upon, are so vast, that those who have anything particular to say—who have, as the phrase goes, any message to deliver—cannot afford to devote their time to the production of masterpieces. But they would do far worse than they do, if there had never been masterpieces, or if they had never known them. Early familiarity with the perfect, makes our most imperfect production far less bad than it otherwise would be. To have a high standard of excellence often makes the whole difference of rendering our work good when it would otherwise be mediocre.

For all these reasons I think it important to retain these two Languages and Literatures in the place they occupy, as a part of liberal education—that is, of the education of all who

are not obliged by their circumstances to discontinue their scholastic studies at a very early age. But the same reasons which vindicate the place of classical studies in general education, show also the proper limitation of them. They should be carried as far as is sufficient to enable the pupil, in after life, to read the great works of ancient literature with ease. Those who have leisure and inclination to make scholarship, or ancient history, or general philology, their pursuit, of course require much more, but there is no room for more in general education. The laborious idleness in which the school-time is wasted away in the English classical schools deserves the severest reprehension. To what purpose should the most precious years of early life be irreparably squandered in learning to write bad Latin and Greek verses? I do not see that we are much the better even for those who end by writing good ones. I am often tempted to ask the favourites of nature and fortune, whether all the serious and important work of the world is done, that their time and energy can be spared for these *nugæ difficiles?* I am not blind to the utility of composing in a language, as a means of learning it accurately. I hardly know any other means equally effectual. But why should not prose composition suffice? What need is there of original composition at all? if that can be called original which unfortunate schoolboys, without any thoughts to express, hammer out on compulsion from mere memory, acquiring the pernicious habit which a teacher should consider it one of his first duties to repress, that of merely stringing together borrowed phrases? The exercise in composition, most suitable to the requirements of learners, is that most valuable one, of retranslating from translated passages of a good author: and to this might be added, what still exists in many Continental places of education, occasional practice in talking Latin. There would be something to be said for the time spent in the manufacture of verses, if such practice were necessary for the enjoyment of ancient poetry; though it would be better to lose that enjoyment than to purchase it at so extravagant a price. But the beauties of a great poet would be

a far poorer thing than they are, if they only impressed us through a knowledge of the technicalities of his art. The poet needed those technicalities: they are not necessary to us. They are essential for criticising a poem, but not for enjoying it. All that is wanted is sufficient familiarity with the language, for its meaning to reach us without any sense of effort, and clothed with the associations on which the poet counted for producing his effect. Whoever has this familiarity, and a practised ear, can have as keen a relish of the music of Virgil and Horace, as of Gray, or Burns, or Shelley, though he know not the metrical rules of a common Sapphic or Alcaic. I do not say that these rules ought not to be taught, but I would have a class apart for them, and would make the appropriate exercises an optional, not a compulsory part of the school teaching.

Much more might be said respecting classical instruction, and literary cultivation in general, as a part of liberal education. But it is time to speak of the uses of Scientific Instruction: or rather its indispensable necessity, for it is recommended by every consideration which pleads for any high order of intellectual education at all.

The most obvious part of the value of scientific instruction, the mere information that it gives, speaks for itself. We are born into a world which we have not made—a world whose phenomena take place according to fixed laws, of which we do not bring any knowledge into the world with us. In such a world we are appointed to live, and in it all our work is to be done. Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of the world—in other words, the properties of the things which we have to work with, and to work among, and to work upon. We may and do rely, for the greater part of this knowledge, on the few who in each department make its acquisition their main business in life. But unless an elementary knowledge of scientific truths is diffused among the public, they never know what is certain and what is not, or who are entitled to speak with authority and who are not: and they either have no faith at all in the testimony of science, or are the ready dupes of charlatans

and impostors. They alternate between ignorant distrust, and blind, often misplaced, confidence. Besides, who is there who would not wish to understand the meaning of the common physical facts that take place under his eye? Who would not wish to know why a pump raises water, why a lever moves heavy weights, why it is hot at the tropics and cold at the poles, why the moon is sometimes dark and sometimes bright, what is the cause of the tides? Do we not feel that he who is totally ignorant of these things, let him be ever so skilled in a special profession, is not an educated man but an ignoramus? It is surely no small part of education to put us in intelligent possession of the most important and most universally interesting facts of the universe, so that the world which surrounds us may not be a sealed book to us, uninteresting because unintelligible. This, however, is but the simplest and most obvious part of the utility of science, and the part which, if neglected in youth, may be the most easily made up for afterwards. It is more important to understand the value of scientific instruction as a training and disciplining process, to fit the intellect for the proper work of a human being. Facts are the materials of our knowledge, but the mind itself is the instrument: and it is easier to acquire facts, than to judge what they prove, and how, through the facts which we know, to get to those which we want to know.

The most incessant occupation of the human intellect throughout life is the ascertainment of truth. We are always needing to know what is actually true about something or other. It is not given to us all to discover great general truths that are a light to all men and to future generations; though with a better general education the number of those who could do so would be far greater than it is. But we all require the ability to judge between the conflicting opinions which are offered to us as vital truths; to choose what doctrines we will receive in the matter of religion, for example; to judge whether we ought to be Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, or to what length it is our duty to go with each; to form a rational conviction on great

questions of legislation and internal policy, and on the manner in which our country should behave to dependencies and to foreign nations. And the need we have of knowing how to discriminate truth, is not confined to the larger truths. All through life it is our most pressing interest to find out the truth about all the matters we are concerned with. If we are farmers we want to find what will truly improve our soil; if merchants, what will truly influence the markets of our commodities; if judges, or jurymen, or advocates, who it was that truly did an unlawful act, or to whom a disputed right truly belongs. Every time we have to make a new resolution or alter an old one, in any situation in life, we shall go wrong unless we know the truth about the facts on which our resolution depends. Now, however different these searches for truth may look, and however unlike they really are in their subject-matter, the methods of getting at truth, and the tests of truth, are in all cases much the same. There are but two roads by which truth can be discovered: observation and reasoning—observation, of course, including experiment. We all observe, and we all reason, and therefore, more or less successfully, we all ascertain truths: but most of us do it very ill, and could not get on at all were we not able to fall back on others who do it better. If we could not do it in any degree, we should be mere instruments in the hands of those who could: they would be able to reduce us to slavery. Then how shall we best learn to do this? By being shown the way in which it has already been successfully done. The processes by which truth is attained, reasoning and observation, have been carried to their greatest known perfection in the physical sciences. As classical literature furnishes the most perfect types of the art of expression, so do the physical sciences those of the art of thinking. Mathematics, and its application to astronomy and natural philosophy, are the most complete example of the discovery of truths by reasoning; experimental science, of their discovery by direct observation. In all these cases we know that we can trust the operation, because the conclusions to which it has led have been found true by

subsequent trial. It is by the study of these, then, that we may hope to qualify ourselves for distinguishing truth, in cases where there do not exist the same ready means of verification.

In what consists the principal and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another? In their ability to judge correctly of evidence. Our direct perceptions of truth are so limited; we know so few things by immediate intuition, or, as it used to be called, by simple apprehension—that we depend for almost all our valuable knowledge, on evidence external to itself; and most of us are very unsafe hands at estimating evidence, where an appeal cannot be made to actual eyesight. The intellectual part of our education has nothing more important to do than to correct or mitigate this almost universal infirmity—this summary and substance of nearly all purely intellectual weakness. To do this with effect needs all the resources which the most perfect system of intellectual training can command. Those resources, as every teacher knows, are but of three kinds: first, models; secondly, rules; thirdly, appropriate practice. The models of the art of estimating evidence are furnished by science; the rules are suggested by science; and the study of science is the most fundamental portion of the practice.

Take in the first instance Mathematics. It is chiefly from mathematics we realise the fact that there actually is a road to truth by means of reasoning; that anything real, and which will be found true when tried, can be arrived at by a mere operation of the mind. The flagrant abuse of mere reasoning in the days of the schoolmen, when men argued confidently to supposed facts of outward nature without properly establishing their premises, or checking the conclusions by observation, created a prejudice in the modern, and especially in the English mind, against deductive reasoning altogether, as a mode of investigation. The prejudice lasted long, and was upheld by the misunderstood authority of Lord Bacon; until the prodigious applications of mathematics to physical science—to the discovery of the

laws of external nature—slowly and tardily restored the reasoning process to the place which belongs to it as a source of real knowledge. Mathematics, pure and applied, are still the great conclusive example of what can be done by reasoning. Mathematics also habituates us to several of the principal precautions for the safety of the process. Our first studies in geometry teach us two invaluable lessons. One is, to lay down at the beginning, in express and clear terms, all the premises from which we intend to reason. The other is, to keep every step in the reasoning distinct and separate from all the other steps, and to make each step safe before proceeding to another; expressly stating to ourselves, at every joint in the reasoning, what new premise we there introduce. It is not necessary that we should do this at all times, in all our reasonings. But we must be always able and ready to do it. If the validity of our argument is denied, or if we doubt it ourselves, that is the way to check it. In this way we are often enabled to detect at once the exact place where paralogism or confusion get in: and after sufficient practice we may be able to keep them out from the beginning. It is to mathematics, again, that we owe our first notion of a connected body of truth; truths which grow out of one another, and hang together so that each implies all the rest; that no one of them can be questioned without contradicting another or others, until in the end it appears that no part of the system can be false unless the whole is so. Pure mathematics first gave us this conception; applied mathematics extends it to the realm of physical nature. Applied mathematics shows us that not only the truths of abstract number and extension, but the external facts of the universe, which we apprehend by our senses, form, at least in a large part of all nature, a web similarly held together. We are able, by reasoning from a few fundamental truths, to explain and predict the phenomena of material objects: and what is still more remarkable, the fundamental truths were themselves found out by reasoning; for they are not such as are obvious to the senses, but had to be inferred by a mathematical process

from a mass of minute details, which alone came within the direct reach of human observation. When Newton, in this manner, discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are ever likely to have, of that union of reasoning and observation, which by means of facts that can be directly observed, ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain and account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though, having been found out, it is always verified by the result.

While mathematics, and the mathematical sciences, supply us with a typical example of the ascertainment of truth by reasoning, those physical sciences which are not mathematical, such as chemistry, and purely experimental physics, show us in equal perfection the other mode of arriving at certain truth, by observation, in its most accurate form, that of experiment. The value of mathematics in a logical point of view is an old topic with mathematicians, and has even been insisted on so exclusively as to provoke a counter-exaggeration, of which a well-known essay by Sir William Hamilton is an example: but the logical value of experimental science is comparatively a new subject, yet there is no intellectual discipline more important than that which the experimental sciences afford. Their whole occupation consists in doing well, what all of us, during the whole of life, are engaged in doing, for the most part badly. All men do not affect to be reasoners, but all profess, and really attempt, to draw inferences from experience: yet hardly any one, who has not been a student of the physical sciences, sets out with any just idea of what the process of interpreting experience really is. If a fact has occurred once or oftener, and another fact has followed it, people think they have got an experiment, and are well on the road towards showing that the one fact is the cause of the other. If they did but know the immense amount of precaution necessary to a scientific experiment; with what

sedulous care the accompanying circumstances are contrived and varied, so as to exclude every agency but that which is the subject of the experiment; or, when disturbing agencies cannot be excluded, the minute accuracy with which their influence is calculated and allowed for, in order that the residue may contain nothing but what is due to the one agency under examination;—if these things were attended to, people would be much less easily satisfied that their opinions have the evidence of experience. Many popular notions and generalisations which are in all mouths would be thought a great deal less certain than they are supposed to be; but we should begin to lay the foundation of really experimental knowledge on things which are now the subjects of mere vague discussion, where one side finds as much to say, and says it as confidently, as another, and each person's opinion is less determined by evidence than by his accidental interest or prepossession. In politics, for instance, it is evident to whoever comes to the study from that of the experimental sciences, that no political conclusions of any value for practice can be arrived at by direct experience. Such specific experience as we can have, serves only to verify, and even that insufficiently, the conclusions of reasoning. Take any active force you please in politics, take the liberties of England, or free trade: how should we know that either of these things conduced to prosperity, if we could discern no tendency in the things themselves to produce it? If we had only the evidence of what is called our experience, such prosperity as we enjoy might be owing to a hundred other causes, and might have been obstructed, not promoted, by these. All true political science is, in one sense of the phrase, *à priori*, being deduced from the tendencies of things,—tendencies known either through our general experience of human nature, or as the result of an analysis of the course of history, considered as a progressive evolution. It requires, therefore, the union of induction, and deduction, and the mind that is equal to it must have been well disciplined in both. But familiarity with scientific experiment at least does the useful service of inspiring

a wholesome scepticism about the conclusions which the mere surface of experience suggests.

The study, on the one hand, of mathematics and its applications, on the other, of experimental science, prepares us for the principal business of the intellect, by the practice of it in the most characteristic cases, and by familiarity with the most perfect and successful models of it. But in great things as in small, examples and models are not sufficient: we want rules as well. Familiarity with the correct use of a language in conversation and writing does not make rules of grammar unnecessary; nor does the amplest knowledge of sciences of reasoning and experiment dispense with rules of logic. We may have heard correct reasonings and seen skilful experiments all our lives—we shall not learn by mere imitation to do the like, unless we pay careful attention to how it is done. It is much easier in these abstract matters, than in purely mechanical ones, to mistake bad work for good. To mark out the difference between them is the province of Logic. Logic lays down the general principles and laws of the search after truth; the conditions which, whether recognised or not, must actually have been observed if the mind has done its work rightly. Logic is the intellectual complement of mathematics and physics. Those sciences give the practice, of which Logic is the theory. It declares the principles, rules, and precepts, of which they exemplify the observance.

The science of Logic has two parts: ratiocinative and inductive logic. The one helps to keep us right in reasoning from premises, the other in concluding from observation. Ratiocinative logic is much older than inductive, because reasoning in the narrower sense of the word is an easier process than induction, and the science which works by mere reasoning, pure mathematics, had been carried to a considerable height while the sciences of observation were still in the purely empirical period. The principles of ratiocination, therefore, were the earliest understood and systematised, and the logic of ratiocination is even now suitable to an earlier stage in education than that of

induction. The principles of induction cannot be properly understood without some previous study of the inductive sciences: but the logic of reasoning, which was already carried to a high degree of perfection by Aristotle, does not absolutely require even a knowledge of mathematics, but can be sufficiently exemplified and illustrated from the practice of daily life.

Of Logic I venture to say, even if limited to that of mere ratiocination, the theory of names, propositions, and the syllogism, that there is no part of intellectual education which is of greater value, or whose place can so ill be supplied by anything else. Its uses, it is true, are chiefly negative; its function is, not so much to teach us to go right, as to keep us from going wrong. But in the operations of the intellect it is so much easier to go wrong than right; it is so utterly impossible for even the most vigorous mind to keep itself in the path but by maintaining a vigilant watch against all deviations, and noting all the byways by which it is possible to go astray—that the chief difference between one reasoner and another consists in their less or greater liability to be misled. Logic points out all the possible ways in which, starting from true premises, we may draw false conclusions. By its analysis of the reasoning process, and the forms it supplies for stating and setting forth our reasonings, it enables us to guard the points at which a fallacy is in danger of slipping in, or to lay our fingers upon the place where it has slipped in. When I consider how very simple the theory of reasoning is, and how short a time is sufficient for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles and rules, and even considerable expertness in applying them, I can find no excuse for omission to study it on the part of any one who aspires to succeed in any intellectual pursuit. Logic is the great disperser of hazy and confused thinking: it clears up the fogs which hide from us our own ignorance, and make us believe that we understand a subject when we do not. We must not be led away by talk about inarticulate giants who do great deeds without knowing how, and see into the most

recondite truths without any of the ordinary helps, and without being able to explain to other people how they reach their conclusions, nor consequently to convince any other people of the truth of them. There may be such men, as there are deaf and dumb persons who do clever things, but for all that, speech and hearing are faculties by no means to be dispensed with. If you want to know whether you are thinking rightly, put your thoughts into words. In the very attempt to do this you will find yourselves, consciously or unconsciously, using logical forms. Logic compels us to throw our meaning into distinct propositions, and our reasonings into distinct steps. It makes us conscious of all the implied assumptions on which we are proceeding, and which, if not true, vitiate the entire process. It makes us aware what extent of doctrine we commit ourselves to by any course of reasoning, and obliges us to look the implied premises in the face, and make up our minds whether we can stand to them. It makes our opinions consistent with themselves and with one another, and forces us to think clearly, even when it cannot make us think correctly. It is true that error may be consistent and systematic as well as truth; but this is not the common case. It is no small advantage to see clearly the principles and consequences involved in our opinions, and which we must either accept, or else abandon those opinions. We are much nearer to finding truth when we search for it in broad daylight. Error, pursued rigorously to all that is implied in it, seldom fails to get detected by coming into collision with some known and admitted fact.

You will find abundance of people to tell you that logic is no help to thought, and that people cannot be taught to think by rules. Undoubtedly rules by themselves, without practice, go but a little way in teaching anything. But if the practice of thinking is not improved by rules, I venture to say it is the only difficult thing done by human beings that is not so. A man learns to saw wood principally by practice, but there are rules for doing it, grounded on the nature of the operation, and if he is not taught the rules, he

will not saw well until he has discovered them for himself. Wherever there is a right way and a wrong, there must be a difference between them, and it must be possible to find out what the difference is; and when found out and expressed in words, it is a rule for the operation. If any one is inclined to disparage rules, I say to him, try to learn anything which there are rules for, without knowing the rules, and see how you succeed. To those who think lightly of the School Logic, I say, take the trouble to learn it. You will easily do so in a few weeks, and you will see whether it is of no use to you in making your mind clear, and keeping you from stumbling in the dark over the most outrageous fallacies. Nobody, I believe, who has really learnt it, and who goes on using his mind, is insensible to its benefits, unless he started with a prejudice, or, like some eminent English and Scottish thinkers of the past century, is under the influence of a reaction against the exaggerated pretensions made by the schoolmen, not so much in behalf of logic as of the reasoning process itself. Still more highly must the use of logic be estimated, if we include in it, as we ought to do, the principles and rules of Induction as well as of Ratiocination. As the one logic guards us against bad Deduction, so does the other against bad generalisation, which is a still more universal error. If men easily err in arguing from one general proposition to another, still more easily do they go wrong in interpreting the observations made by themselves and others. There is nothing in which an untrained mind shows itself more hopelessly incapable, than in drawing the proper general conclusions from its own experience. And even trained minds, when all their training is on a special subject, and does not extend to the general principles of induction, are only kept right when there are ready opportunities of verifying their inferences by facts. Able scientific men, when they venture upon subjects in which they have no facts to check them, are often found drawing conclusions or making generalisations from their experimental knowledge, such as any sound theory of induction would show to be utterly unwarranted. So

true is it that practice alone, even of a good kind, is not sufficient without principles and rules. Lord Bacon had the great merit of seeing that rules were necessary, and conceiving, to a very considerable extent, their true character. The defects of his conception were such as were inevitable while the inductive sciences were only in the earliest stage of their progress, and the highest efforts of the human mind in that direction had not yet been made. Inadequate as the Baconian view of induction was, and rapidly as the practice outgrew it, it is only within a generation or two that any considerable improvement has been made in the theory; very much through the impulse given by two of the many distinguished men who have adorned the Scottish universities, Dugald Stewart and Brown.

I have given a very incomplete and summary view of the educational benefits derived from instruction in the more perfect sciences, and in the rules for the proper use of the intellectual faculties which the practice of those sciences has suggested. There are other sciences, which are in a more backward state, and tax the whole powers of the mind in its mature years, yet a beginning of which may be beneficially made in university studies, while a tincture of them is valuable even to those who are never likely to proceed further. The first is Physiology; the science of the laws of organic and animal life, and especially of the structure and functions of the human body. It would be absurd to pretend that a profound knowledge of this difficult subject can be acquired in youth, or as a part of general education. Yet an acquaintance with its leading truths is one of those acquirements which ought not to be the exclusive property of a particular profession. The value of such knowledge for daily uses has been made familiar to us all by the sanitary discussions of late years. There is hardly one among us who may not, in some position of authority, be required to form an opinion and take part in public action on sanitary subjects. And the importance of understanding the true conditions of health and disease—of knowing how to acquire and preserve that healthy habit of body which

the most tedious and costly medical treatment so often fails to restore when once lost, should secure a place in general education for the principal maxims of hygiene, and some of those even of practical medicine. For those who aim at high intellectual cultivation, the study of physiology has still greater recommendations, and is, in the present state of advancement of the higher studies, a real necessity. The practice which it gives in the study of nature is such as no other physical science affords in the same kind, and is the best introduction to the difficult questions of politics and social life. Scientific education, apart from professional objects, is but a preparation for judging rightly of Man, and of his requirements and interests. But to this final pursuit, which has been called *par excellence* the proper study of mankind, physiology is the most serviceable of the sciences, because it is the nearest. Its subject is already Man: the same complex and manifold being, whose properties are not independent of circumstance, and immovable from age to age, like those of the ellipse and hyperbola, or of sulphur and phosphorus, but are infinitely various, indefinitely modifiable by art or accident, graduating by the nicest shades into one another, and reacting upon one another in a thousand ways, so that they are seldom capable of being isolated and observed separately. With the difficulties of the study of a being so constituted, the physiologist, and he alone among scientific enquirers, is already familiar. Take what view we will of man as a spiritual being, one part of his nature is far more like another than either of them is like anything else. In the organic world we study nature under disadvantages very similar to those which affect the study of moral and political phenomena: our means of making experiments are almost as limited, while the extreme complexity of the facts makes the conclusions of general reasoning unusually precarious, on account of the vast number of circumstances that conspire to determine every result. Yet in spite of these obstacles, it is found possible in physiology to arrive at a considerable number of well-ascertained and important truths. This therefore is an

excellent school in which to study the means of overcoming similar difficulties elsewhere. It is in physiology, too, that we are first introduced to some of the conceptions which play the greatest part in the moral and social sciences, but which do not occur at all in those of inorganic nature. As, for instance, the idea of predisposition, and of predisposing causes, as distinguished from exciting causes. The operation of all moral forces is immensely influenced by predisposition: without that element, it is impossible to explain the commonest facts of history and social life. Physiology is also the first science in which we recognise the influence of habit—the tendency of something to happen again merely because it has happened before. From physiology, too, we get our clearest notion of what is meant by development or evolution. The growth of a plant or animal from the first germ is the typical specimen of a phenomenon which rules through the whole course of the history of man and society —increase of function, through expansion and differentiation of structure by internal forces. I cannot enter into the subject at greater length; it is enough if I throw out hints which may be germs of further thought in yourselves. Those who aim at high intellectual achievements may be assured that no part of their time will be less wasted, than that which they employ in becoming familiar with the methods and with the main conceptions of the science of organisation and life.

Physiology, at its upper extremity, touches on Psychology, or the Philosophy of Mind: and without raising any disputed questions about the limits between Matter and Spirit, the nerves and brain are admitted to have so intimate a connection with the mental operations, that the student of the last cannot dispense with a considerable knowledge of the first. The value of psychology itself need hardly be expatiated upon in a Scottish university; for it has always been there studied with brilliant success. Almost everything which has been contributed from these islands towards its advancement since Locke and Berkeley, has until very lately, and much of it even in the present generation,

proceeded from Scottish authors and Scottish professors. Psychology, in truth, is simply the knowledge of the laws of Human Nature. If there is anything that deserves to be studied by man, it is his own nature and that of his fellow-men : and if it is worth studying at all, it is worth studying scientifically, so as to reach the fundamental laws which underlie and govern all the rest. With regard to the suitableness of this subject for general education, a distinction must be made. There are certain observed laws of our thoughts and of our feelings which rest upon experimental evidence, and, once seized, are a clue to the interpretation of much that we are conscious of in ourselves, and observe in one another. Such, for example, are the laws of association. Psychology, so far as it consists of such laws—I speak of the laws themselves, not of their disputed applications—is as positive and certain a science as Chemistry, and fit to be taught as such When, however, we pass beyond the bounds of these admitted truths, to questions which are still in controversy among the different philosophical schools —how far the higher operations of the mind can be explained by association, how far we must admit other primary principles—what faculties of the mind are simple, what complex, and what is the composition of the latter—above all, when we embark upon the sea of metaphysics properly so called, and enquire, for instance, whether time and space are real existences, as is our spontaneous impression, or forms of our sensitive faculty, as is maintained by Kant, or complex ideas generated by association ; whether matter and spirit are conceptions merely relative to our faculties, or facts existing *per se*, and in the latter case, what is the nature and limit of our knowledge of them ; whether the will of man is free or determined by causes, and what is the real difference between the two doctrines,—matters on which the most thinking men, and those who have given most study to the subjects, are still divided,—it is neither to be expected nor desired that those who do not specially devote themselves to the higher departments of speculation should employ much of their time in attempting to get to the bottom of

these questions. But it is a part of liberal education to know that such controversies exist, and, in a general way, what has been said on both sides of them. It is instructive to know the failures of the human intellect as well as its successes, its imperfect as well as its perfect attainments; to be aware of the open questions, as well as of those which have been definitively resolved. A very summary view of these disputed matters may suffice for the many; but a system of education is not intended solely for the many: it has to kindle the aspirations and aid the efforts of those who are destined to stand forth as thinkers above the multitude: and for these there is hardly to be found any discipline comparable to that which these metaphysical controversies afford. For they are essentially questions about the estimation of evidence; about the ultimate grounds of belief; the conditions required to justify our most familiar and intimate convictions; and the real meaning and import of words and phrases which we have used from infancy as if we understood all about them, which are even at the foundation of human language, yet of which no one except a metaphysician has rendered to himself a complete account. Whatever philosophical opinions the study of these questions may lead us to adopt, no one ever came out of the discussion of them without increased vigour of understanding, an increased demand for precision of thought and language, and a more careful and exact appreciation of the nature of proof. There never was any sharpener of the intellectual faculties superior to the Berkeleian controversy. There is even now no reading more profitable to students—confining myself to writers in our own language, and notwithstanding that so many of their speculations are already obsolete — than Hobbes and Locke, Reid and Stewart, Hume, Hartley, and Brown: on condition that these great thinkers are not read passively, as masters to be followed, but actively, as supplying materials and incentives to thought. To come to our own contemporaries, he who has mastered Sir William Hamilton and your own lamented Ferrier as distinguished representatives of one of the two great schools of philosophy, and an

eminent Professor in a neighbouring University, Professor Bain, probably the greatest living authority in the other, has gained a practice in the most searching methods of philosophic investigation applied to the most arduous subjects, which is no inadequate preparation for any intellectual difficulties that he is ever likely to be called on to resolve.

In this brief outline of a complete scientific education, I have said nothing about direct instruction in that which it is the chief of all the ends of intellectual education to qualify us for—the exercise of thought on the great interests of mankind as moral and social beings—Ethics and Politics, in the largest sense. These things are not, in the existing state of human knowledge, the subject of a science, generally admitted and accepted. Politics cannot be learnt once for all, from a text-book, or the instructions of a master. What we require to be taught on that subject, is to be our own teachers. It is a subject on which we have no masters to follow; each must explore for himself, and exercise an independent judgment. Scientific politics do not consist in having a set of conclusions ready made, to be applied everywhere indiscriminately, but in setting the mind to work in a scientific spirit to discover in each instance the truths applicable to the given case. And this, at present, scarcely any two persons do in the same way. Education is not entitled, on this subject, to recommend any set of opinions as resting on the authority of established science. But it can supply the student with materials for his own mind, and helps to use them. It can make him acquainted with the best speculations on the subject, taken from different points of view: none of which will be found complete, while each embodies some considerations really relevant, really requiring to be taken into the account. Education may also introduce us to the principal facts which have a direct bearing on the subject, namely, the different modes or stages of civilisation that have been found among mankind, and the characteristic properties of each. This is the true purpose of Historical Studies, as prosecuted in a University.

The leading facts of ancient and modern history should be known by the student from his private reading: if that knowledge be wanting, it cannot possibly be supplied here. What a professor of History has to teach, is the meaning of those facts. His office is to help the student in collecting from history what are the main differences between human beings, and between the institutions of society, at one time or place and at another: in picturing to himself human life and the human conception of life, as they were at the different stages of human development: in distinguishing between what is the same in all ages and what is progressive, and forming some incipient conception of the causes and laws of progress. All these things are as yet very imperfectly understood even by the most philosophic enquirers, and are quite unfit to be taught dogmatically. The object is to lead the student to attend to them; to make him take interest in history not as a mere narrative, but as a chain of causes and effects still unwinding itself before his eyes, and full of momentous consequences to himself and his descendants; the unfolding of a great epic or dramatic action, to terminate in the happiness or misery, the elevation or degradation, of the human race; an unremitting conflict between good and evil powers, of which every act done by any of us, insignificant as we are, forms one of the incidents; a conflict in which even the smallest of us cannot escape from taking part, in which whoever does not help the right side is helping the wrong, and for our share in which, whether it be greater or smaller, and let its actual consequences be visible or in the main invisible, no one of us can escape the responsibility. Though education cannot arm and equip its pupils for this fight with any complete philosophy, either of politics or of history, there is much positive instruction that it can give them, having a direct bearing on the duties of citizenship. They should be taught the outlines of the civil and political institutions of their own country, and in a more general way, of the more advanced of the other civilised nations. Those branches of politics, or of the laws of social life, in which there exists a collection of facts or

thoughts sufficiently sifted and methodised to form the beginning of a science, should be taught *ex professo*. Among the chief of these is Political Economy; the sources and conditions of wealth and material prosperity for aggregate bodies of human beings. This study approaches nearer to the rank of a science, in the sense in which we apply that name to the physical sciences, than anything else connected with politics yet does. I need not enlarge on the important lessons which it affords for the guidance of life, and for the estimation of laws and institutions, or on the necessity of knowing all that it can teach in order to have true views of the course of human affairs, or form plans for their improvement which will stand actual trial. The same persons who cry down Logic will generally warn you against Political Economy. It is unfeeling, they will tell you. It recognises unpleasant facts. For my part, the most unfeeling thing I know of is the law of gravitation: it breaks the neck of the best and most amiable person without scruple, if he forgets for a single moment to give heed to it. The winds and waves too are very unfeeling. Would you advise those who go to sea to deny the winds and waves—or to make use of them, and find the means of guarding against their dangers? My advice to you is to study the great writers on Political Economy, and hold firmly by whatever in them you find true; and depend upon it that if you are not selfish or hard-hearted already, Political Economy will not make you so.

Of no less importance than Political Economy is the study of what is called Jurisprudence; the general principles of law; the social necessities which laws are required to meet; the features common to all systems of law, and the differences between them; the requisites of good legislation, the proper mode of constructing a legal system, and the best constitution of courts of justice and modes of legal procedure. These things are not only the chief part of the business of government, but the vital concern of every citizen; and their improvement affords a wide scope for the energies of any duly prepared mind, ambitious of contributing towards the better condition of the human race. For this, too, admir-

able helps have been provided by writers of our own or of a very recent time. At the head of them stands Bentham; undoubtedly the greatest master who ever devoted the labour of a life to let in light on the subject of law; and who is the more intelligible to non-professional persons, because, as his way is, he builds up the subject from its foundation in the facts of human life, and shows by careful consideration of ends and means, what law might and ought to be, in deplorable contrast with what it is. Other enlightened jurists have followed with contributions of two kinds, as the type of which I may take two works, equally admirable in their respective times. Mr. Austin, in his Lectures on Jurisprudence, takes for his basis the Roman law, the most elaborately consistent legal system which history has shown us in actual operation, and that which the greatest number of accomplished minds have employed themselves in harmonising. From this he singles out the principles and distinctions which are of general applicability, and employs the powers and resources of a most precise and analytic mind to give to those principles and distinctions a philosophic basis, grounded in the universal reason of mankind, and not in mere technical convenience. Mr. Maine, in his treatise on Ancient Law in its relations to Modern Thought, shows from the history of law, and from what is known of the primitive institutions of mankind, the origin of much that has lasted till now, and has a firm footing both in the laws and in the ideas of modern times; showing that many of these things never originated in reason, but are relics of the institutions of barbarous society, modified more or less by civilisation, but kept standing by the persistency of ideas which were the offspring of those barbarous institutions, and have survived their parent. The path opened by Mr. Maine has been followed up by others, with additional illustrations of the influence of obsolete ideas on modern institutions, and of obsolete institutions on modern ideas; an action and reaction which perpetuate, in many of the greatest concerns, a mitigated barbarism: things being continually accepted as dictates of nature and necessities of

life, which, if we knew all, we should see to have originated in artificial arrangements of society, long since abandoned and condemned.

To these studies I would add International Law, which I decidedly think should be taught in all universities, and should form part of all liberal education. The need of it is far from being limited to diplomatists and lawyers; it extends to every citizen. What is called the Law of Nations is not properly law, but a part of ethics: a set of moral rules, accepted as authoritative by civilised states. It is true that these rules neither are nor ought to be of eternal obligation, but do and must vary more or less from age to age, as the consciences of nations become more enlightened and the exigencies of political society undergo change. But the rules mostly were at their origin, and still are, an application of the maxims of honesty and humanity to the intercourse of states. They were introduced by the moral sentiments of mankind, or by their sense of the general interest, to mitigate the crimes and sufferings of a state of war, and to restrain governments and nations from unjust or dishonest conduct towards one another in time of peace. Since every country stands in numerous and various relations with the other countries of the world, and many, our own among the number, exercise actual authority over some of these, a knowledge of the established rules of international morality is essential to the duty of every nation, and therefore of every person in it who helps to make up the nation, and whose voice and feeling form a part of what is called public opinion. Let not any one pacify his conscience by the delusion that he can do no harm if he takes no part, and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends, than that good men should look on and do nothing. He is not a good man who, without a protest, allows wrong to be committed in his name, and with the means which he helps to supply, because he will not trouble himself to use his mind on the subject. It depends on the habit of attending to and looking into public transactions, and on the degree of information and solid judgment

respecting them that exists in the community, whether the conduct of the nation as a nation, both within itself and towards others, shall be selfish, corrupt, and tyrannical, or rational and enlightened, just and noble.

Of these more advanced studies, only a small commencement can be made at schools and universities; but even this is of the highest value, by awakening an interest in the subjects, by conquering the first difficulties, and inuring the mind to the kind of exertion which the studies require, by implanting a desire to make further progress, and directing the student to the best tracks and the best helps. So far as these branches of knowledge have been acquired, we have learnt, or been put into the way of learning, our duty, and our work in life. Knowing it, however, is but half the work of education; it still remains, that what we know, we shall be willing and determined to put in practice. Nevertheless, to know the truth is already a great way towards disposing us to act upon it. What we see clearly and apprehend keenly, we have a natural desire to act out. "To see the best, and yet the worst pursue," is a possible but not a common state of mind; those who follow the wrong have generally first taken care to be voluntarily ignorant of the right. They have silenced their conscience, but they are not knowingly disobeying it. If you take an average human mind while still young, before the objects it has chosen in life have given it a turn in any bad direction, you will generally find it desiring what is good, right, and for the benefit of all; and if that season is properly used to implant the knowledge and give the training which shall render rectitude of judgment more habitual than sophistry, a serious barrier will have been erected against the inroads of selfishness and falsehood. Still, it is a very imperfect education which trains the intelligence only, but not the will. No one can dispense with an education directed expressly to the moral as well as the intellectual part of his being. Such education, so far as it is direct, is either moral or religious; and these may either be treated as distinct, or as different aspects of the same thing. The subject

we are now considering is not education as a whole, but scholastic education, and we must keep in view the inevitable limitations of what schools and universities can do. It is beyond their power to educate morally or religiously. Moral and religious education consist in training the feelings and the daily habits; and these are, in the main, beyond the sphere and inaccessible to the control of public education. It is the home, the family, which gives us the moral or religious education we really receive: and this is completed, and modified, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, by society, and the opinions and feelings with which we are there surrounded. The moral or religious influence which a University can exercise, consists less in any express teaching, than in the pervading tone of the place. Whatever it teaches, it should teach as penetrated by a sense of duty; it should present all knowledge as chiefly a means to worthiness of life, given for the double purpose of making each of us practically useful to our fellow-creatures, and of elevating the character of the species itself—exalting and dignifying our nature. There is nothing which spreads more contagiously from teacher to pupil than elevation of sentiment: often and often have students caught from the living influence of a professor, a contempt for mean and selfish objects, and a noble ambition to leave the world better than they found it, which they have carried with them throughout life. In these respects, teachers of every kind have natural and peculiar means of doing with effect, what every one who mixes with his fellow-beings, or addresses himself to them in any character, should feel bound to do to the extent of his capacity and opportunities. What is special to a university on these subjects belongs chiefly, like the rest of its work, to the intellectual department. A university exists for the purpose of laying open to each succeeding generation, as far as the conditions of the case admit, the accumulated treasure of the thoughts of mankind. As an indispensable part of this, it has to make known to them what mankind at large, their own country, and the best and wisest individual men, have thought on the great

subjects of morals and religion. There should be, and there is in most universities, professorial instruction in Moral Philosophy; but I could wish that this instruction were of a somewhat different type from what is ordinarily met with. I could wish that it were more expository, less polemical, and above all less dogmatic. The learner should be made acquainted with the principal systems of moral philosophy which have existed and been practically operative among mankind, and should hear what there is to be said for each: the Aristotelian, the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Judaic, the Christian in the various modes of its interpretation, which differ almost as much from one another as the teachings of those earlier schools. He should be made familiar with the different standards of right and wrong which have been taken as the basis of ethics: general utility, natural justice, natural rights, a moral sense, principles of practical reason, and the rest. Among all these, it is not so much the teacher's business to take a side, and fight stoutly for some one against the rest, as it is to direct them all towards the establishment and preservation of the rules of conduct most advantageous to mankind. There is not one of these systems which has not its good side; not one from which there is not something to be learnt by the votaries of the others; not one which is not suggested by a keen, though it may not always be a clear, perception of some important truths, which are the prop of the system, and the neglect or undervaluing of which in other systems is their characteristic infirmity. A system which may be as a whole erroneous, is still valuable, until it has forced upon mankind a sufficient attention to the portion of truth which suggested it. The ethical teacher does his part best, when he points out how each system may be strengthened even on its own basis, by taking into more complete account the truths which other systems have realised more fully and made more prominent. I do not mean that he should encourage an essentially sceptical eclecticism. While placing every system in the best aspect it admits of, and endeavouring to draw from all of them the most salutary consequences compatible with

their nature, I would by no means debar him from enforcing by his best arguments his own preference for some one of the number. They cannot be all true; though those which are false as theories may contain particular truths, indispensable to the completeness of the true theory. But on this subject, even more than on any of those I have previously mentioned, it is not the teacher's business to impose his own judgment, but to inform and discipline that of his pupil.

And this same clue, if we keep hold of it, will guide us through the labyrinth of conflicting thought into which we enter when we touch the great question of the relation of education to Religion. As I have already said, the only really effective religious education is the parental—that of home and childhood. All that social and public education has in its power to do, further than by a general pervading tone of reverence and duty, amounts to little more than the information which it can give; but this is extremely valuable. I shall not enter into the question which has been debated with so much vehemence in the last and present generation, whether religion ought to be taught at all in universities and public schools, seeing that religion is the subject of all others on which men's opinions are most widely at variance. On neither side of this controversy do the disputants seem to me to have sufficiently freed their minds from the old notion of education, that it consists in the dogmatic inculcation from authority, of what the teacher deems true. Why should it be impossible that information of the greatest value, on subjects connected with religion, should be brought before the student's mind; that he should be made acquainted with so important a part of the national thought, and of the intellectual labours of past generations, as those relating to religion, without being taught dogmatically the doctrines of any church or sect? Christianity being a historical religion, the sort of religious instruction which seems to me most appropriate to a University is the study of Ecclesiastical History. If teaching, even on matters of scientific certainty, should aim quite as much at showing how the results are arrived at, as at teaching the results

themselves, far more, then, should this be the case on subjects where there is the widest diversity of opinion among men of equal ability, and who have taken equal pains to arrive at the truth. This diversity should of itself be a warning to a conscientious teacher that he has no right to impose his opinion authoritatively upon a youthful mind. His teaching should not be in the spirit of dogmatism, but in that of enquiry. The pupil should not be addressed as if his religion had been chosen for him, but as one who will have to choose it for himself. The various Churches, established and unestablished, are quite competent to the task which is peculiarly theirs, that of teaching each its own doctrines, as far as necessary, to its own rising generation. The proper business of a University is different: not to tell us from authority what we ought to believe, and make us accept the belief as a duty, but to give us information and training, and help us to form our own belief in a manner worthy of intelligent beings, who seek for truth at all hazards, and demand to know all the difficulties, in order that they may be better qualified to find, or recognise, the most satisfactory mode of resolving them. The vast importance of these questions—the great results as regards the conduct of our lives, which depend upon our choosing one belief or another—are the strongest reasons why we should not trust our judgment when it has been formed in ignorance of the evidence, and why we should not consent to be restricted to a one-sided teaching, which informs us of what a particular teacher or association of teachers receive as true doctrine and sound argument, but of nothing more.

I do not affirm that a University, if it represses free thought and inquiry, must be altogether a failure, for the freest thinkers have often been trained in the most slavish seminaries of learning. The great Christian reformers were taught in Roman Catholic Universities; the sceptical philosophers of France were mostly educated by the Jesuits. The human mind is sometimes impelled all the more violently in one direction, by an over zealous and demonstrative attempt to drag it in the opposite. But this is not

what Universities are appointed for—to drive men from them, even into good, by excess of evil. A University ought to be a place of free speculation. The more diligently it does its duty in all other respects, the more certain it is to be that. The old English Universities, in the present generation, are doing better work than they have done within human memory in teaching the ordinary studies of their curriculum; and one of the consequences has been, that whereas they formerly seemed to exist mainly for the repression of independent thought, and the chaining up of the individual intellect and conscience, they are now the great foci of free and manly enquiry, to the higher and professional classes, south of the Tweed. The ruling minds of those ancient seminaries have at last remembered that to place themselves in hostility to the free use of the understanding, is to abdicate their own best privilege, that of guiding it. A modest deference, at least provisional, to the united authority of the specially instructed, is becoming in a youthful and imperfectly formed mind; but when there is no united authority—when the specially instructed are so divided and scattered that almost any opinion can boast of some high authority, and no opinion whatever can claim all; when, therefore, it can never be deemed extremely improbable that one who uses his mind freely may see reason to change his first opinion,—then, whatever you do, keep, at all risks, your minds open: do not barter away your freedom of thought. Those of you who are destined, for the clerical profession are, no doubt, so far held to a certain number of doctrines, that if you ceased to believe them you would not be justified in remaining in a position in which you would be required to teach insincerely. But use your influence to make those doctrines as few as possible. It is not right that men should be bribed to hold out against conviction—to shut their ears against objections, or, if the objections penetrate, to continue professing full and unfaltering belief when their confidence is already shaken. Neither is it right that if men honestly profess to have changed some of their religious opinions, their honesty should as a

matter of course exclude them from taking a part for which they may be admirably qualified, in the spiritual instruction of the nation. The tendency of the age, on both sides of the ancient Border, is towards the relaxation of formularies, and a less rigid construction of articles. This very circumstance, by making the limits of orthodoxy less definite, and obliging every one to draw the line for himself, is an embarrassment to consciences. But I hold entirely with those clergymen who elect to remain in the national church, so long as they are able to accept its articles and confessions in any sense, or with any interpretation consistent with common honesty, whether it be the generally received interpretation or not. If all were to desert the church who put a large and liberal construction on its terms of communion, or who would wish to see those terms widened, the national provision for religious teaching and worship would be left utterly to those who take the narrowest, the most literal, and purely textual view of the formularies; who, though by no means necessarily bigots, are under the great disadvantage of having the bigots for their allies, and who, however great their merits may be—and they are often very great — if the Church is improvable, are not the most likely persons to improve it. Therefore, if it were not an impertinence in me to tender advice in such a matter, I should say, let all who conscientiously can, remain in the Church. A Church is far more easily improved from within than from without. Almost all the illustrious reformers of religion began by being clergymen; but they did not think that their profession as clergymen was inconsistent with being reformers. They mostly indeed ended their days outside the churches in which they were born; but it was because the churches, in an evil hour for themselves, cast them out. They did not think it any business of theirs to withdraw. They thought they had a better right to remain in the fold, than those had who expelled them.

I have now said what I had to say on the two kinds of education which the system of Schools and Universities is intended to promote—intellectual education, and moral

education; knowledge and the training of the knowing faculty, conscience and that of the moral faculty. These are the two main ingredients of human culture; but they do not exhaust the whole of it. There is a third division, which, if subordinate, and owing allegiance to the two others, is barely inferior to them, and not less needful to the completeness of the human being; I mean the æsthetic branch; the culture which comes through poetry and art, and may be described as the education of the feelings, and the cultivation of the beautiful. This department of things deserves to be regarded in a far more serious light than is the custom of these countries. It is only of late, and chiefly by a superficial imitation of foreigners, that we have begun to use the word Art by itself, and to speak of Art as we speak of Science, or Government, or Religion: we used to talk of the Arts, and more specifically of the Fine Arts: and even by them were vulgarly meant only two forms of art, Painting and Sculpture, the two which as a people we cared least about—which were regarded even by the more cultivated among us as little more than branches of domestic ornamentation, a kind of elegant upholstery. The very words "Fine Arts" called up a notion of frivolity, of great pains expended on a rather trifling object—on something which differed from the cheaper and commoner arts of producing pretty things, mainly by being more difficult, and by giving fops an opportunity of pluming themselves on caring for it and on being able to talk about it. This estimate extended in no small degree, though not altogether, even to Poetry—the queen of Arts; but, in Great Britain, hardly included under the name. It cannot exactly be said that poetry was little thought of; we were proud of our Shakespeare and Milton, and in one period at least of our history, that of Queen Anne, it was a high literary distinction to be a poet; but Poetry was hardly looked upon in any serious light, or as having much value except as an amusement or excitement, the superiority of which over others principally consisted in being that of a more refined order of minds. Yet the celebrated saying of Fletcher of

Saltoun, "Let who will make the laws of a people if I write their songs," might have taught us how great an instrument for acting on the human mind we were undervaluing. It would be difficult for anybody to imagine that "Rule Britannia," for example, or "Scots wha' hae," had no permanent influence on the higher region of human character; some of Moore's songs have done more for Ireland than all Grattan's speeches: and songs are far from being the highest or most impressive form of poetry. On these subjects, the mode of thinking and feeling of other countries was not only not intelligible, but not credible, to an average Englishman. To find Art ranking on a complete equality, in theory at least, with Philosophy, Learning, and Science—as holding an equally important place among the agents of civilisation, and among the elements of the worth of humanity; to find even Painting and Sculpture treated as great social powers, and the Art of a country as a feature in its character and condition, little inferior in importance to either its Religion or its Government,—all this only did not amaze and puzzle Englishmen, because it was too strange for them to be able to realise it, or, in truth, to believe it possible: and the radical difference of feeling on this matter between the British people and those of France, Germany, and the Continent generally, is one among the causes of that extraordinary inability to understand one another, which exists between England and the rest of Europe, while it does not exist to anything like the same degree between one nation of Continental Europe and another. It may be traced to the two influences which have chiefly shaped the British character since the days of the Stuarts: commercial money-getting business, and religious Puritanism. Business, demanding the whole of the faculties, and whether pursued from duty or the love of gain, regarding as a loss of time whatever does not conduce directly to the end; Puritanism, which, looking upon every feeling of human nature, except fear and reverence for God, as a snare, if not as partaking of sin, looked coldly, if not disapprovingly, on the cultivation of the sentiments. Different causes have produced different

effects in the Continental nations; among whom it is even now observable that virtue and goodness are generally for the most part an affair of the sentiments, while with us they are almost exclusively an affair of duty. Accordingly, the kind of advantage which we have had over many other countries in point of morals—I am not sure that we are not losing it—has consisted in greater tenderness of conscience. In this we have had on the whole a real superiority, though one principally negative; for conscience is with most men a power chiefly in the way of restraint—a power which acts rather in staying our hands from any great wickedness, than by the direction it gives to the general course of our desires and sentiments. One of the commonest types of character among us is that of a man all whose ambition is self-regarding; who has no higher purpose in life than to enrich or raise in the world himself and his family; who never dreams of making the good of his fellow-creatures or of his country an habitual object, further than giving away, annually, or from time to time, certain sums in charity; but who has a conscience sincerely alive to whatever is generally considered wrong, and would scruple to use any very illegitimate means for attaining his self-interested objects. While it will often happen in other countries that men whose feelings and whose active energies point strongly in an unselfish direction, who have the love of their country, of human improvement, of human freedom, even of virtue, in great strength, and of whose thoughts and activity a large share is devoted to disinterested objects, will yet, in the pursuit of these or of any other objects that they strongly desire, permit themselves to do wrong things which the other man, though intrinsically, and taking the whole of his character, farther removed from what a human being ought to be, could not bring himself to commit. It is of no use to debate which of these two states of mind is the best, or rather the least bad. It is quite possible to cultivate the conscience and the sentiments too. Nothing hinders us from so training a man that he will not, even for a disinterested purpose, violate the moral law, and also feeding

and encouraging those high feelings, on which we mainly rely for lifting men above low and sordid objects, and giving them a higher conception of what constitutes success in life. If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue, and feel it an object in itself, and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel, not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blamable but also degrading: to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great Universe, of the collective mass of our fellow-creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poorness and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin, and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Thus feeling, we learn to respect ourselves only so far as we feel capable of nobler objects: and if, unfortunately, those by whom we are surrounded do not share our aspirations, perhaps disapprove the conduct to which we are prompted by them—to sustain ourselves by the ideal sympathy of the great characters in history, or even in fiction, and by the contemplation of an idealised posterity: shall I add, of ideal perfection embodied in a Divine Being? Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato, or Demosthenes, or Tacitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers or orators or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings, that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it—in fostering the milder emotions, as the more exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and lead us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part; and all those solemn or pensive feelings, which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously, and predispose

us to the reception of anything which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel a better man after a course of Dante, or of Wordsworth, or, I will add, of Lucretius or the Georgics, or after brooding over Gray's "Elegy," or Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty"? I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours, receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture: and many of the more delicately organised among ourselves do the same. All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind—would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time—if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private *salon?* Their Nativities and Crucifixions, their glorious Madonnas and Saints, were to their susceptible Southern countrymen the great school not only of devotional, but of all the elevated and all the imaginative feelings. We colder Northerns may approach to a conception of this function of art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel, or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral. Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character. The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of human nature which corresponds to Art. There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as your own Highlands and other mountain regions afford, who are not, at least temporarily, raised by it above the littlenesses of humanity, and made to feel the puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share. To whatever avocations we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise.

The more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done; where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of exercising higher faculties and performing higher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it—which has not properly any other nobility than what that gives—and which, if ever so humble, is never mean but when it is meanly done, and when the motives from which it is done are mean motives. There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the Beautiful, when it is real cultivation, and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learnt what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realise it in his own life—will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self-culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good; for it includes the Good, and adds something to it: it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing. Now, this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in anything we do, is one of the results of Art cultivation. No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things, we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth: but in Art, the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it, the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make

it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist. Art, when really cultivated, and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained; and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are: to idealise, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all, our own characters and lives.

And now, having travelled with you over the whole range of the materials and training which a University supplies as a preparation for the higher uses of life, it is almost needless to add any exhortation to you to profit by the gift. Now is your opportunity for gaining a degree of insight into subjects larger and far more ennobling than the minutiæ of a business or a profession, and for acquiring a facility of using your minds on all that concerns the higher interests of man, which you will carry with you into the occupations of active life, and which will prevent even the short intervals of time which that may leave you, from being altogether lost for noble purposes. Having once conquered the first difficulties, the only ones of which the irksomeness surpasses the interest,—having turned the point beyond which what was once a task becomes a pleasure,—in even the busiest after-life the higher powers of your mind will make progress imperceptibly, by the spontaneous exercise of your thoughts, and by the lessons you will know how to learn from daily experience. So, at least, it will be if in your early studies you have fixed your eyes upon the ultimate end from which those studies take their chief value —that of making you more effective combatants in the great fight which never ceases to rage between Good and Evil, and more equal to coping with the ever new problems which the changing course of human nature and human society present to be resolved. Aims like these commonly retain the footing which they have once established in the

mind; and their presence in our thoughts keeps our higher faculties in exercise, and makes us consider the acquirements and powers which we store up at any time of our lives, as a mental capital, to be freely expended in helping forward any mode which presents itself of making mankind in any respect wiser or better, or placing any portion of human affairs on a more sensible and rational footing than its existing one. There is not one of us who may not qualify himself so to improve the average amount of opportunities, as to leave his fellow-creatures some little the better for the use he has known how to make of his intellect. To make this little greater, let us strive to keep ourselves acquainted with the best thoughts that are brought forth by the original minds of the age; that we may know what movements stand most in need of our aid, and that, as far as depends on us, the good seed may not fall on a rock, and perish without reaching the soil in which it might have germinated and flourished. You are to be a part of the public who are to welcome, encourage, and help forward the future intellectual benefactors of humanity; and you are, if possible, to furnish your contingent to the number of those benefactors. Nor let any one be discouraged by what may seem, in moments of despondency, the lack of time and of opportunity. Those who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them: and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess, than on the use we make of our time. You and your like are the hope and resource of your country in the coming generation. All great things which that generation is destined to do, have to be done by some like you; several will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done much less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing. I do not attempt to instigate you by the prospect of direct rewards, either earthly or heavenly; the less we think about being rewarded in either way, the better for us. But there is one reward which will not fail you, and which may be called disinterested, because it is not a consequence, but is inherent in

the very fact of deserving it,—the deeper and more varied interest you will feel in life, which will give it tenfold its value, and a value which will last to the end. All merely personal objects grow less valuable as we advance in life. This not only endures, but increases.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

Rector from 1868 to 1871

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

FIRST ADDRESS

(*Delivered on March* 19, 1869)

My first duty, in the observations which I am about to address to you, is to make my personal acknowledgments on the occasion which has brought me to this place. When we begin our work in this world, we value most the approbation of those older than ourselves. To be regarded favourably by those who have obtained distinction bids us hope that we too, by and bye, may come to be distinguished in turn. As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities. Our expectations for the future shrink to modest dimensions. The question with us is no longer what we shall do, but what we have done. We call ourselves to account for the time and talents which we have used or misused, and then it is that the good opinion of those who are coming after us becomes so peculiarly agreeable. If we have been roughly handled by our contemporaries, it flatters our self-conceit to have interested another generation. If we feel that we have before long to pass away, we can dream of a second future for ourselves in the thoughts of those who are about to take their turn upon the stage.

Therefore it is that no recognition of efforts of mine which I have ever received has given me so much pleasure as this movement of yours in electing me your Rector; an honour as spontaneously and generously bestowed by you as it was unlooked for, I may say undreamt of, by me.

Many years ago, when I was first studying the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the gray waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

"Yes," he answered, "I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to his glory; and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify his name in the same place."

Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrews, that galley-slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back and did "glorify God" in this place, and others, to some purpose.

Well, if anybody had told me, when I was reading about this, that I also should one day come to St. Andrews and be called on to address the University, I should have listened with more absolute incredulity than Knox's comrade listened to that prophecy.

Yet, inconceivable as it would then have seemed, the unlikely has become fact. I am addressing the successors of that remote generation of students whom Knox, at the end of his life, "called round him," in the yard of this very College; "and exhorted them," as James Melville tells us, "to know God and stand by the good cause, and use their time well." It will be happy for me if I, too, can read a few words to you out of the same lesson-book; for to make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists. Duty changes, truth expands, one age cannot teach another either the details of its obligations, or the matter of its knowledge; but the principle of obligation is everlasting. The consciousness of duty, whatever its origin, is to the moral nature of man what *life* is in the

seed-cells of all organised creatures; the condition of its coherence, the elementary force in virtue of which it grows.

Every one admits this in words. Rather, it has become a cant nowadays to make a parade of noble intentions. The application is the difficulty. When we pass beyond the verbal propositions our guides fail us, and we are left in practice to grope our way, or guess it as we can. So far as our special occupations go, there is no uncertainty. Are we traders, mechanics, lawyers, doctors?—we know our work. Our duty is to do it as honestly and as well as we can. When we pass to our larger interests, to those which concern us as men—to what Knox meant "by knowing God and standing by the good cause"—I suppose there has been rarely a time in the history of the world when intelligent people have held more opposite opinions. The Scots to whom Knox was speaking understood him well enough. They had their Bibles as the rule of their lives. They had broken down the tyranny of a contemptible superstition. They were growing up into yeomen, farmers, artisans, traders, scholars, or ministers, each with the business of his life clearly marked out before him. Their duty was to walk uprightly by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to fight with soul and body against the high-born scoundreldom, and spiritual sorcery, which were combining to make them again into slaves.

I will read you a description of the leaders of the great party in Scotland against whom the Protestants and Knox were contending. I am not going to quote any fierce old Calvinist, who will be set down as a bigot and a liar. My witness is M. Fontenay, brother of the secretary of Mary Stuart, who was residing here on Mary Stuart's business. The persons of whom he was speaking were the so-called Catholic Lords; and the occasion was in a letter to herself:—

"The Sirens," wrote this M. Fontenay, "which bewitch the lords of this country are money and power. If I preach to them of their duty to their Sovereign—if I talk to them of honour, of justice, of virtue, of the illustrious actions of their forefathers, and of the example which they should

themselves bequeath to their posterity—they think me *a fool*. They can talk of these things themselves—talk as well as the best philosophers in Europe. But, when it comes to action, they are like the Athenians, who knew what was good, but would not do it. The misfortune of Scotland is that the noble lords will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past."

To free Scotland from the control of an unworthy aristocracy, to bid the dead virtues live again, and plant the eternal rules in the consciences of the people—this, as I understand it, was what Knox was working at, and it was comparatively a simple thing. It was simple, because the difficulty was not to know what to do, but how to do it. It required no special discernment to see into the fitness for government of lords like those described by Fontenay; or to see the difference as a rule of life between the New Testament, and a creed that issued in Jesuitism, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The truth was plain as the sun. The thing then wanted was *courage;* courage in common men to risk their skins, to venture the high probability that before the work was done they might have their throats cut, or see their houses burnt over their heads.

Times are changed; we are still surrounded by temptations, but they no longer appear in the shape of stake and gallows. They come rather as intellectual perplexities, on the largest and gravest questions which concern us as human creatures; perplexities with regard to which self-interest is perpetually tempting us to be false to our real convictions. The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little. Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art. The drawing-master can direct his pupil generally in the principles of art. He can teach him here and there to avoid familiar stumbling-blocks. But the pupil must himself realise every rule which the master gives him. He must spoil a hundred copy-books before the lesson will yield its meaning to him. Action is the real teacher.

Instruction does but prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all. In every accomplishment, every mastery of truth, moral, spiritual, or mechanical,

> Necesse est
> Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris :

our acquirements must grow into us in marvellous ways—marvellous—as anything connected with man has been, is, and will be.

I have but the doubtful advantage, in speaking to you, of a few more years of life; and even whether years bring wisdom, or do not bring it, is far from certain. The fact of growing older teaches many of us to respect notions which we once believed to be antiquated. Our intellectual joints stiffen, and our fathers' crutches have attractions for us You must therefore take the remarks that I am going to make at what appears to you their intrinsic value. Stranger as I am to all of you, and in a relation with you which is only transient, I can but offer you some few general conclusions, which have forced themselves on me during my own experience, in the hope that you may find them not wholly useless. And, as it is desirable to give form to remarks which might otherwise be desultory, I will follow the train of thought suggested by our presence at this place, and the purpose which brings you here. You stand on the margin of the great world, into which you are about to be plunged—to sink, or swim. We will consider the stock-in-trade, the moral and mental furniture, with which you will start upon your journey.

In the first place you are Scots; you come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done. No people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose, if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant, or to be the heir of an Indian rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer: we should none of us

object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, *Noblesse oblige;* all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here, and we in England, come—both of us—of our respective races; we inherit honourable traditions and memories; we inherit qualities inherent in our bone and blood, which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors. Our fortunes are now linked together, for good and evil, never more to be divided; but when we examine our several contributions to the common stock, the account is more in your favour than ours.

More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now running. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewdness of head, thoroughgoing completeness, contempt of compromise, and moral backbone, no set of people were ever started into life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities either of mind or body, but you have them; they are a fine capital to commence business with, and, as I said, *Noblesse oblige.*

So much for what you bring with you into the world. And the other part of your equipment is only second in importance to it: I mean your education. There is no occasion to tell a Scotchman to value education. On this, too, you have set us an example which we are beginning to imitate; I only wish our prejudices and jealousies would let us imitate it thoroughly. In the form of your education, whether in the parish School or here at the University, there is little to be desired. It is fair all round to poor and rich alike. You have broken down—or you never permitted to rise—the enormous barrier of expense, which makes the highest education in England a privilege of the wealthy.

The subject-matter is another thing. Whether the subjects to which, either with you or with us, the precious years of boyhood and youth continue to be given, are the best in themselves—whether they should be altered or added to, and if so, in what direction and to what extent—are questions which all the world is busy with. Education is on everybody's lips. Our own great Schools and Colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or if you have, you will not escape it long. The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past condition of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations, among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by everyone that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the Grammar and Logic and Philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literatures of our own and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with.

It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it.

In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result which we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not

constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that, to educate successfully, you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man.

Now, our ancestors, whatever their other shortcomings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In their primary education, and in their higher education, they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born into the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labour; therefore every boy was as early as was convenient set to labour. He was not permitted to idle about the streets or lanes. He was apprenticed to some honest industry. Either he was sent to a farm, or, if his wits were sharper, he was allotted to the village carpenter, bricklayer, tailor, shoemaker, or whatever it might be. He was instructed in some positive calling, by which he could earn his bread, and become a profitable member of the commonwealth. Besides this, but not you will observe independent of it, you had in Scotland—established by Knox—your parish schools, where he was taught to read, and (if he showed special talent that way) was made a scholar of, and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox, nor any one in those days, thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading that he might read his Bible, and learn to fear God, and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong.

An eminent American was once talking to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here, too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best

places; never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not yet determined into its place; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many. "For myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's." At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechising and the Sunday school. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And in both countries, by industrial training, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself, and his family, in honour and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the burden was made as light as possible. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws of mendicancy in all countries were suspended in favour of scholars

wandering in pursuit of knowledge. At home, at his college, the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent Universities, shared the common simplicity. The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and racehorses, and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds. When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge, in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was five pounds.

You see what was meant. The scholar was held in high honour; but his contributions to the commonwealth were not appreciable in money, and were not rewarded with money. He went without what he could not produce, that he might keep his independence and his self-respect unharmed. Neither scholarship nor science starved under this treatment; more noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Your Knox was brought up in this way, Buchanan was brought up in this way, Luther was brought up in this way, and Tyndal, who translated the Bible, and Milton, and Kepler, and Spinoza, and your Robert Burns. Compare Burns, bred behind the plough, and our English Byron!

This was the old education, which formed the character of the English and Scotch nations. It is dying away at both extremities, as no longer suited to what is called modern civilisation. The apprenticeship as a system of instruction is gone. The discipline of poverty—not here as yet, I am happy to think, but in England—is gone also; and we have got instead what are called enlarged minds.

I ask a modern march-of-intellect man what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is: he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their

languages, their histories, and the books that thay have written; and again, modern science, astronomy, geology, physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics—everything in fact which an educated man ought to know.

Education, according to this, means instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought, or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

The demands which intelligent people imagine that they can make on the minds of students in this way are something amazing. I will give you a curious illustration of it. When the competitive examination system was first set on foot, a board of examiners met to draw up their papers of questions. The scale of requirement had first to be settled. Among them a highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen. And it was gravely expected that ordinary young men of twenty-one, who were to be examined also in Greek and Latin, in Moral Philosophy, in ancient History, in Mathematics, and in two modern Languages, were to show a proficiency in each and all of these subjects, which a man of mature age and extraordinary talents, who had devoted his whole time to that special study, had attained only in one of them.

Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps; and this when it is notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge is to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw your undivided energy on the special thing you have in hand.

Our old Universities are struggling against these absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory. A

young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable; while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a sixpence for himself. An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honours there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in contact with the primary realities of things.

It has become necessary to alter all this; but how, and in what direction? If I go into modern model schools, I find first of all the three R's, about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honours to these; and then, by way of keeping up with the times, "abridgments," "text-books," "elements," or whatever they are called, of a mixed multitude of matters, history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides; general knowledge which, in my experience, means general ignorance; stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only—to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him —this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles; for bread giving him a stone. It is wonderful

what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett, that you may have heard of, said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. People talk about enlarging the mind. Some years ago I attended a lecture on education in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Seven or eight thousand people were present, and among the speakers was one of the most popular orators of the day. He talked in the usual way of the neglect of past generations,—the benighted peasant, in whose besotted brain even thought was extinct, and whose sole spiritual instruction was the dull and dubious parson's sermon. Then came the contrasted picture: the broad river of modern discovery flowing through town and hamlet, science shining as an intellectual sun, and knowledge and justice, as her handmaids, redressing the wrongs and healing the miseries of mankind. Then, wrapt with inspired frenzy, the musical voice, thrilling with transcendent emotion—"I seem," the orator said, "I seem to hear again the echo of that voice which rolled over the primeval chaos, saying, 'Let there be light.'"

As you may see a breeze of wind pass over standing corn, and every stalk bends and a long wave sweeps across the field, so all that listening multitude swayed and wavered under the words. Yet, in plain prose, what did this gentleman definitely mean? First and foremost, a man has to earn his living; and all the 'ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we do want light, but it must be light which will help us to work, and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there

are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of; able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind, that an ardent desire to better our position is the most powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously-living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favoured. They are like Olympian gods, condescending to show themselves in their Empyrean, and to say to their worshippers, "Make money, money enough, and you and your descendants shall become as we are, and shoot grouse and drink champagne all the days of your lives."

No doubt this would be a highly influential incitement to activity of a sort; only it must be remembered that there are many sorts of activity, and short smooth cuts to wealth, as well as long hilly roads. In civilised and artificial communities there are many ways—where fools have money, and rogues want it—of effecting a change of possession. The process is at once an intellectual pleasure, extremely rapid, and every way more agreeable than dull mechanical labour. I doubt very much, indeed, whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution, so generally, of mental education for industrial; and the three R's, if no industrial training has gone along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth R of rascaldom.

But it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question. Before we begin to build, let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind, I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it.

I will take the lowest scale first.

I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said; by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. A poor man's child is brought here with no will of his own. We have no right to condemn him to be a mendicant or a rogue; he may fairly demand therefore to be put in the way of earning his bread by labour. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship therefore was, in my opinion, an excellect system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments, and a handicraft, made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labour was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape.

Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability—the being able to do something, and not merely to answer questions—must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labour.

Add knowledge afterwards as much as you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each

particular work which a boy is practising, and every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find opportunity. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible; one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued; he could find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him. I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Every occupation, even the meanest—I don't say the scavenger's or the chimney-sweep's—but every productive occupation which adds anything to the capital of mankind, if followed assiduously with a desire to understand everything connected with it, is an ascending stair, whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges. Take the lowest and most unskilled labour of all, that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lies agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realised. Each point of the science which the labourer masters will make him not only a wiser man but a better workman; and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. If he be one of Lord Brougham's geniuses, he need not go to the *Novum Organon;* there is no direction in which his own subject will not lead him, if he cares to follow it, to the furthest boundary of thought. Only I insist on this, that information shall go along with practice, and the man's work become more profitable while he himself becomes wiser. He may then go far, or he may stop short; but

whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself.

It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily, and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally extravagant. I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in a millennium, the way to it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labour more productive by being more scientific; which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being, by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

I spoke of the field labourer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners, and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each word becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind an image of a real thing. Group your words into sentences, and thought is married to thought and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can

apply and use in the work of their lives; and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier, along the track of an instructed industry, than by the paths which the most keenly sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves.

To pass to the next scale, which more properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. Well, to the education for the professions I would apply the same principle. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a University; but it is true also that with every profession there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer: you must learn Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it; but if you must learn another language, Norman French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to to be a doctor?—you must learn Latin too; but neither Thucydides nor the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you—you must learn Chemistry; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science, you must learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous.

Are you to be an engineer? You must work now,

when you have time, at Mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at Chemistry; it is the grammar of all physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad: therefore now also, while you have time, learn French, or Russian, or Chinese, or Turkish. The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation.

The principle that I advocate is of earth, earthy. I am quite aware of it. We are ourselves made of earth; our work is on the earth; and most of us are commonplace people, who are obliged to make the most of our time. History, Poetry, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Classical Literature, are excellent as ornament. If you care for such things, they may be the amusement of your leisure hereafter; but they will not help you to stand on your feet and walk alone; and no one is properly a man till he can do that. You cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all. You must choose among them, and the only reasonable guide to choice in such matters is utility. The old saying, *Non multa, sed multum*, becomes every day more pressingly true. If we mean to thrive, we must take one line and rigidly and sternly confine our energies to it. Am I told that it will make men into machines? I answer that no men are machines who are doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before them. And if a doctor or a lawyer has it in him to become a *great* man, he can ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents are equal. All that is open to the handicraftsmen is open to him, only that he starts a great many rounds higher up the ladder.

What I deplore in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to

subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us some especially precious human qualities. Classics and Philosophy are called there *literæ humaniores*. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of Colleges, the resident Fellows, Tutors, Professors, are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea, the effect ought to have been considerable. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us: churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers, have been poured out by the hundreds of thousands; while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.

The late Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church at Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The Bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. "Oh yes, my Lord," the fellow said, "I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still."

Classical Philosophy, classical History and Literature, —taking, as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age—leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

But it was not this that I came here to speak of. What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal "Not yours" set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled —such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognised in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognised now and always, if we are not to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is

an abiding place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding-place and nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Year after year we are swarming as the bees swarm; and year after year, and I hope more and more, high-minded young men of all ranks will prefer free air and free elbow-room for mind and body to the stool and desk of the dingy office, the ill-paid drudgery of the crowded ranks of the professions, or the hopeless labour of our home farmsteads and workshops.

Education always should contemplate this larger sphere, and cultivate the capacities which will command success there. Britain may have yet a future before it grander than its past; instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire: but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they fly to America—as a stepmother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honour of the name that he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonised America, and we are now reaping the reward of our careless-

ness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates; go find a home elsewhere. Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been no burden but a blessing. But we bade him carelessly go where he would, and shift as he could for himself; he went with a sense of burning wrong, and he left a root of bitterness behind him. Injustice and heedlessness have borne their proper fruits. We have raised up against us a mighty empire to be the rival, it may be the successful rival, of our power.

Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us—most beautiful, most enduring, most hard to be obliterated—yet feelings which, when they are obliterated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain.

I beg your pardon for this digression; but there are subjects on which we feel sometimes compelled to speak, in season, and out of it.

To go back.

I shall be asked whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture? "Philosophy," says Novalis, "will bake no bread, but it gives us our souls; it gives us Heaven; it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings." Was it not said, "Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon in

all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Is this a dream? No, indeed! But such directions as these are addressed only to few; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the counsels of perfection, count the cost, and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments; who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives; who seemed to be longing for some gulf to jump into like the Roman Curtius —some "fine opening for a young man" into which to plunge and devote himself for the benefit of mankind. Yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education; dreaming of martyrdom, and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure!

Consider to whom the words which I quoted were spoken; not to all the disciples, but to the Apostles who were about to wander over the world as missionaries.

High above all occupations which have their beginning and end in the seventy years of mortal life, stand undoubtedly the unproductive callings which belong to spiritual culture. Only, let not those who say we will devote ourselves to truth, to wisdom, to science, to art, expect to be rewarded with the wages of the other professions.

University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. The ancient scholar lived, during his course, upon alms—alms either from living patrons, or founders and benefactors. But the scale of his allowance provided for no indulgences; either he learnt something besides his Latin, or he learnt to endure hardship. And if a University persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the Humanities, it is bound to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn

some handicraft; that the man of intellect, while, like St. Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St. Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those University men who had taken honours, breaking stones on an Australian road, were sorry spectacles; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies: "Send us no more of what you call educated men; send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day labourers; all of those will thrive, will earn their eight, ten, or twelve shillings a day; but your educated man is a log on our hands; he loafs in uselessness till his means are spent, he then turns billiard-marker, enlists as a soldier, or starves." It hurts no intellect to be able to make a door, or hammer a horse-shoe; and if you can do either of these, you have nothing to fear from fortune. "I will work with my hands, and keep my brain for myself," said some one proudly when it was proposed to him that he should make a profession of literature. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes.

If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would absolutely prohibit him for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Nowadays a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction, yet for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to literature, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it.

Now, without taking a transcendental view of the

matter, literature happens to be the only occupation in which the wages are not in proportion to the goodness of the work done. It is not that they are generally small, but the adjustment of them is awry. It is true that in all callings nothing great will be produced if the first object be what you can make by them. To do what you do well should be the first thing, the wages the second; but except in the instances of which I am speaking, the rewards of a man are in proportion to his skill and industry. The best carpenter receives the highest pay. The better he works, the better for his prospects. The best lawyer, the best doctor, commands most practice and makes the largest fortune. But with literature, a different element is introduced into the problem. The present rule on which authors are paid is by the page and the sheet; the more words the more pay. It ought to be exactly the reverse. Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind, done hastily, would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few, and not to the many. The reward for it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received five pounds for *Paradise Lost*. The distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fill but three; and though they have revolutionised the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A really great man has "to create the taste" with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognised and early rewarded—our honoured

English Laureate for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was recognised by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men; yet, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novelist. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them.

If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is a legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for yourselves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we used to say, and for the world you live in.

Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor: care only for what is true and right and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter.

I have detained you long, but I cannot close without a few more general words. We live in times of change—political change, intellectual change, change of all kinds. You whose minds are active, especially such of you as give yourselves much to speculation, will be drawn inevitably into profoundly interesting yet perplexing questions, of which our fathers and grandfathers knew nothing. Practical men

engaged in business take formulas for granted. They cannot be for ever running to first principles. They hate to see established opinions disturbed. Opinions, however, will and must be disturbed from time to time. There is no help for it. The minds of ardent and clever students are particularly apt to move fast in these directions; and thus when they go out into the world, they find themselves exposed to one of two temptations, according to their temperament: either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, to conceal their real convictions, to take up with what we call in England humbug, to humbug others, or perhaps, to keep matters still smoother, to humbug themselves; or else to quarrel violently with things which they imagine to be passing away, and which they consider should be quick in doing it, as having no basis in truth. A young man of ability nowadays is extremely likely to be tempted into one or other of these lines. The first is the more common on my side of the Tweed; the harsher and more thoroughgoing, perhaps, on yours. Things are changing, and have to change, but they change very slowly. The established authorities are in possession of the field, and are naturally desirous to keep it. And there is no kind of service which they more eagerly reward than the support of clever fellows who have dipped over the edge of latitudinarism, who profess to have sounded the disturbing currents of the intellectual seas, and discovered that they are accidental or unimportant.

On the other hand, men who cannot away with this kind of thing are likely to be exasperated into unwise demonstrativeness, to become radicals in politics and radicals in thought. Their private disapprobation bursts into open enmity; and this road too, if they continue long upon it, leads to no healthy conclusions. No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it that in all long-established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not

yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules forbid us equally in public to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, You shall not make me profess to think true what I believe to be false; you shall not make me do what I do not think just: but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a patient reticence and the reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives, we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice and injustice, are no creatures of our own belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation work well which is not just than you can make water run uphill.

I tell you therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep, you will find that you share yourselves with them. You, who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it, as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly; respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only and especially I would say this: be

honest with yourselves, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, *humbug* is the most dangerous.

> This above all,—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

SECOND ADDRESS

CALVINISM

(*Delivered on March* 17, 1871)

Gentlemen—While I am unwilling to allow the temporary connection between us to come to an end without once more addressing you, I find it difficult to select a subject on which it may be worth your while to listen to what I have to say. You know yourselves better than I can tell you the purposes for which you are assembled in this place. Many of you will have formed honourable resolutions to acquit yourselves bravely and manfully, both in your term of preparation here, and in the life which you are about to enter—resolutions which would make exhortations of mine to you to persevere appear unmeaning and almost impertinent. You are conscious in detail of the aims which you have set before yourselves—you have, perhaps, already chosen the professions which you mean to follow, and are better aware than I can be of the subjects which you have to master if you mean to pursue them successfully. I should show myself unworthy of the honour which you conferred on me in my election as your Rector were I to waste your time with profitless generalities. I have decided, after due consideration, to speak to you of things which, though not immediately connected with the University of St. Andrews, or any other University, yet concern us all more nearly than any other matter in the world; and though I am not vain enough to suppose that I can throw new material light upon them, yet where there is so much division and uncertainty, the sincere convictions of

any man, if openly expressed, may be of value as factors in the problem. At all events, I shall hope that the hour for which I shall ask you to attend to me will not have passed away without leaving some definite trace behind it.

I may say at once that I am about to travel over serious ground. I shall not trespass on theology, though I must go near the frontiers of it. I shall give you the conclusions which I have been led to form upon a series of spiritual phenomena which have appeared successively in different ages of the world—which have exercised the most remarkable influence on the character and history of mankind, and have left their traces nowhere more distinctly than in this Scotland where we now stand.

Every one here present must have become familiar in late years with the change of tone throughout Europe and America on the subject of Calvinism. After being accepted for two centuries in all Protestant countries as the final account of the relations between man and his Maker, it has come to be regarded by liberal thinkers as a system of belief incredible in itself, dishonouring to its object, and as intolerable as it has been itself intolerant. The Catholics whom it overthrew take courage from the philosophers, and assail it on the same ground. To represent man as sent into the world under a curse, as incurably wicked—wicked by the constitution of his flesh, and wicked by eternal decree—as doomed, unless exempted by special grace which he cannot merit, or by any effort of his own obtain, to live in sin while he remains on earth, and to be eternally miserable when he leaves it—to represent him as born unable to keep the commandments, yet as justly liable to everlasting punishment for breaking them,—is alike repugnant to reason and to conscience, and turns existence into a hideous nightmare. To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible. To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair. To what purpose the effort to be virtuous when it is an effort which is foredoomed to fail—when those that are saved are saved by no effort of their own, and confess themselves the worst

of sinners, even when rescued from the penalties of sin; and those that are lost are lost by an everlasting sentence decreed against them before they were born? How are we to call the Ruler who laid us under this iron code by the name of Wise, or Just, or Merciful, when we ascribe principles of action to Him which in a human father we should call preposterous and monstrous?

The discussion of these strange questions has been pursued at all times with inevitable passion, and the crisis uniformly has been a drawn battle. The Arminian has entangled the Calvinist, the Calvinist has entangled the Arminian, in a labyrinth of contradictions. The advocate of free will appeals to conscience and instinct—to an *à priori* sense of what ought in equity to be. The necessitarian falls back upon the experienced reality of facts. It is true, and no argument can gainsay it, that men are placed in the world unequally favoured, both in inward disposition and outward circumstances. Some children are born with temperaments which make a life of innocence and purity natural and easy to them; others are born with violent passions, or even with distinct tendencies to evil inherited from their ancestors, and seemingly unconquerable—some are constitutionally brave, others are constitutionally cowards —some are born in religious families, and are carefully educated and watched over; others draw their first breath in an atmosphere of crime, and cease to inhale it only when they pass into their graves. Only a fourth part of mankind are born Christians. The remainder never hear the name of Christ except as a reproach. The Chinese and the Japanese—we may almost say every weaker race with whom we have come in contact—connect it only with the forced intrusion of strangers, whose behaviour among them has served ill to recommend their creed. These are facts which no casuistry can explain away. And if we believe at all that the world is governed by a conscious and intelligent Being, we must believe also, however we can reconcile it with our own ideas, that these anomalies have not arisen by accident, but have been ordered of purpose and design.

No less noticeable is it that the materialistic and the metaphysical philosophers deny as completely as Calvinism what is popularly called Free Will. Every effect has its cause. In every action the will is determined by the motive which at the moment is operating most powerfully upon it. When we do wrong, we are led away by temptation. If we overcome our temptation, we overcome it either because we foresee inconvenient consequences, and the certainty of future pains is stronger than the present pleasure; or else because we prefer right to wrong, and our desire for good is greater than our desire for indulgence. It is impossible to conceive a man, when two courses are open to him, choosing that which he least desires. He may say that he can do what he dislikes because it is his duty. Precisely so. His desire to do his duty is a stronger motive with him than the attraction of present pleasure.

Spinoza, from entirely different premises, came to the same conclusion as Mr. Mill or Mr. Buckle, and can find no better account of the situation of man than in the illustration of St. Paul, "Hath not the potter power over the clay, to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour?"

If Arminianism most commends itself to our feelings, Calvinism is nearer to the facts, however harsh and forbidding those facts may seem.

I have no intention, however, of entangling myself or you in these controversies. As little shall I consider whether men have done wisely in attempting a doctrinal solution of problems the conditions of which are so imperfectly known. The moral system of the universe is like a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line. We read a sentence, but at the next our key fails us; we see that there is something written there, but if we guess at it we are guessing in the dark. It seems more faithful, more becoming, in beings such as we are, to rest in the conviction of our own inadequacy, and confine ourselves to those moral rules for our lives and actions on which, so far as they concern ourselves, we are left in no uncertainty at all.

At present, at any rate, we are concerned with an aspect of the matter entirely different. I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that if Calvinism is indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. And how—being, as we are told, fatal to morality, because it denies free will—the first symptom of its operation, wherever it established itself, was to obliterate the distinction between sins and crimes, and to make the moral law the rule of life for States as well as persons. I shall ask you again, why, if it be a creed of intellectual servitude, it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. When all else has failed—when patriotism has covered its face and human courage has broken down—when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, "with a smile or a sigh," content to philosophise in the closet, and abroad worship with the vulgar—when emotion and sentiment and tender imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth—the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence or melt under enervating temptation.

It is enough to mention the name of William the Silent, of Luther—for on the points of which I am speaking Luther was one with Calvin—of your own Knox and Andrew Melville and the Regent Murray, of Coligny, of our English Cromwell, of Milton, of John Bunyan. These were men possessed of all the qualities which give nobility and grandeur to human nature—men whose lives were as upright as their intellects were commanding, and their public aims untainted with selfishness; unalterably just where duty required them to be stern, but with the tenderness of a woman in their hearts; frank, true, cheerful, humorous, as unlike sour fanatics as it is possible to imagine anyone, and

able in some way to sound the keynote to which every brave and faithful heart in Europe instinctively vibrated.

This is the problem. Grapes do not grow on bramble-bushes. Illustrious natures do not form themselves upon narrow and cruel theories. Spiritual life is full of apparent paradoxes. When St. Patrick preached the Gospel on Tarah hill to Leoghaire, the Irish king, the Druids and the wise men of Ireland shook their heads. "Why," asked the king, "does what the cleric preaches seem so dangerous to you?" "Because," was the remarkable answer, "because he preaches repentance, and the law of repentance is such that a man shall say, 'I may commit a thousand crimes, and if I repent I shall be forgiven, and it will be no worse with me: therefore I will continue to sin.'" The Druids argued logically, but they drew a false inference notwithstanding. The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness. Where we find a heroic life appearing as the uniform fruit of a particular mode of opinion, it is childish to argue in the face of fact that the result ought to have been different.

The question which I have proposed, however, admits of a reasonable answer. I must ask you only to accompany me on a somewhat wide circuit in search of it.

There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly, without remedial purpose or retributive propriety—good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit —enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

> Desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimmed in jollity—

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without

an illogical, but none the less a positive, certainty that "things are not as they seem"—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power—the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the Ἀνάγκη, or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral Providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers; and, strong in conscious innocence, he appeals to the eternal Μοῖρα, which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate, of which victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would vindicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it may be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature; and it is called fate, or it is called predestination, according as it is regarded pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe, or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society; which insist on being obeyed in all that we do and handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognise and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them. Search where we will among created things, far as the microscope will allow the eye to pierce, we find organisation everywhere. Large forms resolve themselves into parts, but these parts are but organised out of other

parts, down so far as we can see into infinity. When the plant meets with the conditions which agree with it, it thrives; under unhealthy conditions it is poisoned, and disintegrates. It is the same precisely with each one of ourselves, whether as individuals or as aggregated into associations, into families, into nations, into institutions. The remotest fibre of human action, from the policy of empires to the most insignificant trifle over which we waste an idle hour or moment, either moves in harmony with the true law of our being, or is else at discord with it. A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation, to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them; and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness.

And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. They have conceived the rule of the Almighty to be like the rule of one of themselves. They have fancied that they could bribe or appease Him—tempt Him by penance or pious offering to suspend or turn aside his displeasure. They are asking that his own eternal nature shall become other than it is. One thing only they can do. They for themselves, by changing their own courses, can make the law which they have broken thenceforward their friend. Their dispositions and nature will revive and become healthy again

when they are no longer in opposition to the will of their Maker. This is the natural action of what we call repentance. But the penalties of the wrongs of the past remain unrepealed. As men have sown they must still reap. The profligate who has ruined his health or fortune may learn before he dies that he has lived as a fool, and may recover something of his peace of mind as he recovers his understanding; but no miracle takes away his paralysis, or gives back to his children the bread of which he has robbed them. He may himself be pardoned, but the consequences of his acts remain.

Once more: and it is the most awful feature of our condition. The laws of nature are general, and are no respecters of persons. There has been, and there still is, a clinging impression that the sufferings of men are the results of their own particular misdeeds, and that no one is or can be punished for the faults of others. I shall not dispute about the word "punishment." "The fathers have eaten sour grapes," said the Jewish proverb, "and the children's teeth are set on edge." So said Jewish experience, and Ezekiel answered that these words should no longer be used among them. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes, there is a promise that the soul shall be saved; there is no such promise for the body. Every man is the architect of his own character, and if to the extent of his opportunities he has lived purely, nobly, and uprightly, the misfortunes which may fall on him through the crimes or errors of other men cannot injure the immortal part of him. But it is no less true that we are made dependent one upon another to a degree which can hardly be exaggerated. The winds and waves are on the side of the best navigator—the seaman who best understands them. Place a fool at the helm, and crew and passengers will perish, be they ever so innocent. The Tower of Siloam fell, not for any sins of the eighteen who were crushed by it, but through bad mortar probably, the rotting of a beam, or the uneven setting of the foundations. The persons who should have suffered, according to our notion of distributive justice, were the ignorant architects

or masons who had done their work amiss. But the guilty had perhaps long been turned to dust. And the law of gravity brought the tower down at its own time, indifferent to the persons who might be under it.

Now the feature which distinguishes man from other animals is that he is able to observe and discover these laws which are of such mighty moment to him, and direct his conduct in conformity with them. The more subtle may be revealed only by complicated experience. The plainer and more obvious—among those especially which are called moral—have been apprehended among the higher races easily and readily. I shall not ask how the knowledge of them has been obtained, whether by external revelation, or by natural insight, or by some other influence working through human faculties. The fact is all that we are concerned with, that from the earliest times of which we have historical knowledge there have always been men who have recognised the distinction between the nobler and the baser parts of their being. They have perceived that if they would be men and not beasts, they must control their animal passions, prefer truth to falsehood, courage to cowardice, justice to violence, and compassion to cruelty. These are the elementary principles of morality, on the recognition of which the welfare and improvement of mankind depend, and human history has been little more than a record of the struggle which began at the beginning and will continue to the end between the few who have had ability to see into the truth and loyalty to obey it, and the multitude who by evasion or rebellion have hoped to thrive in spite of it.

Thus we see that in the better sort of men there are two elementary convictions; that there is over all things an unsleeping, inflexible, all-ordering just power, and that this power governs the world by laws which can be seen in their effects, and on the obedience to which, and on nothing else, human welfare depends.

And now I will suppose some one whose tendencies are naturally healthy, though as yet no special occasion shall

have roused him to serious thought, growing up in a civilised community where, as usually happens, a compromise has been struck between vice and virtue, where a certain difference between right and wrong is recognised decently on the surface, while below it one half of the people are rushing steadily after the thing called pleasure, and the other half labouring in drudgery to provide the means of it for the idle.

Of practical justice in such a community there will be exceedingly little, but as society cannot go along at all without paying morality some outward homage, there will of course be an established religion—an Olympus, a Valhalla, or some system of a theogony or theology, with temples, priests, liturgies, public confessions in one form or another of the dependence of the things we see upon what is not seen, with certain ideas of duty, and penalties imposed for neglect of it. These there will be, and also, as obedience is disagreeable and requires abstinence from various indulgences, there will be contrivances by which the indulgences can be secured, and no harm come of it. By the side of the moral law there grows up a law of ceremonial observance, to which is attached a notion of superior sanctity and especial obligation. Morality, though not at first disowned, is slighted as comparatively trivial. Duty in the high sense comes to mean religious duty,—that is to say, the attentive observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and these forms and ceremonies come into collision little, or not at all, with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money.

Thus rises what is called idolatry. I do not mean by idolatry the mere worship of manufactured images. I mean the separation between practical obligation, and new moons and sabbaths, outward acts of devotion, or formulas of particular opinions. It is a state of things perpetually recurring; for there is nothing, if it would only act, more agreeable to all parties concerned. Priests find their office magnified, and their consequence increased. Laymen can be in favour with God and man, so priests tell them, while

their enjoyments or occupations are in no way interfered with. The mischief is that the laws of nature remain meanwhile unsuspended; and all the functions of society become poisoned through neglect of them. Religion, which ought to have been a restraint, becomes a fresh instrument of evil, to the imaginative and the weak a contemptible superstition, to the educated a mockery, to knaves and hypocrites a cloak of iniquity, to all alike—to those who suffer, and those who seem to profit by it—a lie so palpable as to be worse than atheism itself.

There comes a time when all this has to end. The over-indulgence of the few is the over-penury of the many. Injustice begets misery, and misery resentment. Something happens, perhaps some unusual oppression, or some act of religious mendacity especially glaring. Such a person as I am supposing asks himself, "What is the meaning of these things?" His eyes are opened. Gradually he discovers that he is living surrounded with falsehood, drinking lies like water, his conscience polluted, his intellect degraded by the abominations which envelop his existence. At first perhaps he will feel most keenly for himself. He will not suppose that he can set to rights a world that is out of joint, but he will himself relinquish his share in what he detests and despises. He withdraws into himself. If what others are doing and saying is obviously wrong, then he has to ask himself what is right, and what is the true purpose of his existence. Light breaks more clearly on him. He becomes conscious of impulses towards something purer and higher than he has yet experienced or even imagined. Whence these impulses come he cannot tell. He is too keenly aware of the selfish and cowardly thoughts, which rise up to mar and thwart his nobler aspirations, to believe that they can possibly be his own. If he conquers his baser nature, he feels that he is conquering himself. The conqueror and the conquered cannot be the same; and he therefore concludes, not in vanity, but in profound humiliation and self-abasement, that the infinite grace of God and nothing else is rescuing him from destruction. He is converted, as the

theologians say. He sets his face upon another road from that which he has hitherto travelled, and to which he can never return. It has been no merit of his own. His disposition will rather be to exaggerate his own worthlessness, that he may exalt the more what has been done for him, and he resolves thenceforward to enlist himself as a soldier on the side of truth and right, and to have no wishes, no desires, no opinions but what the service of his Master imposes. Like a soldier he abandons his freedom, desiring only like a soldier to act and speak, no longer as of himself, but as commissioned from some supreme authority. In such a condition a man becomes magnetic. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease; and he infects others with his own enthusiasm. Even in the most corrupt ages, there are always more persons than we suppose, who, in their hearts, rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action, and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply, they catch fire with a common idea, and a common indignation; and ultimately burst out into open war with the lies and iniquities that surround them.

I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affinities, dies away into a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals, so long as our race survives upon the planet.

I have told you generally what I conceive to be our real position, and the administration under which we live; and I have indicated how naturally the conviction of the truth would tend to express itself in the moral formulas of Calvinism. I will now run briefly over the most remarkable of the great historical movements to which I have alluded; and you will see, in the striking recurrence of the same peculiar mode of thought and action, an evidence that, if not completely accurate, it must possess some near and close affinity with the real fact. I will take first the example with which

we are all most familiar—that of the Chosen People. I must again remind you that I am not talking of Theology. I say nothing of what is technically called Revelation. I am treating these matters as phenomena of human experience, the lessons of which would be identically the same if no revelation existed.

The discovery of the key to the hieroglyphics, the excavations in the tombs, the investigations carried on by a series of careful enquirers, from Belzoni to Lepsius, into the antiquities of the Valley of Nile, interpreting and in turn interpreted by Manetho and Herodotus, have thrown a light in many respects singularly clear upon the condition of the first country which, so far as History can tell, succeeded in achieving a state of high civilisation. From a period the remoteness of which it is unsafe to conjecture there had been established in Egypt an elaborate and splendid empire which, though it had not escaped revolutions, had suffered none which had caused organic changes there. It had strength, wealth, power, coherence, a vigorous monarchy, dominant and exclusive castes of nobles and priests, and a proletariat of slaves. Its cities, temples, and monuments are still, in their ruin, the admiration of engineers and the despair of architects. Original intellectual conceptions inspired its public buildings. Saved by situation, like China, from the intrusion of barbarians, it developed at leisure its own ideas, undisturbed from without; and when it becomes historically visible to us it was in the zenith of its glory. The habits of the higher classes were elaborately luxurious, and the vanity and the self-indulgence of the few were made possible—as it is and always must be where vanity and self-indulgence exist—by the oppression and misery of the millions. You can see on the sides of the tombs—for their pride and their pomp followed them even in their graves—the effeminate patrician of the court of the Pharaohs reclining in his gilded gondola, the attendant eunuch waiting upon him with the goblet or plate of fruit, the bevies of languishing damsels fluttering round him in their transparent draperies. Shakespeare's Cleopatra might

have sate for the portrait of the Potiphar's wife who tried the virtue of the son of Jacob:

> The barge she sate in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them. . . .
> For her own person,
> It beggared all description: she did lie
> In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
> O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
> The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
> Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
> With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
> To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
> And what they did, undid.

By the side of all this there was a no less elaborate religion—an ecclesiastical hierarchy—powerful as the sacerdotalism of Mediæval Europe, with a creed in the middle of it which was a complicated idolatry of the physical forces.

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe. The sun at all times has been the central object of this material reverence. The sun was the parent of light; the sun was the lord of the sky and the lord of the seasons; at the sun's bidding the earth brought forth her harvests and ripened them to maturity. The sun, too, was beneficent to the good and to the evil, and, like the laws of political economy, drew no harsh distinctions between one person and another. It demanded only that certain work should be done, and smiled equally on the crops of the slave-driver and the garden of the innocent peasant. The moon, when the sun sunk to his night's rest, reigned as his vicegerent, the queen of the revolving heavens, and in her waxing and waning and singular movement among the stars was the perpetual occasion of admiring and adoring curiosity. Nature in all her forms was wonderful; Nature in her beneficent forms was to be loved and

worshipped; and being, as Nature is, indifferent to morality, bestowing prosperity on principles which make no demands on chastity or equity, she is, in one form or other, the divinity on whose shrine in all ages the favoured sections of society have always gladly paid their homage. Where Nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial. The object of life is the pursuit of wealth, and the pleasures which wealth can purchase; and the rules for our practical guidance are the laws, as the economists say, by which wealth can be acquired.

It is an excellent creed for those who have the happiness to profit by it, and will have its followers to the end of time. In these later ages it connects itself with the natural sciences, progress of the intellect, specious shadows of all kinds which will not interfere with its supreme management of political arrangements. In Egypt, where knowledge was in its rudiments, every natural force, the minutest plant or animal, which influenced human fortunes for good or evil, came in for a niche in the shrine of the temples of the sun and moon. Snakes and crocodiles, dogs, cats, cranes, and beetles were propitiated by sacrifices, by laboured ceremonials of laudation; nothing living was too mean to find a place in the omnivorous devotionalism of the Egyptian clergy. We, in these days, proud as we may be of our intellectual advances, need not ridicule popular credulity. Even here in Scotland, not so long ago, wretched old women were supposed to run about the country in the shape of hares. At this very hour the ablest of living natural philosophers is looking gravely to the courtships of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove his descent from an African baboon.

There was, however, in ancient Egypt another article of faith besides nature-worship of transcendent moment—a belief which had probably descended from earlier and purer ages, and had then originated in the minds of sincere and earnest men—as a solution of the real problem of humanity. The inscriptions and paintings in the tombs near Thebes make it perfectly clear that the Egyptians looked forward

to a future state—to the judgment-bar of Osiris, where they would each one day stand to give account for their actions. They believed as clearly as we do, and with a conviction of a very similar kind, that those who had done good would go to everlasting life, and those who had done evil into eternal perdition.

Such a belief, if coupled with an accurate perception of what good and evil mean—with a distinct certainty that men will be tried by the moral law, before a perfectly just judge, and that no subterfuges will avail—cannot but exercise a most profound and most tremendous influence upon human conduct. And yet our own experience, if nothing else, proves that this belief, when moulded into traditional and conventional shapes, may lose its practical power; nay, without ceasing to be professed, and even sincerely held, may become more mischievous than salutary. And this is owing to the fatal distinction of which I spoke just now, which seems to have an irresistible tendency to shape itself, in civilised societies, between religious and moral duties. With the help of this distinction it becomes possible for a man, as long as he avoids gross sins, to neglect every one of his positive obligations—to be careless, selfish, unscrupulous, indifferent to everything but his own pleasures—and to imagine all the time that his condition is perfectly satisfactory, and that he can look forward to what is before him without the slightest uneasiness. All accounts represent the Egyptians as an eminently religious people. No profanity was tolerated there, no scepticism, no insolent disobedience to the established priesthood. If a doubt ever crossed the mind of some licentious philosopher as to the entire sacredness of the stainless Apis, if ever a question forced itself on him whether the Lord of heaven and earth could really be incarnated in the stupidest of created beasts, he kept his counsels to himself, if he was not shocked at his own impiety. The priests, who professed supernatural powers—the priests, who were in communication with the gods themselves—they possessed the keys of the sacred mysteries, and what was Philosophy that it

should lift its voice against them? The word of the priest —nine parts a charlatan, and one part, perhaps, himself imposed on—was absolute. He knew the counsels of Osiris, he knew that the question which would be asked at the dread tribunal was not whether a man had been just and true and merciful, but whether he had believed what he was told to believe, and had duly paid the fees to the temple. And so the world went its way, controlled by no dread of retribution; and on the tomb-frescoes you can see legions of slaves under the lash dragging from the quarries the blocks of granite which were to form the eternal monuments of the Pharaohs' tyranny; and you read in the earliest authentic history that when there was a fear that the slave-races should multiply so fast as to be dangerous, their babies were flung to the crocodiles.

One of these slave-races rose at last in revolt. Noticeably it did not rise against oppression as such, or directly in consequence of oppression. We hear of no massacre of slave-drivers, no burning of towns or villages, none of the usual accompaniments of peasant insurrections. If Egypt was plagued, it was not by mutinous mobs or incendiaries. Half a million men simply rose up and declared that they could endure no longer the mendacity, the hypocrisy, the vile and incredible rubbish, which was offered to them in the sacred name of religion. "Let us go," they said, into the wilderness, go out of these soft water-meadows and cornfields, forsake our leeks and our fleshpots, and take in exchange a life of hardship and wandering, "that we may worship the God of our fathers." Their leader had been trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and among the rocks of Sinai had learnt that it was wind and vanity. The half-obscured traditions of his ancestors awoke to life again, and were rekindled by him in his people. They would bear with lies no longer. They shook the dust of Egypt from their feet, and the prate and falsehood of it from their souls, and they withdrew, with all belonging to them, into the Arabian desert, that they might no longer serve cats and dogs and bulls and beetles, but the Eternal Spirit who had

been pleased to make his existence known to them. They sung no pæans of liberty. They were delivered from the house of bondage, but it was the bondage of mendacity, and they left it only to assume another service. The Eternal had taken pity on them. In revealing his true nature to them, he had taken them for his children. They were not their own, but his, and they laid their lives under commandments which were as close a copy as, with the knowledge which they possessed, they could make, to the moral laws of the maker of the universe. In essentials the Book of the Law was a covenant of practical justice. Rewards and punishments were alike immediate, both to each separate person and to the collective nation. Retribution in a life to come was dropped out of sight, not denied, but not insisted on. The belief in it had been corrupted to evil, and rather enervated than encouraged the efforts after present equity. Every man was to reap as he had sown—here, in the immediate world—to live under his own vine and fig-tree, and thrive or suffer according to his actual deserts. Religion was not a thing of past or future, an account of things that had been, or of things which one day would be again. God was the actual living ruler of real every-day life; nature-worship was swept away, and in the warmth and passion of conviction they became, as I said, the soldiers of a purer creed. In Palestine, where they found idolatry in a form yet fouler and more cruel than what they had left behind them, they trampled it out as if in inspired abomination of a system of which the fruits were so detestable. They were not perfect—very far from perfect. An army at best is made of mixed materials, and war, of all ways of making wrong into right, is the harshest; but they were directed by a noble purpose, and they have left a mark never to be effaced in the history of the human race.

The fire died away. "The Israelites," we are told, "mingled among the heathen and learned their works." They ceased to be missionaries. They hardly and fitfully preserved the records of the meaning of their own exodus. Eight hundred years went by, and the flame rekindled in

another country. Cities more splendid even than the hundred-gated Thebes itself had risen on the banks of the Euphrates. Grand military empires had been founded on war and conquest. Peace had followed when no enemies were left to conquer; and with peace had come philosophy, science, agricultural enterprise, magnificent engineering works for the draining and irrigation of the Mesopotamian plains. Temples and palaces towered into the sky. The pomp and luxury of Asia rivalled, and even surpassed, the glories of Egypt; and by the side of it a second nature-worship, which, if less elaborately absurd, was more deeply detestable. The foulest vices were consecrated to the service of the gods, and the holiest ceremonies were inoculated with impurity and sensuality.

The seventh century before the Christian era was distinguished over the whole East by extraordinary religious revolutions. With the most remarkable of these, that which bears the name of Buddha, I am not here concerned. Buddhism has been the creed for more than two thousand years of half the human race, but it left unaffected our own western world, and therefore I here pass it by.

Simultaneously with Buddha, there appeared another teacher, Zerdusht, or, as the Greeks called him, Zoroaster, among the hardy tribes of the Persian mountains. He taught a creed which, like that of the Israelites, was essentially moral and extremely simple. Nature-worship, as I said, knew nothing of morality. When the objects of natural idolatry became personified, and physical phenomena were metamorphosed into allegorical mythology, the indifference to morality which was obvious in nature became ascribed as a matter of course to gods which were but nature in a personal disguise. Zoroaster, like Moses, saw behind the physical forces into the deeper laws of right and wrong. He supposed himself to discover two antagonist powers contending in the heart of man as well as in the outward universe—a spirit of light and a spirit of darkness, a spirit of truth and a spirit of falsehood, a spirit life-giving and beautiful, a spirit poisonous and deadly. To one or

other of these powers man was necessarily in servitude. As the follower of Ormuzd, he became enrolled in the celestial armies, whose business was to fight against sin and misery, against wrong-doing and impurity, against injustice and lies and baseness of all sorts and kinds; and every one with a soul in him to prefer good to evil was summoned to the holy wars, which would end at last after ages in the final overthrow of Ahriman.

The Persians caught rapidly Zoroaster's spirit. Uncorrupted by luxury, they responded eagerly to a voice which they recognised as speaking truth to them. They have been called the Puritans of the Old World. Never any people, it is said, hated idolatry as they hated it, and for the simple reason that they hated lies. A Persian lad, Herodotus tells us, was educated in three especial accomplishments. He was taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth—that is to say, he was brought up to be brave, active, valiant, and upright. When a man speaks the truth, you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues. Half the vices in the world rise out of cowardice, and one who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else. Speech is an article of trade in which we are all dealers, and the one beyond all others where we are most bound to provide honest wares:

ἔχθρός μοι κάκεινος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πυλαῖσιν
ὅς θ' ἕτερόν μεν κευθῇ ἐνὶ φρέσιν ἄλλο δὲ εἰπῇ.

This seems to have been the Persian temperament, and in virtue of it they were chosen as the instruments—clearly recognised as such by the Prophet Isaiah for one—which were to sweep the earth clean of abominations, which had grown to an intolerable height. Bel bowed down, and Nebo had to stoop before them. Babylon, the lady of kingdoms, was laid in the dust, and "her stargazers and her astrologers and her monthly prognosticators" could not save her with all their skill. They and she were borne away together. Egypt's turn followed. Retribution had been long delayed, but her cup ran over at last. The palm-groves were flung

into the river, the temples polluted, the idols mutilated. The precious Apis, for all its godhood, was led with a halter before the Persian king, and stabbed in the sight of the world by Persian steel.

"Profane!" exclaimed the priests, as pious persons, on like occasions, have exclaimed a thousand times: "these Puritans have no reverence for holy things." Rather it is because they do reverence things which deserve reverence that they loathe and abhor the counterfeit. What does an ascertained imposture deserve but to be denied, exposed, insulted, trampled under foot, danced upon, if nothing less will serve, till the very geese take courage and venture to hiss derision? Are we to wreathe aureoles round the brows of phantasms lest we shock the sensibilities of the idiots who have believed them to be divine? Was the Prophet Isaiah so tender in his way of treating such matters?

> Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? He heweth him down cedars. He taketh the cypress and the oak from the trees of the forest. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh. He roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.
>
> Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, for the glory of His majesty when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and the bats.

Again events glide on. Persia runs the usual course. Virtue and truth produced strength, strength dominion, dominion riches, riches luxury, and luxury weakness and collapse—fatal sequence repeated so often, yet to so little purpose. The hardy warrior of the mountains degenerated into a vulgar sybarite. His manliness became effeminacy; his piety a ritual of priests; himself a liar, a coward, and a slave. The Greeks conquered the Persians, copied their manners, and fell in turn before the Romans. We count little more than 500 years from the fall of Babylon, and the

entire known world was lying at the feet of a great military despotism. Coming originally themselves from the East, the classic nations had brought with them also the primæval nature-worship of Asia. The Greek imagination had woven the Eastern metaphors into a singular mythology, in which the gods were represented as beings possessing in a splendid degree physical beauty, physical strength, with the kind of awfulness which belong to their origin; the fitful, wanton, changeable, yet also terrible powers of the elemental world. Translated into the language of humanity, the actions and adventures thus ascribed to the gods became in process of time impossible to be believed. Intellect expanded; moral sense grew more vigorous, and with it the conviction that, if the national traditions were true, man must be more just than his Maker. In Æschylus and Sophocles, in Pindar and Plato, you see conscience asserting its sovereignty over the most sacred beliefs—instinctive reverence and piety struggling sometimes to express themselves under the names and forms of the past, sometimes bursting out uncontrollably into indignant abhorrence:

> Ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαργον
> Μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν.
> Ἀφίσταμαι . . .
> καί πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
> ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθῆ λόγον
> δεδαιδαλμένοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
> ἐξαπατῶντι μύθοι.
> Χάρις δ' ἅπερ ἅπαντα τεύχει
> τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖς
> ἐπιφέροισα τιμὰν
> καὶ ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πίστον
> ἔμμεναι τὸ πολλάκις.
>
> To me 'twere strange indeed
> To charge the blessed gods with greed.
> I dare not do it. . . . .
> Myths too oft,
> With quaintly coloured lies enwrought,
> To stray from truth have mortals brought
> And Art, which round all things below
> A charm of loveliness can throw,
> Has robed the false in honour's hue,
> And made the unbelievable seem true.

"All religions," says Gibbon, "are to the vulgar equally true, to the philosopher equally false, and to the statesman equally useful": thus scornfully summing up the theory of the matter which he found to be held by the politicians of the age which he was describing, and perhaps of his own. Religion, as a moral force, died away with the establishment of the Roman Empire, and with it died probity, patriotism, and human dignity, and all that men had learnt in nobler ages to honour and to value as good. Order reigned unbroken under the control of the legions. Industry flourished, and natural science, and most of the elements of what we now call civilisation. Ships covered the seas. Huge towns adorned the Imperial provinces. The manners of men became more artificial, and in a certain sense more humane. Religion was a State establishment—a decent acknowledgment of a power or powers which, if they existed at all, amused themselves in the depths of space, careless, so their deity was not denied, of the woe or weal of humanity: the living fact, supreme in Church and State, being the wearer of the purple, who as the practical realisation of authority, assumed the name as well as the substance. The one god immediately known to man was thenceforth the Divus Cæsar, whose throne in the sky was waiting empty for him till his earthly exile was ended, and it pleased him to join or rejoin his kindred divinities.

It was the era of atheism—atheism such as this earth never witnessed before or since. You who have read Tacitus know the practical fruits of it, as they appeared at the heart of the system in the second Babylon, the proud city of the seven hills. You will remember how, for the crime of a single slave, the entire household of a Roman patrician, four hundred innocent human beings, were led in chains across the Forum and murdered by what was called law. You will remember the exquisite Nero, who, in his love of art, to throw himself more fully into the genius of Greek tragedy, committed incest with his mother that he might be a second Œdipus, and assassinated her that he might realise the sensations of Orestes. You will recall one

scene which Tacitus describes, not as exceptional or standing alone, but merely, he says, "quas ut exemplum referam ne sæpius eadem prodigentia narranda sit"—the hymeneal night-banquet on Agrippa's lake, graced by the presence of the wives and daughters of the Roman senators, where, amidst blazing fireworks and music, and cloth-of-gold pavilions, and naked prostitutes, the majesty of the Cæsars celebrated his nuptials with a boy.

There, I conceive, was the visible product of material civilisation, where there was no fear of God in the middle of it—the final outcome of wealth and prosperity and art and culture, raised aloft as a sign for all ages to look upon.

But it is not to this, nor to the fire of hell which in due time burst out to consume it, that I desire now to draw your attention. I have to point out to you two purifying movements which were at work in the midst of the pollution, one of which came to nothing and survives only in books, the second a force which was to mould for ages the future history of man. Both require our notice, for both singularly contained the particular feature which is called the reproach of Calvinism.

The blackest night is never utterly dark. When mankind seem most abandoned there are always a seven thousand somewhere who have not bowed the knee to the fashionable opinions of the hour. Among the great Roman families a certain number remained republican in feeling and republican in habit. The State religion was as incredible to them as to every one else. They could not persuade themselves that they could discover the will of Heaven in the colour of a calf's liver or in the appetite of the sacred chickens; but they had retained the moral instincts of their citizen ancestors. They knew nothing of God or the gods, but they had something in themselves which made sensuality nauseating instead of pleasant to them. They had an austere sense of the meaning of the word "duty." They could distinguish and reverence the nobler possibilities of their nature. They disdained what was base and effeminate, and, though religion failed

them, they constructed out of philosophy a rule which would serve to live by. Stoicism is a not unnatural refuge of thoughtful men in confused and sceptical ages. It adheres rigidly to morality. It offers no easy Epicurean explanation of the origin of man, which resolves him into an organisation of particles, and dismisses him again into nothingness. It recognises only that men who are the slaves of their passions are miserable and impotent, and insists that personal inclinations shall be subordinated to conscience. It prescribes plainness of life, that the number of our necessities may be as few as possible, and in placing the business of life in intellectual and moral action, it destroys the temptation to sensual gratifications. It teaches a contempt of death so complete that it can be encountered without a flutter of the pulse; and, while it raises men above the suffering which makes others miserable, generates a proud submissiveness to sorrow which noblest natures feel most keenly, by representing this huge scene and the shows which it presents as the work of some unknown but irresistible force, against which it is vain to struggle and childish to repine.

As with Calvinism, a theoretic belief in an overruling will or destiny was not only compatible with but seemed naturally to issue in the control of the animal appetites. The Stoic did not argue that, "as fate governs all things, I can do no wrong, and therefore I will take my pleasure;" but rather, "The moral law within me is the noblest part of my being, and compels me to submit to it." He did not withdraw from the world like the Christian anchorite. He remained at his post in the senate, the Forum, or the army. A Stoic in Marcus Aurelius gave a passing dignity to the dishonoured purple. In Tacitus, Stoicism has left an eternal evidence how grand a creature man may be, though unassisted by conscious dependence on external spiritual help, through steady disdain of what is base, steady reverence for all that deserves to be revered, and inflexible integrity in word and deed.

But Stoicism could under no circumstances be a regen-

erating power in the general world. It was a position only tenable to the educated; it was without hope and without enthusiasm. From a contempt of the objects which mankind most desired, the step was short and inevitable to contempt of mankind themselves. Wrapped in mournful self-dependence, the Stoic could face calmly for himself whatever lot the fates might send:

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

But, natural as such a creed might be in a Roman noble under the Empire, natural perhaps as it may always be in corrupted ages and amidst disorganised beliefs, the very sternness of Stoicism was repellent. It carried no consolation to the hearts of the suffering millions, who were in no danger of being led away by luxury, because their whole lives were passed in poverty and wretchedness. It was individual, not missionary. The Stoic declared no active war against corruption. He stood alone, protesting scornfully in silent example against evils which he was without power to cure. Like Cæsar, he folded himself in his mantle. The world might do its worst. He would keep his own soul unstained.

Place beside the Stoics their contemporaries, the Galilean fishermen and the tentmaker of Tarsus. I am not about to sketch in a few paragraphs the rise of Christianity. I mean only to point to the principles on which the small knot of men gathered themselves together who were about to lay the foundations of a vast spiritual revolution. The guilt and wretchedness in which the world was steeped St. Paul felt as keenly as Tacitus. Like Tacitus, too, he believed that the wild and miserable scene which he beheld was no result of accident, but had been ordained so to be, and was the direct expression of an all-mastering Power. But he saw also that this Power was no blind necessity or iron chain of connected cause and effect, but a perfectly just, perfectly wise being, who governed all things by the everlasting immutable laws of his own nature; that when these laws were

resisted or forgotten they wrought ruin and confusion, and slavery to death and sin; that when they were recognised and obeyed the curse would be taken away, and freedom and manliness come back again. Whence the disobedience had first risen was a problem which St. Paul solved in a manner not at all unlike the Persians. There was a rebellious spirit in the universe, penetrating into men's hearts, and prompting them to disloyalty and revolt. It removed the question a step further back without answering it, but the fact was plain as the sunlight. Men had neglected the laws of their Maker. In neglecting them they had brought universal ruin, not on themselves only, but on all society, and if the world was to be saved from destruction they must be persuaded or forced back into their allegiance. The law itself had been once more revealed on the mountains of Palestine, and in the person and example of One who had lived and died to make it known; and those who had heard and known Him, being possessed with His spirit, felt themselves commissioned as a missionary legion to publish the truth to mankind. They were not, like the Israelites or the Persians, to fight with the sword—not even in their own defence. The sword can take life, but not give it; and the command to the Apostles was to sow the invisible seed in the hotbed of corruption, and feed and foster it, and water it with the blood, not of others, but themselves. Their own wills, ambitions, hopes, desires, emotions, were swallowed up in the will to which they had surrendered themselves. They were soldiers. It was St. Paul's metaphor, and no other is so appropriate. They claimed no merit through their calling; they were too conscious of their own sins to indulge in the poisonous reflection that they were not as other men. They were summoned out on their allegiance, and armed with the spiritual strength which belongs to the consciousness of a just cause. If they indulged any personal hope, it was only that their weaknesses would not be remembered against them—that, having been chosen for a work in which the victory was assured, they would be made themselves worthy

of their calling, and, though they might slide, would not be allowed to fall. Many mysteries remained unsolved. Man was as clay in the potter's hand—one vessel was made to honour and another to dishonour. Why, who could tell? This only they knew, that they must themselves do no dishonour to the spirit that was in them—gain others, gain all who would join them for their common purpose, and fight with all their souls against ignorance and sin.

The fishermen of Gennesaret planted Christianity, and many a winter and many a summer have since rolled over it. More than once it has shed its leaves and seemed to be dying, and when the buds burst again the colour of the foliage was changed. The theory of it which is taught to-day in the theological schools of St. Andrews would have sounded strange from the pulpit of your once proud cathedral. As the same thought expresses itself in many languages, so spiritual truths assume ever-varying forms. The garment fades—the moths devour it—the woven fibres disintegrate, and turn to dust. The idea only is immortal, and never fades. The hermit who made his cell below the cliff where the cathedral stands, the monkish architect who designed the plan of it, the princes who brought it to perfection, the Protestants who shattered it into ruin, the preacher of last Sunday at the University church, would have many a quarrel, were they to meet now, before they would understand each other. But at the bottom of the minds of all the same thought would be predominant—that they were soldiers of the Almighty, commissioned to fight with lies and selfishness, and that all alike—they and those against whom they were contending—were in his hands, to deal with after his own pleasure.

Again six centuries go by. Christianity becomes the religion of the Roman Empire. The Empire divides, and the Church is divided with it. Europe is overrun by the Northern nations. The power of the Western Cæsars breaks in pieces, but the Western Church stands erect—makes its way into the hearts of the conquerors, penetrates the German forests, opens a path into Britain and Ireland.

By the noble Gothic nations it is welcomed with passionate enthusiasm. The warriors of Odin are transformed into a Christian chivalry, and the wild Valhalla into a Christian Heaven. Fiery, passionate nations are not tamed in a generation or a century, but a new conception of what was praiseworthy and excellent had taken hold of their imagination and the understanding. Kings, when their day of toil was over, laid down crown and sword, and retired into cloisters, to pass what remained of life to them in prayers and meditations on eternity. The supreme object of reverence was no longer the hero of the battlefield, but the barefoot missionary who was carrying the Gospel among the tribes that were still untaught. So beautiful in their conception of him was the character of one of these wandering priests that their stories formed a new mythology. So vast were the real miracles which they were working on men's souls that wonders of a more ordinary sort were assigned to them as a matter of course. They raised the dead, they healed the sick, they cast out devils, with a word or with the sign of the cross. Plain facts were too poor for the enthusiasm of German piety; and noble human figures were exhibited, as it were, in the resplendent light of a painted window in the effort to do them exaggerated honour.

It was pity, for truth only smells sweet for ever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the cankerworm. Long cycles had to pass before the fruit of these poison-seeds would ripen. The practical result, meanwhile, was to substitute in the minds of the sovereign races which were to take the lead in the coming era the principles of the moral law for the law of force and the sword.

The Eastern branch of the divided Church experienced meanwhile a less happy fortune. In the East there was no virgin soil like the great noble Teutonic peoples. Asia was a worn-out stage on which drama after drama of history had been played and played out. Languid luxury only was there, huge aggregation of wealth in particular localities, and the no less inevitable shadow attached to luxury by the necessities of things, oppression and misery and squalor.

Christianity and the world had come to terms after the established fashion — the world to be let alone in its pleasures and its sins; the Church relegated to opinion, with free liberty to split doctrinal hairs to the end of time. The work of the Church's degradation had begun, even before it accepted the tainted hand of Constantine. Already in the third century speculative Christianity had become the fashionable creed of Alexandria, and had purchased the favour of patrician congregations, if not by open tolerance of vice, yet by leaving it to grow unresisted. St. Clement details contemptuously the inventory of the boudoir of a fine lady of his flock, the list of essences on her toilet-table, the shoes, sandals, and slippers with which her dainty feet were decorated in endless variety. He describes her as she ascends the steps of the *βασιλική*, to which she was going for what she called her prayers, with a page lifting up her train. He paints her as she walks along the street, her petticoats projecting with some horsehair arrangement behind, and the street boys jeering at her as she passes.

All that Christianity was meant to do in making life simple and habits pure was left undone, while, with a few exceptions, like that of St. Clement himself, the intellectual energy of its bishops and teachers was exhausted in spinning endless cobwebs of metaphysical theology. Human life at the best is enveloped in darkness; we know not what we are or whither we are bound. Religion is the light by which we are to see our way along the moral pathways without straying into the brake or the morass. We are not to look at religion itself, but at surrounding things with the help of religion. If we fasten our attention upon the light itself, analysing it into its component rays, speculating on the union and composition of the substances of which it is composed, not only will it no longer serve us for a guide, but our dazzled senses lose their natural powers; we should grope our way more safely in conscious blindness.

If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?

In the place of the old material idolatry we erect a new

idolatry of words and phrases. Our duty is no longer to be true, and honest, and brave, and self-denying, and pure; but to be exact in our formulas, to hold accurately some nice and curious proposition, to place damnation in straying a hair's breadth from some symbol which exults in being unintelligible, and salvation in the skill with which the mind can balance itself on some intellectual tightrope.

There is no more instructive phenomenon in history than the ease and rapidity with which the Arabian caliphs lopped off the fairest provinces of the Eastern Empire. When nations are easily conquered, we may be sure that they have first lost their moral self-respect. When their religions, as they call them, go down at a breath, those religions have become already but bubbles of vapour. The laws of Heaven are long-enduring, but their patience comes to an end at last. Because justice is not executed speedily men persuade themselves that there is no such thing as justice. But the lame foot, as the Greek proverb said, overtakes the swift one in the end; and the longer the forbearance the sharper the retribution when it comes.

As the Greek theology was one of the most complicated accounts ever offered of the nature of God and his relation to man, so the message of Mahomet, when he first unfolded the green banner, was one of the most simple. There is no god but God: God is King, and you must and shall obey his will. This was Islam, as it was first offered at the sword's point to people who had lost the power of understanding any other argument. Your images are wood and stone; your metaphysics are words without understanding; the world lies in wickedness and wretchedness because you have forgotten the statutes of your Master, and you shall go back to those; you shall fulfil the purpose for which you were set to live upon the earth, or you shall not live at all.

Tremendous inroad upon the liberties of conscience! What right, it is asked, have those people that you have been calling soldiers of the Almighty to interfere by force with the opinions of others? Let them leave us alone; we meddle not with them. Let them, if they please, obey

those laws they talk of; we have other notions of such things; we will obey ours, and let the result judge between us. The result was judging between them. The meek Apostle with no weapon but his word and his example, and winning victories by himself submitting to be killed, is a fairer object than a fierce Kaled, calling himself the sword of the Almighty. But we cannot order for ourselves in what way these things shall be. The caitiff Damascenes, to whom Kaled gave the alternative of the Koran or death, were men themselves, who had hands to hold a sword with if they had heart to use it, or a creed for which they cared to risk their lives. In such a quarrel superior strength and courage are the signs of the presence of a nobler conviction.

To the question, "What right have you to interfere with us?" there is but one answer: "We must. These things which we tell you are true; and in your hearts you know it; your own cowardice convicts you. The moral laws of your Maker are written in your consciences as well as in ours. If you disobey them, you bring disaster not only on your own wretched selves, but on all around you. It is our common concern, and if you will not submit, in the name of our Master we will compel you."

Any fanatic, it will be said, might use the same language. Is not history full of instances of dreamers or impostors, 'boasting themselves to be somebody," who for some wild illusion, or for their own ambition, have thrown the world into convulsions? Is not Mahomet himself a signal—the most signal—illustration of it? I should say rather that when men have risen in arms for a false cause the event has proved it by the cause coming to nothing. The world is not so constituted that courage, and strength, and endurance, and organisation, and success long sustained, are to be obtained in the service of falsehood. If I could think that, I should lose the most convincing reason for believing that we are governed by a moral power. The moral laws of our being execute themselves through the instrumentality of men; and in those great movements which determine the moral condition of many nations through many centuries,

the stronger side, it seems to me, has uniformly been the better side, and stronger because it has been better.

I am not upholding Mahomet as if he had been a perfect man, or the Koran as a second Bible. The crescent was no sun, nor even a complete moon reigning full-orbed in the night heaven. The light there was in it was but reflected from the sacred books of the Jews and the Arab traditions. The morality of it was defective. The detailed conception of man's duties inferior, far inferior, to what St. Martin and St. Patrick, St. Columba and St. Augustine, were teaching, or had taught, in Western Europe. Mahometanism rapidly degenerated. The first caliphs stood far above Saladin. The descent from Saladin to a modern Moslem despot is like a fall over a precipice. All established things, nations, constitutions—all established things which have life in them—have also the seeds of death. They grow, they have their day of usefulness, they decay and pass away, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

But the light which there was in the Moslem creed was real. It taught the omnipotence and omnipresence of one eternal Spirit, the Maker and Ruler of all things, by whose everlasting purpose all things were, and whose will all things must obey; and this central truth, to which later experience and broader knowledge can add nothing, it has taught so clearly and so simply that in Islam there has been no room for heresy, and scarcely for schism.

The Koran has been accused of countenancing sensual vice. Rather it bridled and brought within limits a sensuality which before was unbounded. It forbade, and has absolutely extinguished, wherever Islam is professed, the bestial drunkenness which is the disgrace of our Christian English and Scottish towns. Even now, after centuries of decay, the Mussulman probably governs his life by the Koran more accurately than most Christians obey the Sermon on the Mount or the Ten Commandments. In our own India, where the Moslem creed retains its relative superiority to the superstitions of the native races, the Mussulman is a higher order of being. Were the English

to withdraw he would retake the sovereignty of the peninsula by natural right—not because he has larger bones and sinews, but by superiority of intellect and heart; in other words, because he has a truer faith.

I said that while Christianity degenerated in the East with extreme rapidity, in the West it retained its firmer characters. It became the vitalising spirit of a new organisation of society. All that we call modern civilisation in a sense which deserves the name, is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel.

I said also that by the side of the healthy influences of regeneration there were sown along with it the germs of evil to come. All living ideas, from the necessity of things, take up into their constitutions whatever forces are already working round them. The most ardent aspirations after truth will not anticipate knowledge, and the errors of the imagination become consecrated as surely as the purest impulses of conscience. So long as the laws of the physical world remain a mystery, the action of all uncomprehended phenomena, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the winds and storms, famines, murrains, and human epidemics, are ascribed to the voluntary interference of supernatural beings. The belief in witches and fairies, in spells and talismans, could not be dispelled by Science, for science did not exist. The Church, therefore, entered into competition with her evil rivals on their own ground. The saint came into the field against the enchanters. The powers of charms and amulets were eclipsed by martyrs' relics, sacraments, and holy water. The magician, with the devil at his back, got to yield to the divine powers imparted to priests by spiritual descent in the imposition of hands.

Thus a gigantic system of supernaturalism overspread the entire Western world. There was no deliberate imposition. The clergy were as ignorant as the people of true relations between natural cause and effect. Their business, so far as they were conscious of their purpose, was to contend against the works of the devil. They saw practically that they were able to convert men from violence and

impurity to piety and self-restraint. Their very humility forbade them to attribute such wonderful results to their own teaching. When it was universally believed that human beings could make covenants with Satan by signing their names in blood, what more natural than that they should assume, for instance, that the sprinkling of water,—the inaugurating ceremony of the purer and better life,—should exert a mysterious mechanical influence upon the character?

If regeneration by baptism, however, with its kindred imaginations, was not true, innocence of intention could not prevent the natural consequences of falsehood. Time went on; knowledge increased; doubt stole in, and with doubt the passionate determination to preserve beliefs at all hazards which had grown too dear to superstition to be parted with. In the twelfth century the mystery called transubstantiation had come to be regarded with widespread misgiving. To encounter scepticism, there then arose for the first time what have been called pious frauds. It was not perceived that men who lend themselves consciously to lies, with however excellent an intention, will become eventually deliberate rogues. The clergy, doubtless, believed that in the consecration of the elements an invisible change was really and truly effected. But to produce an effect on the secular mind the invisible had to be made visible. A general practice sprung up to pretend that in the breaking of the wafer real blood had gushed out; real pieces of flesh were found between the fingers. The precious things thus produced were awfully preserved, and with the Pope's blessing were deposited in shrines for the strengthening of faith and the confutation of the presumptuous unbeliever.

When a start has once been made on the road of deception, the after-progress is a rapid one. The desired effect was not produced. Incredulity increased. Imposture ran a race with unbelief in the vain hope of silencing enquiry, and with imposture all genuine love for spiritual or moral truth disappeared.

You all know to what condition the Catholic Church

had sunk at the beginning of the sixteenth century. An insolent hierarchy, with an army of priests behind them, dominated every country in Europe. The Church was like a hard nutshell round a shrivelled kernel. The priests in parting with their sincerity had lost the control over their own appetites which only sincerity can give. Profligate in their own lives, they extended to the laity the same easy latitude which they asserted for their own conduct. Religious duty no longer consisted in leading a virtuous life, but in purchasing immunity for self-indulgence by one of the thousand remedies which Church officials were ever ready to dispense at an adequate price.

The pleasant arrangement came to an end—a sudden and terrible one. Christianity had not been upon the earth for nothing. The spiritual organisation of the Church was corrupt to the core; but in the general awakening of Europe it was impossible to conceal the contrast between the doctrines taught in the Catholic pulpits and the creed of which they were the counterfeit. Again and again the gathering indignation sputtered out to be savagely repressed. At last it pleased Pope Leo, who wanted money to finish St. Peter's, to send about spiritual hawkers with wares which were called indulgences—notes to be presented at the gates of purgatory as passports to the easiest places there—and then Luther spoke and the whirlwind burst.

I can but glance at the Reformation in Germany. Luther himself was one of the grandest men that ever lived on earth. Never was any one more loyal to the light that was in him,—braver, truer, or wider-minded in the noblest sense of the word. The share of the work which fell to him Luther accomplished most perfectly. But he was exceptionally fortunate in one way, that in Saxony he had his sovereign on his side, and the enemy, however furious, could not reach him with fleshly weapons, and could but grind his teeth and curse. Other nations who had caught Luther's spirit had to win their liberty on harder terms, and the Catholic churchmen were able to add to their other crimes the cruelty of fiends. Princes and politicians, who

had State reasons for disliking popular outbursts, sided with the established spiritual authorities. Heresy was assailed with fire and sword, and a spirit harsher than Luther's was needed to steel the converts' hearts for the trials which came upon them. Lutheranism, when Luther himself was gone, and the thing which we in England know as Anglicanism, were inclined to temporising and half-measures. The Lutheran congregations were but half emancipated from superstition, and shrank from pressing the struggle to extremities; and half-measures meant half-heartedness,—convictions which were but half convictions, and truth with an alloy of falsehood. Half-measures, however, would not quench the bonfires of Philip of Spain, or raise men in France or Scotland who would meet crest to crest the Princes of the House of Lorraine. The Reformers required a position more sharply defined, and a sterner leader, and that leader they found in John Calvin.

There is no occasion to say much of Calvin's personal history. His name is now associated only with gloom and austerity. Suppose it is true that he rarely laughed. He had none of Luther's genial and sunny humour. Could they have exchanged conditions, Luther's temper might have been somewhat grimmer, but he would never have been entirely like Calvin. Nevertheless, for hard times hard men are needed, and intellects which can pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company. It fares ill with the soldiers of religion when "the accursed thing" is in their camp. And this is to be said of Calvin, that so far as the state of knowledge permitted, no eye could have detected more keenly the unsound spots in the received creed of the Church, nor was there reformer in Europe so resolute to excise, tear out, and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false—so resolute to establish what was true in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life.

Calvinism as it existed at Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative

guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seemed to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated after the example of the Mosaic law, as crimes to be punished by the magistrate. "Elsewhere," said Knox, speaking of Geneva, "the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed as faithfully." [1]

If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one. The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had been themselves let alone. They would have formed communities apart. Like the Israelites whom they wished to resemble, they would have withdrawn into the wilderness—the Pilgrim Fathers actually did so withdraw into the wilderness of New England—to worship the God of their fathers, and would have left argument and example to work their natural effect. Norman Leslie did not kill Cardinal Beaton down in the castle yonder because he was a Catholic, but because he was a murderer. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed a fresh article, that they were

[1] In burning witches the Calvinists followed their model too exactly; but it is to be remembered that they really believed these poor creatures to have made a compact with Satan. And, as regards morality, it may be doubted whether inviting spirit-rappers to dinner, and allowing them to pretend to consult our dead relations, is very much more innocent. The first method is but excess of indignation with evil; the second is complacent toying with it.

entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher, fiercer—if you please—more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe "that hated a lie." They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults; let him that is without sin cast a stone at them. They abhorred, as no body of men ever more abhorred, all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong, of every kind so far as they could recognise it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle, that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that, by having shamed Romanism out of its practical corruption, the Calvinists enabled it to revive.

Why, it is asked, were they so dogmatic? Why could they not be contented to teach men reasonably and quietly that to be wicked was to be miserable,—that in the indulgence of immoderate passions they would find less happiness than in adhering to the rules of justice, or yielding to the impulses of more generous emotions? And, for the rest, why could they not let fools be fools, and leave opinion free about matters of which neither they nor others could know anything certain at all?

I reply that it is not true that goodness is synonymous with happiness. The most perfect being who ever trod the soil of this planet was called the Man of Sorrows. If happiness means absence of care and inexperience of painful

emotion, the best securities for it are a hard heart and a good digestion. If morality has no better foundation than a tendency to promote happiness, its sanction is but a feeble uncertainty. If it be recognised as part of the constitution of the world, it carries with it its right to command; and those who see clearly what it is, will insist on submission to it, and derive authority from the distinctness of their recognition, to enforce submission where their power extends. Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps a doubt in reserve. Compare the remonstrance of the casual passer-by, if a mob of ruffians are misbehaving themselves in the street, with the downright energy of the policeman who strikes in fearlessly, one against a dozen, as a minister of the law. There is the same difference through life between the man who has a sure conviction, and him whose thoughts never rise beyond a "perhaps."

Any fanatic may say as much, it is again answered, for the wildest madness. But the elementary principles of morality are not forms of madness. No one pretends that it is uncertain whether truth is better than falsehood, or justice than injustice. Speculation can eat away the sanction, superstition can erect rival duties, but neither one nor the other pretends to touch the fact that these principles exist, and the very essence and life of all great religious movements is the recognition of them as of authority, and as part of the eternal framework of things.

There is, however, it must be allowed, something in what these objectors say. The power of Calvinism has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. Desire for ease and self-indulgence drag for ever in quiet times at the heel of noble aspirations, while the shadow struggles to remain and preserve its outline when the substance is passing away. The argumentative and logical side of Calvin's mind has created once more a fatal opportunity for a separation between opinion and morality. We have learnt, as we say, to make the best of both worlds, to take political economy for the rule of our conduct, and to relegate religion into the profession

of orthodox doctrines. Systems have been invented to explain the inexplicable. Metaphors have been translated into formulas, and paradoxes intelligible to emotion have been thrust upon the acceptance of the reason; while duty, the loftiest of all sensations which we are permitted to experience, has been resolved into the acceptance of a scheme of salvation for the individual human soul. Was it not written long ago, "He that will save his soul shall lose it"? If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.

This was not the religion of your fathers; this was not the Calvinism which overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth,—the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like the laws of gravity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril.

Nay, rather the law of gravity is but a property of material things, and matter and all that belongs to it may one day fade away like a cloud and vanish. The moral law is inherent in eternity. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." The law is the expression of the will of the Spirit of the Universe. The spirit in man which corresponds to and perceives the Eternal Spirit is part of its essence, and immortal as it is immortal. The Calvinists called the eye within us the

Inspiration of the Almighty. Aristotle could see that it was not of earth, or any creature of space and time:

ὁ δὲ νοῦς ἔοικεν ἐγγίγνεσθαι οὐσία τις οὖσα καὶ οὐ φθείρεσθαι.

What the thing is which we call ourselves we know not. It may be true—I for one care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organised substance which I call my body. It is *mine*, but it is not *me*. The *νοῦς*, the intellectual spirit, being an *οὐσία*—an essence—we believe to be an imperishable something which has been engendered in us from another source. As Wordsworth says:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

LORD NEAVES

Rector from 1872 to 1874

Address delivered on February 13, 1873

LORD NEAVES

The first and most pleasing duty which I have to perform at this time is to thank the University and the Electors for the honour they have done me in calling upon me to occupy this chair. To be thus chosen to fill a high office in the most ancient, and by no means the least distinguished of our Scottish Universities, must be gratifying to the feelings of any one to whom learning and Literature are dear, and might be a just cause of some pride and self-satisfaction, if I were not conscious that the choice is in a great measure due to considerations independent of personal merit, arising from my position and from my possible services being more accessible than those of the much more eminent and accomplished men whose names were at the same time submitted for your consideration. I shall only on this subject now express my earnest wish and firm resolution to spare no pains, and to leave no exertion untried, to maintain and promote the reputation, usefulness, and welfare of the University.

I trust, and indeed believe, that I speak the sentiments of all here present, when I state my full concurrence with the views lately announced and so ably advocated by your Parliamentary representative, that our Universities should continue to be maintained in their full efficiency as schools of instruction, as well as in their character of examining and degree-conferring institutions. I could add nothing either of force or of authority to the arguments which Dr. Lyon Playfair has advanced on that important question; and I shall merely add the expression of my confident hope that

no change in this respect will be attempted, in opposition to what I believe to be the unanimous feeling of Scotland.

The benefits derived from the assemblage in one place of a variety of learned men to teach what they know, and of a number of earnest students eager to acquire whatever they can learn in each other's company, in the different branches of a liberal education, are too obvious and have too often been promulgated to need illustration from me at this time. The proverb holds here, as in other operations of social influence,—"As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Even the fading embers of a fire will gather strength and be kindled into a flame by mutual contact, when they would grow cold and lifeless if insulated from each other. The specialties of one man supplement or rectify the peculiarities of his neighbour; the very faults of those thus associated tend to act as a mutual check, and they all learn a degree of sympathy and tolerance for diversities of opinion and of pursuit, to which the solitary student never attains. Add to this that the *esprit de corps* which prompts fellow-students to maintain the honour and credit of their Alma Mater, is always a high and a salutary motive to exertion.

If any country is peculiarly indebted to its Universities for its position and prosperity, I think it is our own.

Let us look at the state of Scotland as it was at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The Scottish nation, from the earliest period of its authentic history, was divided into two very different races —a Teutonic or low German population on the east and south, and a congeries of Celtic tribes on the north and west. I say nothing of the relative powers of these respective nationalities in respect of mental or intellectual capacity. Probably the combination of their differing characteristics was necessary to complete the best pattern that the nation, as a whole, was destined to exhibit. But I suppose it will be generally allowed that in the Saxon mind intellect predominated over the other powers, as imagination did in the Gael. But in one important quality,

having reference to social organisation, there was a very clear preponderance on the Saxon side—I mean the aptitude for observing order and constituting civil government. The Celtic race, amidst many generous impulses and kindly affections, have shown, among ourselves at least, a certain antipathy to any extensive cohesion of component parts, and have evinced a tendency to subdivide themselves into small septs, which have too often been found at deadly feud with each other, though, unlike what has been said of their Irish kinsmen, they generally combined together against the common foe. The defects to which I have referred form a serious impediment to the advance of civilisation, and the consequence in Scotland was, that for several centuries the national unity and prosperity were disturbed by the disunions and disorders of the Celtic mountaineers.

The Saxon population, on the other hand, without being deficient in military qualities when these were needed, arranged themselves readily into Burghs and Cities, established among them forms of municipal government, such as were derived from traditions of Roman organisation, and on the east coast of Scotland availed themselves of their free and extensive, though stormy, seaboard, to become mariners and merchants, and to engage in a prosperous and profitable trade with the seaports of France and the ports around the North Sea, from which the most beneficial commercial and social results were to be expected.

In the south of Scotland the inhabitants were by nature as highly gifted with mental energy and powerful intellect as any of their countrymen; but unfortunately along the whole English frontier the frequent and irritating wars that had occurred, and the national bitterness that had been infused into these contests, by arrogant pretensions on one or both sides, proved fatal to the pursuits of industry and cultivation, and thus an extent of agricultural and pastoral country, that might have been a region of peace and plenty was given up to incessant aggressions and retaliations of plunder and bloodshed that proved fatal to the arts and habits of civilised life.

This state of things was in the fullest development of its injurious tendencies in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the devastation and disturbance of the eastern border were brought to a height by the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402.

A few years afterwards a scene was enacted in the north of Scotland of the most portentous and threatening description. This was exhibited in the invasion of the district of Moray and Aberdeen by the hordes of Celtic Katerans who acknowledged the supremacy of Donald of the Isles, and who threatened to overrun and devastate the peaceful and prosperous tract of lowland and maritime country on our east coast. These invaders, though not decisively defeated at the memorable battle of Harlaw in 1411, were yet by the results of that combat impeded in their further progress, and the flourishing city of Aberdeen was thus preserved from all the horrors that can befall a rich town sacked by ruthless and insatiable barbarians.

The geography of this condition of things led to the discouraging consequence, that at the beginning of the fifteenth century the civilised part of Scotland was in truth confined to a sort of irregular triangle, of which Aberdeen was the apex on the north, while Edinburgh and Glasgow were the two extremities at the base. To the south lay a lovely and fertile territory that was little better than a debatable land; while the north and west districts were surrendered to highland or island tribes, equally unwilling and unable to be governed by law or order.

In such circumstances it was clear that the future welfare of Scotland depended upon the question whether the influential men of this special and limited district could be trained and disciplined so as to be able amidst all disturbing causes to govern and legislate for the country at large, and thus maintain and advance its independence and prosperity. This was the problem to be worked out, and earnestly did the great and good men of that age set themselves to a task, which they prosecuted with a degree of ability and success that entitle them to the highest praise and to our permanent gratitude.

I need not say that Churchmen must have been the chief agents in accomplishing this great work, and they had the sagacity to see that the establishment of native Universities was the most likely means of attaining their end. Scotland was not without learning, but it had to seek its education abroad; and it was a great matter that neither its learned men nor its students should be driven to the remedy of even a temporary expatriation, in the prosecution of the liberal pursuits to which they wished to devote themselves. The fifteenth century came in this way to see the establishment, within Scotland, of three Universities,—that of St. Andrews, in 1411, the very year of the battle of Harlaw; Glasgow, in 1450; and King's College of Aberdeen, in 1494. There was thus erected along the line of civilisation that I before indicated, a chain of what may be called forts or garrisons of learning, from which its protecting and elevating influence might be diffused around, and placed within easy reach of those who were most likely to wish for, and to profit by its benefits.

It will be found, I think, that during that important and critical century the great thinkers of Scotland, and its best legislators, were intent on the prosecution of an object to which in our own day, and in different circumstances, we have been turning our attention. I mean, the establishment, as far as feasible, of a *compulsory education*. But there was this difference in the aspect in which that question then presented itself. The prominent object nowadays is rather to compel the poor to educate their children; the object then was directly or indirectly to compel the rich to be educated. But in noticing this distinction, I would earnestly deprecate the idea that the system then pursued was the result of any feeling of favouritism for the rich as compared with the poor. It arose, it is clear, from the best and wisest principles of patriotism and social prudence.

I do not hesitate, indeed, to say that in almost any country or state of society the education of rich young men is of at least equal importance to that of the poor. Both classes have their temptations as well as their needs. But,

generally speaking, poverty, like adversity, is a school in itself; and if a poor lad has common honesty, he will at least be preserved from many deviations from other virtues. He can't be idle—he can't be slothful—he can't be luxurious: he will be trained in the discipline that nature establishes—by those motives and checks which the poets tell us were introduced by Jupiter under his iron reign, "*curis acuens mortalia corda.*" But the rich man's son, with his bed made for him by his predecessors, with no natural motive for exertion—with the power to be idle with impunity, and to be as expensive as he chooses, he it is that more especially needs education to furnish him with moral motives—intellectual enjoyments—spiritual aspirations, to incite him to what is good, and preserve him from what is evil. He has infinitely more and greater temptations and seductions; he has infinitely fewer and less restraints than the poor man; and if he is selfish or voluptuous, what endless mischief he may diffuse by the influence of his example or encouragement! How many of his poorer associates may he ruin! How many hearts and homes may he render wretched by carrying his evil principles and influence into them! An ill-educated, or even an uneducated young man of station and wealth may become one of the greatest curses of society, and the general prevalence of that defect throughout a nation may of itself seal its doom.

These considerations were peculiarly appropriate for Scotland in the fifteenth century, though the form in which the evil would operate might have its own peculiarities. The government of Scotland was aristocratic. That was a necessity of its nature, arising from the history of its development out of the Teutonic elements that resulted in Feudalism. The Crown was weak in any condition of things, but special circumstances, including the captivity of James I., gave peculiar power to the Scottish barons. And if these men and their sons were to be brought up merely as uncivilised tyrants, or ruthless leaders of a military following, the prospects of the country were indeed sad. It was essential, if Scotland was in any respect to prosper, that

the rising generation of the Scottish nobility and better landholders should possess as much knowledge as would teach them to reverence learning, and as much law as would fit them to do justice to their dependants under the extensive jurisdictions which were intrusted to their care; and further, it was essential that they and the larger freeholders should be qualified to do their duty in Parliament by providing such enactments as would best remedy existing evils, and best provide for the welfare of all classes.

The Act of Parliament passed in 1494, in the fifth Parliament of James IV., c. 54, has been often referred to; but I think it cannot be sufficiently dwelt upon as revealing the spirit which was then seeking to develop itself; nor has it always been noticed that the benefits sought to be derived from it were not partial or one-sided, but were designed for the advantage of the whole community, rich and poor, high and low.

That all Barronnes and Free-halders that ar of substance put their eldest Sonnes and Aires to the Schules.

Item. It is statute and ordained throw all the Realme, that all Barronnes and Free-halders, that ar of substance, put their eldest Sonnes and Aires to the Schules, fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules, quhill they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine. And thereafter to remaine three zeirs at the Schules of Art and Jure. Swa that they may have knawledge and understanding of the Lawes. Throw the quhilks justice may remaine universally throw all the Realme. Swa that they that ar Schireffes or Judges Ordinares under the Kingis Hienesse, may have knawledge to doe justice, that the puir people sulde have na neede to seek our Soveraine Lordis principal Auditour, for ilk small injurie: And quhat Barronne or Free-halder of substance, that haldis not his Sonne at the Schules as said is, havand na lauchful essoinzie, bot failzies herein, fra knawledge may be gotten thereof, he sall pay to the King, the summe of twentie pound.

I cannot help noticing that this admirable Act was passed in the very year in which King's College of Aberdeen was founded by the excellent Bishop Elphinstone.

Nothing can better show the humane and wise spirit which, in the midst of many human errors, was at work in

the Scottish Parliament during this century, than the remarkable law passed in the very middle of it, during the reign of James II., being the Act 1449, chapter 18, that "The byer of Landes suld keepe the tackes set before the bying." It is worth while to take some special notice of this Act, although its nature and history must be well known to many who now hear me.

According to strict rules of law, the contract of location or lease is merely a personal agreement between the contracting parties, so that the lessee of lands has no real or proprietary right to keep possession of them in competition with a true right of property. It follows, therefore, that if the original lessor sells the lands, the buyer who thus becomes proprietor can immediately oust the lessee or tenant, who has no other remedy but a personal claim of reparation against the lessor. This state of things, where it prevailed, led necessarily to much hardship and to great uncertainty in the position of the tenants of land, who could not rely with any confidence on the continuance of their possessions. Some of the Continental nations accordingly saw cause to relax this rule, and to give to tenants a fixity of tenure which they would not otherwise have enjoyed; and this more equitable and beneficial law was embodied by the Scottish Parliament in the Act of 1449, which I have mentioned, which may be considered as the Palladium of Scottish tenancy, and the main basis of Scottish Agriculture, by the encouragement and protection which it gave to leases, when they were granted, as the law required, on equitable terms.

There is little doubt that the progress of Scotland, both in learning and general prosperity, would have advanced more rapidly than it did in the sixteenth century, if it had not been for that event, the most disastrous in Scottish history, by which James IV. perished on the field of Flodden, in the flower of his age. Such a contingency was not beyond the reach of probability, from foregone indications; for in 1498 the Spanish envoy, Pedro de Ayala, in writing to his master and mistress with an account of James's character and accomplishments, states as one of his faults,

"He loves war so much that I fear the peace with England will not last long"; and he explains at the same time that he is courageous, "even more so than a king should be. I have seen him often undertake most dangerous things in the last wars. On such occasions he does not take the least care of himself. He does not think it right to begin any warlike undertaking without being himself the first in danger."

It is, however, a strong proof of the courage and well-organised position of Scotland at that time, that no invasion of the kingdom was attempted, and under all her disasters and disadvantages, the Scottish nation advanced in learning and liberality of thought; and the Universities, while instrumental in promoting learning in all its forms, were themselves, though of Popish origin, not slow to contribute their part, in due time, to the great Reformation of religion which was effected in the middle of the sixteenth century. The progress of legislation in Scotland during the succeeding period until the Union was in many respects most satisfactory, and many enlightened laws were passed on the most important matters, which showed advanced views on social subjects.

It would be unpardonable here to omit stating that, while the Grammar Schools and Universities of Scotland were designed, both to meet the demands of the Church and to qualify the sons of barons and freeholders for discharging their public and political duties, provision was also made for enabling the humbler members of society to cultivate and employ any talent and taste which they might exhibit for the pursuits of learning. Helps were given them by which they might rise from an obscure position to a respectable and even a high eminence in the learned world, somewhat in the way in which we see "salmon-ladders" now placed in rivers to enable the fish to ascend the steepest fall and reach the ground to which they are aspiring; and it has always been the characteristic of Scotland that the son of the humblest peasant has the means of attaining a thorough education, and of commanding all the advantages which

education can give, provided he has the ability and perseverance to avail himself of the aids thus afforded.

Whether this state of things is to continue, or whether there may not now be a gulf that is practically impassable between our lower and higher schools, is a question involved in some uncertainty, but which deeply concerns the future character and welfare of the Scottish people, and which I trust will in some way or other be solved, so as to maintain the same fusion of ranks, and the same facilities that have hitherto existed for low-born genius and merit to rise to their due level.

To descant upon the studies which ought to be pursued at a University would, in me, be both needless and officious. You are better aware of them than I can be. I shall only recall to your recollection a few general views which it is important to keep in mind.

You do not come here to study insulated facts or particular details. It is said that "knowledge is power," and perhaps all knowledge is some kind of power to somebody or other. But it is not all knowledge that you are here in pursuit of. It would do you little or no good that you knew all the streets in Constantinople, though there might be somebody on the spot, some water-carrier, for instance, to whom it would be useful. A Welsh friend of mine used to attach great interest to the inquiry whether there were more Smiths or Joneses in the London Directory, for in his view the one or the other state of things showed the preponderance of the Saxon or Celtic element in the metropolitan population. But it is not with such matters that you have here to deal: you are in search of general principles and universal truths. Above all, it is your business, and that of your instructors, to develop the powers of your mind, so that no important faculty shall remain uncultivated, and that no essential and salutary feeling shall remain unexercised. This kind of training, if it does not make you learned men now, will enable you to become so hereafter, if that is your destination; or it will give you keys that will open the door to the practice of any liberal profession which you may

choose, and to the discharge of any public or social duty to which you may be called. If in this place you learn the art of learning whatever may claim your attention in after-life, you will not have studied here in vain.

There is no purpose, perhaps, which the lessons of a *Studium generale* can better serve than that of enabling us to distinguish and compare the different processes by which we arrive at truth.

Beyond all doubt, the mathematical sciences involve in their propositions the most absolute, and, as some think, the only complete certainty to which we can attain. They depend upon no contingency, no hypothesis. Everything rests on a solid, abstract basis, from the axioms with which we begin, to the most intricate and complicated results into which these are developed; while the mind, as it proceeds by degrees from a point to a line, from a line to a surface, and from a surface to a solid, or while it follows out the marvellous relations that lie hid in the intersection or revolution of lines or surfaces, becomes aware of a beauty and symmetry of the most attractive kind, and of which the charm is greatly enhanced when we see the same principles carried out in the operations of mechanism, whether in nature or in art, up to the sublimest movements of the heavenly bodies themselves. No mind can be thoroughly educated that is not well imbued with the power and excellence of these forms of truth.

But I think it also clear that the study of the mathematical sciences alone would constitute an imperfect education, and would not serve as a safe or sufficient guide in the conduct of life. Life is not a mathematical process, and its course is not dependent upon demonstrations. Apart from those instinctive and sublime beliefs which seem to be impressed upon us, without proofs, by the very exercise of our mental powers, probabilities seem, after all, to be the utmost that we can attain to, and if these are very strong—which they may be to an indefinite degree—they are amply sufficient to regulate our conduct. Logic itself, whether inductive or deductive, is not equivalent to strict demonstra-

tion. Inductive logic leaves always the possibility of some exceptional case having been kept out of view, and deductive logic is ever dependent on the truth of its premises. Yet these processes of reasoning are all that our nature requires for practical certitude, and we shall fall into grievous errors if we seek for strict demonstration where that is not attainable in the nature of things.

Accompanying and assisting all our other studies, the great and vital subject of Language must ever hold a paramount place. For language, in so far as it is rational language, and not merely the instinctive utterance of a feeling or a want, is one of the great characteristics of mankind, and is not only the exponent but the instrument of thought. No justification is therefore necessary of the immense importance always attached to it, whether in the higher or in the lower forms of education.

Without dwelling on a subject so well known, I shall state, in a few words, the conclusions to which I think we are here led, both by experience and by reflection.

Generally speaking, no one language can be thoroughly understood without the study of more than one. A plurality of languages must be studied and compared before we can arrive at the essence of language, in its general character and perfect conception.

The only plausible argument that I have heard against this view is, that the Greeks were masters of their own admirable tongue—and yet, generally speaking, were unacquainted with any other. We must here, however, attend to the consideration that the Greeks were about the most acute people that ever lived, though they were not very sound philologists. Yet I have sometimes been led to suspect that the variety and character of their dialects were such as to make them almost equivalent to a diversity of languages. Those dialects were not provincial or vulgar corruptions of a classical standard, but each of them was an independent form of speech, pure and perfect, according to its own laws and principles.

The differences of date and place, too, to which their

great authors belonged, were such as to produce a multiplicity of idioms that might serve instead of a difference of national languages, such as we in our time are familiar with. Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, Aristophanes, could scarcely be studied and compared together, without illustrating those principles which reveal to us the unity of essence hid in all languages, though not exhibiting a uniformity of aspect.

I must own, indeed, that I cannot find clear proofs of any such views of comparative philology; even in the strange medley presented by Plato's Cratylus. We know, however, how anxious the Greeks were to preserve a true Hellenismos, free from barbarisms, solecisms, and γλῶσσαι, and at the same time that Homer was a constant study and a common schoolbook among them. As to this last matter, you may remember the Greek epigram, thus translated:—

> A thriving Doctor sent his boy to school
> To gain some grammar, should he prove no fool;
> But took him soon away, with little warning,
> On finding out the lesson he was learning:
> How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
> Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
> "No need, for *that*, my boy should hither come:
> *That* lesson he can better learn at home;
> For I myself now, in that very way,
> Send many souls to Hades every day.

I cannot doubt that the model languages, which we ought to study along with our own, are the classical. Greek and Latin seem every way the best companions in studying our native English. Not that we are to write English like Greek and Latin, but that we are to seek out in those ancient tongues the excellences which they possess, and endeavour to reproduce the same effects in that form which our mother tongue is capable of accomplishing, according to its own character and genius; while at the same time we may try in it to find peculiar resources and charms of, which the older languages were destitute.

I do not say that substitutes might not be found for Greek and Latin in other languages. I daresay a student might, by the study of Sanskrit alone, make himself a subtle

and philosophical grammarian; though I may have my suspicion that the ideas he acquired would be too artificial, and that he might be led too far into the regions of theory and fancy. But whether we look to the character of our minds, or to the history of our institutions and civilisation, I think it clear that Greek and Latin are the springs from which our scholars must derive their inspiration. Greek men and Greek books are our masters in philosophy: Roman legislation and Roman institutions are the models on which our laws and government have been mainly moulded; and both of these languages have attained to the utmost perfection in poetry, history, and eloquence.

In like manner I have little doubt that the study of some modern languages might, if necessary, go far to serve certain purposes instead of Greek and Latin. For instance, if we were carefully to study the best French writers of prose, and the worst German writers of prose, we might arrive at a tolerable perception of good and bad writing, by seeing both the guides that we should follow, and the beacons that we should avoid. Yet no one would seriously say that any modern language could show us the refinement, the grace, the strength, and the majesty, which belong to the best Greek and Roman authors.

It is an inestimable advantage attending the study of those languages, that while we analyse the noble and beautiful forms into which their diction is cast, we have the opportunity at the same time of studying the wisdom and the beauty of thought with which their works abound, and the force of character which their great men display. It may safely, I think, be asserted, that whatever shortcomings or faults are here and there visible, the highest ideal of a wise or great man, according to the Greek or Roman standard, needs only the rectifying and elevating influence of Christian principles to form a pattern of humanity such as we may safely strive to emulate.

The tone of Greek and Roman literature, so far from becoming obsolete in its application, seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate to the wants of the present day.

The taste for Beauty which is so important an element in human nature, has little provision made for its cultivation at our Universities except in the province of literature. It were most desirable that our students should learn more than they can now do, to appreciate the graces of form, colour, and movement, which are to be found both in Nature and Art. But whether from want of susceptibility, from our being engrossed with weightier studies, or from that *res angusta* which is sometimes a spur and sometimes an impediment, there is little or no means of learning here the sources or the tests of excellence in any of the fine arts; and it is only lately that even in the English Universities an attempt has been made to supply that want by the distinguished man whom you, some time ago, elected unavailingly to the office which I have the honour to hold. It is in literature alone that the sense of beauty can be elicited and cultivated in these academic seats; and no better models of excellence, or canons of criticism, could anywhere be found for the formation of taste in the youthful mind than those which the classics supply.

I think, further, that the general spirit of Greek and Roman literature is much wanted at the present time, as a counterpoise to the commercial or financial tendencies of the age. I am far from depreciating the value of wealth; and, certainly, there are few temporal gifts of more importance to virtue and to happiness, than pecuniary independence. Burns, himself, with all the moderation of his views, and with all his sincere praise of "honest poverty," proclaimed, and in the end of his life too sadly missed, what he terms "the glorious privilege—of being *independent*." And David Hume, a great philosopher in many things, and especially in this, showed his unvarying estimate of the essential importance to every man, and in particular to a literary man, of a sufficient competence, and for many years practised the utmost frugality to attain this object.

To some men, however, whether by accident or by merit, opportunities have lately been given of amassing fortunes, far exceeding in amount anything known or dreamt

of in this country before. I must, at the same time, say that this has been done, almost without exception, in a manner more legitimate and honourable, more free from corrupt or sordid dealings, than the annals of commercial prosperity could at any former period exhibit. I must add, too, that the use made of that wealth by our millionaires has generally been as honourable as its mode of acquisition. Still, there is a risk that the worship of wealth may become too prevalent among us; and there is, and always will be, a large class in the community who are debarred from the possession of much money, and who, from their peculiar position, are even poorer than many who have less means. Men who, by taste or circumstances, are led to devote themselves to scholarship or pure science, are destined, in general, to possess a limited share of this world's goods; and it needs all the dignity and all the enjoyments which literature and philosophy can supply, to enable them to carry an erect front, and to command the respect which their high attainments and beneficial influence entitle them to demand. These men who, with their families, instead of tasting the resources of luxury, must be content with "plain living and high thinking," such as their predecessors in the same path have nobly practised, will find in classical literature the sympathy and support of which they stand in need. With all our appreciation of the merit of men who have acquired fortunes by their industry or talent, we must still abide by that undoubted truth, proclaimed so unequivocally in ancient literature—

> Non possidentem multa vocaveris
> Rectè beatum; rectius occupat
> Nomen beati, qui Deorum
> Muneribus sapienter uti,
> Duramque callet pauperiem pati.

It is well for scholars and men of learning to feel this consolation; and it will be wise in those who are their superiors in wealth or rank to acknowledge its truth also, and to recognise the fact that there are, in a well-constituted society, many aristocracies, and that one of these consists of

the men whose genius and accomplishments can delight and enlighten their fellow-creatures, though they may not pave the way to riches or to grandeur.

Your future destinies in life will be various; and as to some of them I am little competent to give you advice or assistance. I cannot be your guide in science or in philosophy. But, reviewing the relative importance of University studies, I will venture to indicate those that I consider the most practically useful in the walks of actual life with which I am best acquainted. I do not hesitate to say, that the acquirements which are most conducive to success, and which seem indeed to be indispensable to it, are these two —a thorough command of Language, and a mastery of Logic —particularly of Deductive Logic.

Of this last attainment I think the importance and uses are often underrated. The fact is, that, like the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, we are constantly practising logic without knowing it. We may do it inartificially; we may do it inaccurately and illogically; but we are always chopping logic, as if for our daily food. The relation of universals to particulars, which is the essence of logic, can never be forgotten by a reasoning animal like man, and the very use of language brings it into perpetual exercise. Almost all thinking consists in this, that we get hold of some general truth, and then, applying it to a particular example, we arrive at a definite conclusion. It has been said by some writers, that Deductive Logic implies Inductive, and that Induction must precede Deduction. But that is not so in actual life. Our *major propositions*—that is, our general truths or maxims—are not always derived from Induction. Comparatively speaking, this is true of only a small proportion of them. Induction may be the nobler art, but it is more rarely put in exercise. Many men, and especially young men, do not think much about extending their views from particular facts to general truths. They get their general truths from other sources, independently of any Inductive process of their own. All the great practical truths and precepts of religion are dictated to us in their

full-grown generality, and are received as absolutely binding by religious men without any process of Induction. "Thou shalt do no murder:" "Thou shalt not steal:" "Thou shalt not covet:" these are *major* propositions, which descended to us from heaven direct, and which leave us nothing to do but to apply the general prohibition to individual cases as they arise. We see this familiarly illustrated in our usual forms of criminal process, which are conducted commonly on the plan of a Syllogism. Thus, murder is a crime that ought to be punished. You, the accused, have done an act which is murder: therefore you ought to be punished. In like manner the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount, which, unlike most of the Old Testament commandments, are not prohibitory merely, but positive and active,—these are binding on the Christian conscience, as the dictates of infallible Authority. The enactments of human legislation are binding on the subjects who owe allegiance to the legislator, and are expressed in the form of general propositions, which come to be applied to individual cases. All maxims that are received upon high personal credit, or from popular opinion or ancient tradition, are major propositions, which may indeed be tested or examined, but which for the most part are taken for granted, and not inquired into. The sayings of the Seven Sages of Greece were of this description. The Proverbs even of the vulgar pass current, and those of wise men, of course, have all the greater weight from the reputation of their authors. "Wise saws and modern instances" are an exercise of the logical faculties in daily use. "All men are mortal," is a major proposition, which may or might have been got from Induction, but which for ages has been received as indisputable by myriads that never witnessed death. It might be difficult, perhaps, to impress it on the little child so beautifully described by Wordsworth, in his poem of "We are Seven," who could nowise be got to believe that the "two that in the churchyard lie, my sister and my brother," were not to be counted in the number of the family. But a few years soon enable the youngest and the strongest among us to adopt the general belief; though,

indeed, a satirical poet would persuade us that the general maxim does not meet with an unqualified acceptance; for he tells that "All men think all men mortal—*but themselves.*" Again, "Honesty is the best policy" does not strike a very high tone in morals, but it is generally received on credit by most men; though, to be sure, there is the story of a man who could give his word for the truth of it, "as he had tried it both ways." That, indeed, was an example of the discovery of a general truth by induction. But I hope it is not the ordinary way by which that truth has been arrived at.

It has been said that Deductive Logic makes no new discovery, and in a certain sense that is true. The conclusion is in reality wrapt up in the premises, and the logical process merely unfolds and discloses it; but in that sense it *discovers* what had before been covered and kept out of sight.

These processes of deduction are the result of our natural tendencies, and are not of an artificial kind. But we are apt in our haste to jump to wrong conclusions, without sufficiently attending to the steps by which we ought to have proceeded.

The use of Logic as an art is that we are thereby compelled to sift and analyse the general and special propositions with which we have to deal, so as to see that there is no error or mistake anywhere, no equivocation or ambiguity in the essential words used, and thus to become sure that the precise *species facti* falls under the larger proposition on which the proof mainly depends. When by accurate definition and careful discrimination we have secured these requisites, our conclusion is inevitable if our premises are true. Not that these operations are to be thrust upon the notice of our hearers. Here, as elsewhere, *ars est celare artem.* But they will be of infinite value to our own minds, particularly by teaching us to acquire the power of analytical clearness. I may wind up these observations by saying, that *theoretical* wisdom seems to consist in our knowing as many as possible of the important maxims or major pro-

positions that have been discovered in the world's history; and *practical* wisdom, in the skill with which we apply these to the individual situations and emergencies which we encounter in the conduct of life.

The acquisition of a complete mastery of language is the other important requisite to which I referred. This subject is one intimately connected with University studies, and at the same time has bearings upon practical life of the most important kind. It is a duty which ought to be felt by all men of high education, and more particularly by those destined for the liberal professions, to acquire and cultivate the power of expressing their thoughts in clear and unambiguous language. It is needless to tell you how great a part has been played by the power of language in the affairs of life, and even in the events of public history; though it is probable that mere eloquence has not now the influence which it once wielded. It is desirable that our style, whether of writing or of speaking, should be correct, should be elegant, should be forcible. But the quality necessary above all others is that it should be clear. It may seem superfluous to announce a precept upon this matter, but its enforcement is urgently needed, as the neglect of it is lamentably prevalent; and the evil consequences of that neglect are almost incalculably great.

It has long been seen that a large proportion of the disputes that exist in philosophy and theology proceed from a want of agreement among men as to the language they employ. But the mischief is not confined to matters of theoretical controversy. The contracts that we enter into are vitiated by the same fault, and hence a fertile field of strife and dispute is opened up. Still worse effects are produced by the obscure or ambiguous language in which men's wills or the settlements of their property are expressed; and it cannot be doubted that from this cause innumerable cases have occurred where parties have been cruelly deprived of rights intended by testators to be conferred on them, not only where deceased persons had made their own wills, which no one should ever do, but where those deeds have

been framed by others, whose profession it was to express clearly what they were employed to reduce to writing.

Nor is this great evil confined to private rights; our legislation is tainted with the same tendency to a fearful extent. Scarcely an Act of Parliament is passed, that is not found, as soon as it comes into operation, to abound with obscurities and ambiguities, which it is scarcely possible to clear up, or which are only interpreted by means of expensive and dilatory proceedings, and at the risk of rendering ridiculous both the law and the Legislature. If we were to discount the lawsuits and disappointments of fair expectations, that have arisen from obscure and ambiguous clauses in deeds and documents, and especially in wills and statutes, our law reports would be reduced to a much smaller bulk than they now exhibit; and there would be far less heart-burning and resentment against the administration of justice.

It is an alarming fact that this neglect or violation of the duty of clear expression seems lately to have been carried into the region of diplomacy. It has almost been openly avowed, as to some late negotiations, that language was made use of in treaties that was purposely chosen as being ambiguous, in order to bring about an apparent agreement on controverted matters where there was no real unity of intention. Language, it has been said, was for this purpose used that was "less accurate' than it should have been; which plainly implies that the true difficulty to be solved was not fairly faced, but that the dispute was adjourned to a future day, when the treaty should come to be carried into execution. I trust that there is some mistake as to this matter, and I am certain that such an intention cannot have been general among our negotiators. It cannot be doubted that such a mode of proceeding is vicious and unsound. It may have been sometimes resorted to by opposing attorneys, who wanted to patch up the semblance of an agreement anyhow, and who had no objection to a subsequent litigation as to the meaning of the equivocal language adopted. But the device is unworthy

of a great nation. It is disingenuous in itself, and it is not a safe or prudent practice, for it is a general rule that all ambiguous language is to be construed against the party who proposes the use of it; and indeed it is quite fair that any one who propounds ambiguous language in a contract, in order to gain the assent of the other contracting party, shall be held to that construction of his words which is most favourable to the opponent whom he has thus attempted to influence.

The art of speaking or writing clearly is not one that can be acquired without great care and pains. It presupposes much previous thought and meditation, and constant circumspection as to the weight, bearing, and arrangement of the words employed. The foundation of it is to be laid in *clear thinking;* for it is hopeless to expect unambiguous expression if our ideas are hazy or confused. Next after clear thinking comes *plain speaking,* which implies the exclusion of all vague or doubtful phrases, and the selection of those words and expressions which are the most precise and proper to convey to others what we think ourselves.

It has been said by some eminent satirists of human nature that language was intended to conceal our thoughts. I should prefer to adopt another view that has been suggested—namely, that language has a threefold use: first, to *express* our thoughts; second, to *conceal* our thoughts; and third, to conceal the fact that we have *no* thoughts; and I am inclined to think that the last of these uses is as often put in exercise as either of the others. This mode of employing language is a very old invention; it was the great resource of the ancient oracles, who, when consulted as to a future event, contrived generally to disguise their ignorance by using language that would accommodate itself to either result.

> Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
> Æacidas the Romans will subdue.

This response shows some ingenuity in evading the tendency of the Latin language to distinguish the nominative

from the accusative case, for by the form of the sentence in the use of "Aio," both the subject and the object are made accusatives. Such prophets belonged to that class of "juggling fiends" whom Macbeth denounces—

> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope.

The *rationale* of their power of deception seems to have been this, that credulous and sanguine men are apt to believe any indistinct utterances, in the sense most agreeable to their own wishes, according to the proverb, "As the fool thinks the bell clinks," and it is only after the event that they discover the original ambiguity. This concealment of the absence of thought or knowledge is often, I have no doubt, involuntary rather than intentional. Many men do not know or do not realise the inaccuracy or imperfection of their own ideas on certain subjects, and this mistake is specially apt to befall those who have by nature a great command of fluent language. I was once asked by a lady why a mutual friend had not succeeded at the bar, considering that he possessed such fluency of speech. My answer was, that that was the very reason of his want of success. He was able to speak to any extent, upon any subject, whether he understood it or not; and that fault, when found out, was fatal to him. Every man, therefore, that has in this sense "the gift of the gab" ought to be specially on his guard, so as to be sure that he thoroughly knows what he means on any matter on which he has to speak or write, and that he is not the dupe of his own facility or fertility of expression. An abundance of words is apt to run into mere circumlocution, which goes round about the subject, but never fairly grapples with it. A superfluity of foliage conceals not only any fruit that the tree may have, but even the fact that it has no fruit at all.

As a requisite of plain speaking, it is further necessary, in regard to matters which require plain expression, that there should be as little use as possible of metaphorical

language. Figures of speech are out of place when we are dealing with business. Butler's hero, Hudibras, had this vicious tendency among others; for besides his disposition to a Babylonish dialect, natural to his school of metaphysical divinity, it is said that

> For rhetoric, he could not ope
> His mouth but out there flew a *trope*.

Nothing is more effective than the judicious use of metaphorical illustration when the matter in hand is already well defined and unmistakably understood, and when all that is wanted is to enforce, or add incentives to adopt, what is sought to be advocated. But the first thing is to lay down and explain precisely the true matter at issue; and there is no other way but "plain speaking," by which the speaker or the hearer can be certain that they know what they are about. Some languages, such as the Persian, at least as employed by certain writers, seem incapable of saying anything in a plain way. But this Asiatic eloquence is not suitable to the genius of the English language or of the English people. When a Persian story-teller, like the author of the *Lights of Canopus*, wishes to tell that some one prosecuted his object with energy and success, he would say, "He put the foot of determination into the stirrup of despatch, and spurred on the steed of his resolution to the goal of accomplishment." Wishing to praise the utility of Silence, that fabulist says: "As long as the door of the casket of speech is fastened with the bolt of silence, and the seal of taciturnity is placed on the lid of the repertory of discourse, all the sweet herbs in the garden of life grow safely, and the young tree of existence yields all the fruit of security and enjoyment; but when the rosebud of eloquence unfolds its smiles, and the nightingale of oratory begins to warble, one cannot be safe," etc. Sometimes such frippery, though silly and ridiculous, is intelligible enough. But when the writer comes to abstruser matters, he wraps up the *kernel* of his meaning in the *husks* of his verbosity, so that no one can find out what he is after.

We are told that we are probably on the eve of a system of codification as to our laws. If this be so, it will be of the utmost importance that the task should be performed with the greatest care and skill in reference to the important considerations of which I have now been treating. Otherwise, the publication of a Code will be the signal for an endless series of litigations as to the true meaning of our new laws. It is fortunate that we now have at the head of the law a man of first-rate talents, accomplishments, and learning in his profession whose name is well known in this place, and whose services, I trust, in one position or another, will long be available to his country. The skill and accuracy of one so able and conscientious, aided by the co-operation of other distinguished jurists, may save us from the evils to which crude or hasty legislation in this matter would inevitably expose us.

I ought, in conclusion, to add, that whatever skill you may possess in language or logic, or anything else, it will avail you little, even for secular success, if you are not animated and guided by high moral principles, based upon the Christian Scriptures, and illustrated and enforced by the best ethical teachers of ancient and modern times.

These, gentlemen, are the somewhat desultory observations that have occurred to me to address to you at this time. They have been put together during the limited leisure allowed by an official life, and they savour perhaps too much of professional tendencies. They need, therefore, all the indulgence that you can give them. I shall rejoice if now or at any future time they are of any service to you in your career of study, or at your entrance into the world; and thanking you for the kindness with which you have listened to me, I have now to bid you farewell for the present, and to wish you health and strength to carry on your studies, and every success that can attend the prosecution of them.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

Rector from 1874 to 1877

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

FIRST ADDRESS

THE STUDY OF GREATNESS

(*Delivered on March* 31, 1875)

When, twenty years ago, I first explored thoroughly the historic scenes of St. Andrews, under the guidance of the distinguished Principal of St. Mary's College, I well remember how he brought me into this ancient library, and pointed out the inscription over our heads—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων—

and told the story, familiar, I doubt not, to each successive generation of this place—how Lord Campbell, when a student of St. Andrews, was fired by its winged words, with the early ambition of winning in the race of life the first post in his profession, which he ultimately achieved by becoming Lord High Chancellor of England.

No doubt the Homeric line, if literally rendered, as by its most recent translator—

> To aim at highest honours, and surpass
> My comrades all—

contains the ordinary principle of hard-headed emulation and nothing more. But it is one of the many instances in which the spirit of a great poet, and, we may add, of a great language, breathes a far wider sense than the dry letter of a verbal translation can give.

In this impression of the whole passage I am confirmed by an interesting anecdote which I have been told of another Scotsman, more eminent than Lord Campbell. You will remember that pathetic epoch in the closing years of Walter

Scott—which has been so well described by my dear friend Principal Shairp—when, on the eve of quitting his native air for Italy, he received at Abbotsford the renowned poet of the English Lakes, who was to immortalise those days in the finest piece of his noble lyrical trilogy — *Yarrow Revisited.* On that occasion William Wordsworth brought with him a youthful kinsman—then quite unconscious of his future close connection with Scotland and St. Andrews, —who, with all the ardour of an Oxford scholar, attempted to draw from his illustrious host the expression of an opinion regarding a new translation of Homer (that of Sotheby) which had just appeared. The old bard listened with his usual gracious condescension to the young Oxonian, and replied, "I have not seen it. Pope's *Iliad* is good enough for me. I am no Grecian, but I cannot conceive anything better than Pope's rendering of the advice given to Glaucus." And then he repeated, with all the fervour of one who grasped, both in text and context, the full meaning at once of the ancient and modern poet—

> To stand the first in worth as in command;
> To add new honours to my native land;
> Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
> And emulate the glories of our race.

That is the meaning which I propose to read in or beneath the motto of this library. Not merely the advantage of a hot competition for the prizes of fortune, but the advantage, the wisdom, especially in education, of admiring and appreciating that which transcends the ordinary course of life—that which is intended in the Apostolic precept by the word which we imperfectly render "honest" — *ὅσα σεμνὰ*—"whatsoever things are grand, majestic, awful, venerable." In all ages, but not least in this age of an equality which, together with its noble, has also its ignoble aspect; of a mediocrity which, no doubt, has its golden but also its leaden side, it is the function alike of teachers and taught to have their minds fixed not only on what is useful, sound, wise, and good, but on what is *great,* in institutions, in men, in books, in ideas, and in actions.

I. We are familiar with the inspiring force inherent in the consciousness of belonging to a great country or a great family. No doubt the smallest country, the humblest birth, can be transfigured by the character of those who adorn them. But the reverse is also true—that the least and humblest of individuals can be transfigured by the grandeur of the associations which he inherits. And if perchance the strength of the individual character and of the position which is occupied coincide, a combination is produced which at once comes up to the ideal described by Homer. In the case of national grandeur, I need hardly recall to Scotsmen the force which the best traditions of the Scottish people breathed into characters like those of the Cameronian regiment, who prayed as they fought, and fought as they prayed; who might be slain, never conquered; "ready, wherever their duty or their religion called them, with undaunted spirit and with great vivacity of mind, to encounter hardships, attempt great enterprises, despise dangers, and bravely rush to death or victory"; or again, like those of the settlers in Darien, whom Wesley found "in sobriety, industry, frugality, patience, in sincerity and openness of behaviour, in justice, and mercy of all kinds, not content with exemplary kindness and friendship to one another, but extending it to the utmost of their ability to every stranger that came within their gates."[1] Or, for the similar effects of ancestral greatness, if I turn southwards, let it be to an example familiar to many in this place. Had it been the fortune of this University to have selected my rival, if I may so call him, for the honourable office which I hold, and had any of you in consequence wandered as far as his princely domain in Hertfordshire, you would have there seen how truly the inheritor of the famous name of Cecil and of the historic halls of Hatfield has learned to "emulate the glories of his race," and fill worthily a place in itself great. This same transforming influence, which we thus acknowledge with regard to a great country and a great family, we ought also to foster in regard to institutions.

[1] *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, pp. 82, 136.

How often is an individual inspired with new motives, new powers, a new nature, by some high office which calls forth faculties of which those around him and he himself were ignorant! How closely are both the stability and the progress of our nation involved in the continuance of complex elements of a constitution which, once lost, cannot be restored, and which in other countries have been impatiently cast away. It is this which gives to such institutions at once their conservative and their regenerative force—conservative, because they act as the bulwark, the framework of the commonwealth—regenerative because they contain within themselves sources of fresh life, which it would be vain to seek elsewhere. The due appreciation of this double aspect combines what is best in both parties in the State. It is the glory of education to inspire, on the one hand, reverential resolve to hand on national heirlooms unimpaired to the coming age. The love for posterity, on which one of the most eminent of my predecessors in this office so forcibly dwelt in his place in Parliament, combines with the love of antiquity to cherish all the links of "natural piety" which bind the past to the future. But the very same cultivation ought, on the other hand, to kindle the burning desire to correct, to enlarge, to complete that which can only by such constant development maintain their inherent strength. Well did the lamented Arthur Helps insist, in each province or department of the body politic, on the value of the race—he would not call them by the aspiring name of "reformers," but by the more modest, though equally efficacious, name of "improvers." And the same result is equally brought out by the essentially paltry character of the reverse policy. It is equally removed from wise statesmanship, lofty patriotism, and true philosophy, to live in the presence of a great institution and be, on the one side, so little moved by it as to sit with folded hands, caring nothing for its fame or its usefulness—or, on the other side, to desire its destruction, not in the heroic frenzy of the religious reformers of the sixteenth, or of the philosophic enthusiasts of the eighteenth century, in the hope of

building something grander on its ruins, but for the mere sake of destruction, or worse still, for the sake of raising a war-cry, or rallying a broken party, or meeting the supposed exigencies of the passing hour, whether in Church or State, whether in education or politics.

Thus much we feel instinctively on the large scale of history. But we feel it also when exemplified in more familiar instances. And here I may be excused if, for a few moments, I fix your attention on the elements of greatness, and the lessons supplied by them, in the most obvious example—our own University of St. Andrews.

I have said that it is an obvious example; but in fact it is the more impressive because in some respects it is not obvious. The University of St. Andrews is not—as some measure greatness—a great University. It is indeed the smallest of all, in numbers, in influence, and in wealth. But in some of the elements of real grandeur it stands the first of the Universities of Scotland—amongst the first of the historic localities of Great Britain. Look at its natural features, which, unlike those of the English Universities, contain from the very beginning the germ of its subsequent fortunes. It is the eastern Land's End of Scotland, the counterpart of the romantic seat of the ancient British Primacy, the Western sanctuary of the Welsh St. David. Figure it to yourselves as we trace it in its earlier nomenclature, when Magus Moor was a still wild morass, when this promontory was still the Muck Ross—the "headland" of the fierce "wild boar" whose gigantic tusks were long hung over the altar of the cathedral. Look at the encircling rocks, the sandy beach, where the founders of your early civilisation stood at bay against the warriors who, hardly less fierce than the boars and wolves, came pouring down from the inland hills. Explore the caverns of the beetling cliffs, into which, according to the fine old legend, the bones of St. Andrew, first called of the Apostles, came drifting, without oar or sail, from the shores of Achaia, the type of the silent process by which Christian piety and Grecian culture were to penetrate at last into these rugged coasts and illuminate

these northern skies. In the rude outline of the chapel of Our Lady of the Rock we trace the last stand which the old Culdee worship, without development, without order, made in its latest struggle against the giant aftergrowth of mediæval civilisation which overshadowed and overwhelmed it. In that group of antique edifices, the Cell, the sanctuary of the Royal Mount (Kil-ry-Mont), unrivalled in the British Islands, save on the Rock of Cashel, thus concentrating in one focus on this extremity of Fife the successive stages of Northern ecclesiastical polity, we see the shifting of the pole of the religious and national life of the Scottish kingdom from the islands of the Celtic West to the shores of the Norse and German Ocean; transferring the stone of Fate from Dunstaffnage to the mound of Destiny at Scone, diverting the regal sepulchres from the wild graveyard of Iona to the Royal Abbey of Dunfermline, and transforming the wandering mission of the Irish outlaw Columba into the settled hierarchy of the Anglo-Norman Church of Margaret and David. Then comes that thrilling scene which the victorious Scotsman must ever recall with pride, and which even the vanquished Englishman must regard with admiration, when Robert Bruce came, with all the nobles of a restored and emancipated Scotland, to the consecration of the great Cathedral as the trophy and memorial of the triumph of Bannockburn, in which the patron saint of Scotland was supposed to have borne so conspicuous a part. Inevitably out of that union of religious and national freedom it came to pass that the Cross of St. Andrew, which, after all the storms of nature and of man, still remains sculptured on your mouldering walls, passed into the Royal banner of Scotland. Irresistibly, also, did the Primacy of St. Andrews, at last bursting the yoke which had hitherto placed the Church of Scotland under the foreign dominion of the aspiring Prelates of Canterbury or York, become itself a pledge and badge of the independence of the nation. And then by that instinct, ineradicable alike in the darkest and the most enlightened ages, of the natural union between religion and science, between liberty and learning, there

sprang up under the shadow of the Metropolitan Cathedral, in the freed Church of the freed kingdom of Scotland, the earliest of Scottish Universities. Well might the clergy of Scotland and the citizens of St. Andrews celebrate, even with boisterous mirth of pipe and dance, the day on which Henry Ogilvy brought from Rome the Papal Bull which was to establish the first native home of Scottish education. The peculiar prerogative of the Roman see which, in that period, could alone grant this privilege, has now lost its vigour in every part of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike. The Pope who granted the Bull has fallen under the anathema of his own Church, and his place knows him no more. But the University which Benedict XIII. founded still lived on, and became henceforth the centre of a new life amidst the schisms of a divided Papacy and the decay of a falling hierarchy.

Nowhere in the whole of Europe was the battle between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future fought out in closer quarters, or with more terrible tenacity, than when the new learning entrenched itself as in a fortress in the College of St. Leonard, and the old learning in that of St. Salvator; when the Cardinal in his pride of place looked down on the suffering Reformer beneath; when stern fanaticism struck those successive blows which slew one primate in his seagirt castle, and the other, long afterwards, on the lonely moor. Nowhere did the rulers of a University play so mighty a part in the history of their country as Buchanan, and Melville, and Rutherford, who, from their chairs as principals and rectors, framed the new polity of Scotland—nowhere, out of Wittenberg, did academic students receive more heart-stirring counsel than those whom in his old age Knox drew to his side, and told them in language as much needed now as then, "to use their time well—to know God and His work in their country—to stand by the good cause, and to follow the good examples and good instructions of their masters."

I need not follow your history downwards to our own time. It is enough to have indicated thus briefly how

various and how continuous has been the course of the religious and intellectual life of Scotland in this corner of the kingdom, from St. Rule, the anchorite, in his wave-beaten cavern, to Chalmers and Ferrier, Brewster and Forbes, teaching the latest results of theological and philosophical research. Other sacred and historic localities of your country have been long ago deserted by the stream of events. The White House of Ninian lies a stranded relic on the shores of Galloway. For nearly a thousand years the holy island of Iona has ceased to be "the luminary of the Caledonian regions." But this temple, as of another Minerva, planted as on another storm-vexed Cape of Sunium—this secluded sanctuary of ancient wisdom—with the foamflakes of the Northern Ocean driving through its streets, with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms into the sky—still carries on the tradition of its first beginnings. Two voices sound through it—"One is of the sea, one of the cathedral"—"each a mighty voice;" two inner corresponding voices also, which, in any institution that has endured and deserves to endure, must be heard in unison—the voice of a potent past, and the voice of an invigorating future. It is the boast on the gravestone of old John Wynram, who lies buried in the grass-grown cemetery of St. Leonards, that through all the storms of the Reformation, "*conversis rebus*," "under the ruins of a world turned upside down," he had remained the sub-prior of St. Andrews. That same boast may still, in a nobler and wider sense than those words were used of that stubborn or pliant ecclesiastic, belong to the local genius of St. Andrews, that through all the manifold changes of the Scottish Church—Culdee, Catholic, Protestant, Episcopalian, Presbyterian—its spiritual identity has never been altogether broken, its historical grandeur never wholly forfeited.

Doubtless, this inheritance imposes on St. Andrews, as on all ancient establishments, a corresponding duty. Doubtless, as in old days at Oxford, the colleges were exhorted to reinforce their resources by seeking out intellectual alliances even "in Greece or Italy beyond the Po,"

so it is the policy and privilege of St. Andrews to welcome every new growth of knowledge or power, even though it comes from beyond the waters of the Tay, or of the Tweed. Doubtless, numbers and wealth and activity, no less than splendid memories, are elements of academic grandeur, and the swarming multitudes of a vast city are in a certain sense, as has been truly said, "great as with the sublimity of sea or of mountains." Yet still the greatness of the greatest commercial cities is variable, transitory, and, if lost, to be regained elsewhere; but the inspiring atmosphere of a long academic past is a national treasure which cannot be abandoned and recalled at will. The hoary hairs of an institution which reaches back for centuries are a crown of glory, which, amidst whatever infirmities, gives it at least one form of that pre-eminence—that exaltation above its fellows—which the Homeric verse describes.

Forgive me if I have dwelt at too great length on this example of a majestic and venerable foundation, in consideration of my grateful sense, not only of the honour you have done me in electing me as its Rector, but also of the delightful hours and days passed amidst its solemn ruins, and the roar of its winds and waves, and the stores of its ancient learning, and the genial converse of its living inmates. Forgive me, also, if I venture to say how it would be altogether without excuse if, among those who dwell amidst such influences, the taste for the poetic, historic aspect of human thought—above all, for the poetry and the history of your own romantic country—should languish and pine; if I urge that in such touching and refining appeals, as are here supplied to the tragedy, the epic of human life, is to be found perhaps the natural counterpoise to the hardening struggles and fierce competitions of this stirring and striving generation.

II. I turn from the effect of greatness as embodied in institutions, to greatness as embodied in men, in ideas, in books. No one can question the importance to the education of young men, or, indeed, of any men, to have before their eyes the example, to have inspired into their souls

the influence, of characters or intellects that "stand the first in worth as in command." To have known, to have been guided by any such, is indeed one of the most precious of human opportunities; to have, for once in our lives, been penetrated by the awe, the thrill, the delight of sitting at the feet of one whom we instinctively felt to be a great man, in the historical sense of the word, is amongst the rare experiences which the ordinary daily conflicts of humanity in their constant attrition confirm rather than diminish. We know instinctively the characteristics of such pre-eminence, wherever we recognise, singly or combined, large-ness of mind, or strength of character, or firmness of will, or fire of genius, there is a born leader. Such an one we ought to be prepared to hear even before he begins to speak. It is for the most part not he, but we, who are to blame if we fail to understand him. Whenever such a superior intelligence approves, either in teacher or scholar, we have our reward, though all meaner minds turn away from us. "I looked around my audience," said the old Grecian orator, "and they had dwindled away almost to nothing—one only remained. But that one was Plato, and this was enough for me." The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands of the moral world. They diversify its monotony, they furnish the watershed of its history as certainly as the Grampians, or the Alps, or the Andes tower over the lowlands and fertilise the plains and divide the basins of the world of nature. They are the "full-welling fountain-heads of change," as well as the serene heights of repose. To be blind to this superiority, to be indifferent to these eminences, to think only of their defects, or their angularities, is as depressing to the in-tellectual sense of beauty and worth as was that strange unconsciousness of physical grandeur which, in the last century, caused Oliver Goldsmith to prefer the continuous plain of Holland to the hills and rocks of which he com-plained as intercepting by their deformities the view of the unfortunate traveller in Scotland. To appreciate the glories of Shakspeare, or Newton, or Luther, or Wellington—to

discriminate between the nobler materials of such natures as these, and the poorer stuff of which common mortals are composed,—is as bracing to the moral and intellectual nerves as the newly-awakened enjoyment of Ben Nevis or of Mont Blanc is to the opening minds and active limbs of our latest born generation.

It falls to the lot only of a few to have an actual experience of living historical greatness. But it is the delight of a University, of a library, of education, of study, that we may thus be brought into direct intercourse with the great characters of the past; and it is a most useful corrective to confront the subtle speculations of our own brains with the great books which permit us to hold communion with the mighty dead, even more closely than had we been their contemporaries. "Surely," once exclaimed Sir John Herschel, "if the worst of men were snatched into Paradise for only half-an-hour, he would come back the better for it." "Surely," may we not say, in a lesser degree, if, like Thomas the Rhymer, we were snatched away,—as we are in the brighter moments of our intellectual pursuits,—into the fairyland of the poets of old, or like Dante in his vision, into those Elysian Fields, where we behold "the Kings of those who know," and converse with those "who saw life steadily and saw it whole," we rise insensibly above ourselves, and "prop our souls in these bad times" with an unfailing support. Be sure that the study of the most famous authors, even in minute detail—even line by line and word by word—is amongst the most nourishing of intellectual repasts. Be sure that the attempt to clothe the dry bones of philosophic theories with the flesh and blood which they wore in other days is the best mode of understanding both the difference and the likeness of ancient and of modern times. Remember the pregnant saying of Goethe—"There are many echoes in the world but few voices,"—and let it be your constant effort to distinguish the voices from the echoes, and to respond accordingly. Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world, and the little books may be left

to take care of themselves, and the trivial incidents of passing politics; and diplomacy may perish with the using. Bear in mind that in every branch of knowledge—scientific, or literary, or artistic—the first question to be asked is, Who is it that in that branch stands confessedly at the head? What is its chief oracle? Who is the ruling genius, head and shoulders above the rest? It is the master-works of the respective department of study which are, as it were, the Canonical, the Symbolical books of science and literature, established beyond appeal by their own intrinsic merits, and by the universal acceptance of mankind.

Above all, endeavour to grasp the distinction between the great primary ideas and the small secondary ideas which jostle each other in the turmoil of thought. Remember that those ideas which reach far and wide, and which can be expressed in terms plain, intelligible, persuasive, to all educated men, claim at once a superiority above the technicalities of controversial or professional circles. We do not say that this largeness of thought and of language is a necessary test of truth. It may be that fine philosophic or poetic inspirations have come into the world wrapt in the swaddling-clothes of an enigma, or in the obscure corner of a sect. No doubt there is a racy flavour inherent in the words and in the ideas of each particular country—no doubt there are local institutions which cannot be transplanted to other regions without perishing. But, as a general rule, it is one of the best safeguards against narrow, impracticable, fantastic doctrines to test them by contrast and comparison with the lofty thoughts which belong to the literature of all times and all countries. There is much in the insularities of England and of Anglicanism which we do well to keep, even though we can never expect our neighbours in France or Germany, or even in Scotland, to accept them. There are many Scoticisms of dialect, of humour, and of argument which (reversing the saying of Sydney Smith) it would require a surgical operation to get into the head of an Englishman. But in order for our ideas to claim the character of uni-

versal principles and to demand universal acceptance, they must have a universal significance and a universal application; and therefore to maintain for any doctrines that they cannot be appreciated outside our own communion or nation—that they are incomprehensible to the unintelligent or unregenerate natures which have their habitation, north or south of the Tweed, as the case may be, is to relinquish for such doctrines all hope of permanent triumph. Be sure that ideas which can only be expressed in the local slang or the dogmatic cant of a province, or a party, or a school, or a sect, are ideas, perhaps of the second and third, but certainly not of the first, order of truth. Be sure that if they refuse to be conveyed except in one single form of expression, that single form of expression stands self-condemned, as well as the ideas which it represents. Be sure that the language of world-wide literature is the only fitting garb for those eternal and primary principles of which the Grecian poet has said, in words which one of your own Professors has well rendered, that "they have their foundation on high—all-embracing like their parent Heaven—neither did mortal infirmity preside over their birth, nor shall forgetfulness ever lay them to sleep. There is in them a great divinity that grows not old."[1]

III. There is one special sphere to which in this University, where so large a proportion of the students are destined for the sacred ministry of the Church, these remarks are specially applicable. Nowhere in education is the contemplation of greatness more fruitful of profitable lessons, more useful as a safeguard against popular errors, than in theology. It has been one of the main causes of the barrenness of Christian theology, as compared with the richness of the Christian religion, that the intellectual oracles of the Church have been too often looked for, not in those who, by God's peculiar grace, have been fitted "to stand the first in worth as in command," but in those who, by imperfect culture or meagre endowments, are entitled only to a very inferior place in the school

[1] *Œdipus Tyrannus*, 865. (See Professor Campbell's edition, p. 186.)

of divine philosophy. Never was there sounder advice given to theological students than by one whose eminence, both as a theologian and as a man, enabled him to speak with a weight which time has only increased :—"I would ask the theological student never to lay aside the greatest works of human genius, of whatever age or country. They are not so numerous as to overwhelm him; and whatever be his particular studies, some of them, whether philosophers, poets, or historians, should always be on his table and daily in his hand, till his mind, catching a portion of their excellence, is able to work with tenfold power on whatever subjects he may submit to it. And if for those great instructors he be content to leave unopened many of the volumes which are now thought so essential to theological learning, let him not be afraid of the results of the exchange. Always supposing as the foundation a constant, critical, and devout study of the Scriptures themselves, and the use of those philological and antiquarian works which are essential, and alone essential, to the understanding of them, he will find that in the comparison of human works, both spiritually and intellectually, the works of the greatest minds will be most useful to him—that he may be well content to be ignorant even of Bull and Pearson, if he is thus enabled to become more intimately familiar with Bacon and Aristotle." [1]

And when Arnold, speaking to English students, drew this contrast between the professed theologians of his own church and the universal teachers of all Churches, he would not have refused to Scottish students in their lighter hours to vary the somewhat arid and thorny discussions in which at times the theology of Scotland has been absorbed, by recurrence to those perennial springs of instruction which, on another occasion, I ventured to place in the first ranks of Scottish theology—the wise humour, the sagacious penetration, the tender pathos of Robert Burns; the far-seeing toleration, the profound reverence, the critical insight into

[1] Arnold's *Sermons*, vol. iii., Preface, p. xxiii. I would commend the study of the whole essay.

the various shades of religious thought and feeling, the moderation which "turns to scorn the falsehood of extremes," the lofty sense of Christian honour, purity, and justice, that breathes through every volume of the romances of Walter Scott. You will not suppose that, in thus commending the great works of secular genius, I forget that neither in the secular nor the ecclesiastical sphere is mental power a guarantee for moral strength. I fully grant that Bacon may have been—though his latest biographer doubts it—not only "the wisest and brightest," but "the meanest of mankind;" or that Burns, by his miserable weakness, was, as none knew better than himself, a beacon of melancholy warning, no less than of blazing light, to the youth of Scotland. You will not misunderstand me as if for the Christian minister, or indeed for the Christian man, I were exalting the intellectual above the spiritual and moral sphere. That has a grandeur of its own, on which, were this the time or place to speak, it would be easy to enlarge. Samuel Rutherford, who proudly said on his deathbed that "in a few days more he should be where few kings and great folk come," and whose bones sanctify with a new consecration the Cathedral churchyard where he lies amongst you—Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, who rests on the opposite promontory within sight of your towers, and with whom even a brief converse was, for the moment, to have one's conversation in heaven—these are memories of another kind, and strains of a higher mood, on which I cannot now more than touch. You will perceive that what I am urging is the necessity, the duty, the privilege of reserving our intellectual submission and veneration for the greater and not the lesser lights that God has placed in the intellectual firmament.

This, and this only, is the solution of the much-vexed question of authority. We are told, and truly told, that authority is needed for the guidance of the human spirit—for that mass of mankind that require not to lead, but to be led. But what authority? Is it the official authority of Popes, Councils, Bishops, Presbyters, Presbyteries?—is it

the prescriptive authority of Fathers, or Reformers, or authors of Confessions and Catechisms, and long chains of authorised commentators? These all no doubt claim a certain deference according to their legal or historical weight. But the true, reasonable, and sufficient allegiance of the mind and intellect is due only to those far higher authorities which the world acknowledges without dispute, because their potent word carries its own conviction with it—because their "vision and faculty divine" has seen what none others have seen—because their keen penetration and deep research have explored what none others have explored. Even in that Church which proclaims most loudly the theory of submission to official authority, that theory is often abandoned in practice almost as completely as if it had never been asserted. Not only has it of late been put forward by a famous divine of that Church that the authority of the Pope himself must be controlled by the verifying faculty of conscience and private judgment, but in the long course of its eventful history it is not the Bishops of Rome that have been the real oracles of the Catholic or even of the Roman Church. In the whole range of the Papal succession there is not one who can find a place amongst the luminaries of all time—or to whom, however powerful in maintaining the privileges of his order, we can ascribe the solution of any of the wider and deeper problems which have occupied the attention of mankind. The guiding spirits of the Early and of the Middle Ages were theologians of obscure sees, or students with no ecclesiastical rank; not an Innocent, or a Gregory, or a Pius, but Augustine, the pastor of a small African diocese; and Jerome, a secluded scholar in Palestine; and Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican professor of Naples, and Thomas à Kempis, an unknown canon in an almost unknown town of Germany. Even in the School of Theology, as represented in the frescoes of the Vatican, there is no single prelate or doctor whose voice reaches from pole to pole with anything like the same universal power as that of the great lay poet of the *Divine Comedy*, whom Raphael by a touch of genius, as just as it

was bold, has there introduced amongst them. It is indeed true that the high offices of Church and State may help to moderate the passions of their occupants, and to fill even ordinary men with a force beyond themselves. But still the voice which touches the heart and consciences of men with a really persuasive and constraining authority is not that which speaks *ex cathedrâ*, but that which speaks from the far higher inspiration of personal gifts, of a heaven-sent grace or wisdom. We are not left in ignorance or uncertainty where to seek for such utterances. The concurrent voice of the civilised world has, for the most part, already pointed them out and accepted them.

And this same principle of natural selection applies to the Bible itself. The whole of Christendom yields to its authority, not only because it is the most sacred of all sacred oracles, but because it is the greatest of all great books. It won its way to its exalted place by no decree of Council, Pope, or Patriarch, but by the instinctive reverence for those internal claims which are set forth in the Confession of the Faith of the Church of Scotland, with a clearness surpassing by a long way any like description of the Scriptures in any other confession, Greek, Roman, or Protestant. "Amongst the arguments whereby the Bible doth abundantly evidence itself to be the word of God are the heavenliness of the matter, the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole." You will observe that these "incomparable excellences," these signs of authority, all turn on the intrinsic evidence of moral and intellectual greatness; and amongst them one conspicuous and pervasive element is that "majesty of style" which gives to the leading passages of the Bible a perpetuity and bloom of youth when so many of the inferior products of humanity have grown old and vanished away. It is because the study of the Scriptures cultivates in the popular mind this sense of true dignity and grace, this "holy hope and high humility," that even from a purely mental point of view it is so invaluable an instrument in popular education. Where this sense exists or is

formed, there the mind overlooks and is proof against those grotesque extravagances, those little trivialities of form and speech, which have often disfigured the most zealous faith. The majesty of the Bible will touch hearts which even its holiness cannot move, and will awe minds which no argument can convince. The early chapters of Genesis contain many things at which the man of science may stumble; but none will question their unapproachable sublimity. The Book of Isaiah may furnish endless matter for the critic; but the more fastidious he is, the more freely will he acknowledge its magnificence of thought and diction. The authorship of the Four Gospels may be defended, attacked, and analysed interminably; but the whole world bows down before the grandeur of the Eight Beatitudes, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the Farewell Discourses, and the story of Gethsemane and Calvary.

Such an appreciation of the magnitude of the Bible will be alike instructive, both in comparison with other books and in comparing the different parts of its own contents. We shall thus learn to treat calmly its relation to the gifted or venerated authors of other times, because we shall rest assured that whatever is truly great in them may be welcomed by us as part of the same Divine Truth, which has appeared in a like, albeit a loftier, form in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. We shall thus appreciate the importance of that doctrine of proportion which is as necessary in sacred as it is in secular studies, and shall feel that one of the main duties of those scribes who have to "bring out of the treasure-house things new and old," great and small, is to have an eye exercised to discern between truths which are accidental secondary and temporary, and truths which are essential primary and eternal. We shall thus distinguish statements which belong to the passing argument and external imagery of the sacred writer from statements which are, as our forefathers used to say (though it may be with a somewhat different meaning), "the sum and substance of saving doctrine." We shall welcome without fear the keenest dissection, and freest

handling of the form construction and derivation of the letter, whether of the Scripture or of Confessions of Faith, if we are convinced that the true "supernatural" is the inner spiritual life, which remains after criticism has done its best and its worst, and of which foes and friends may alike confess that

> We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence—
> For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
> And our vain blows malicious mockery.

IV. It will not be thought unsuitable if, from this wide survey and from these high subjects, I come round again to yourselves, and speak of one more kind of greatness—the greatness of individual actions. Great institutions are not ours to make; great men are rare; great ideas are borne in upon us we know not how or whence. But great deeds are within the reach of all, and it should be a never-ceasing aim of genuine education to encourage the admiration and appreciation, not mainly of actions that are good and wise —we all know that—but of deeds high-minded large-minded, which embrace a sphere not narrow but wide, not mean but lofty,—deeds magnificent in quality in purpose and in effect.

Such are those instances of unselfish munificence, which were the redeeming features of the violence and the ignorance of the Middle Ages. Henry Wardlaw and James Kennedy were not above their age in character or genius. But the public spirit, the thought for posterity, which they showed in the foundation of this University and its earliest Colleges, were above themselves. Such again are those displays of unshaken conviction witnessed on this classic ground of the first martyrdoms of the Scottish Reformation. Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart were not above their contemporaries in learning or in wisdom, but when Hamilton died in front of St. Salvator's College, and Wishart under the walls of Beaton's Palace, their deeds also were above their characters. "The dead which they slew in

their deaths were more than the dead which they had slain in their lives." Such acts of splendid generosity, and of heroic sacrifice for conscience sake, have not been unknown to modern Scotland. But still, in the face of the increasing temptation to contract munificence to the narrow limits of our own party or neighbourhood or family, or to ally the pilgrim Faithful with Byends and Facing Bothways, it is well that those shining lights should remind us of what has been and what may be. And without speaking of such wider and more visible manifestations of what in old English was styled the spirit "exceedingly magnifical," is it not possible that some group of college friends in this University may bind themselves together by a resolution, like to that of a circle of German students in the University of Göttingen, who, in the year 1814, "on a certain cheerful evening, made a vow to each other, that they would effect something great in their lives?" All of them did more or less fulfil that early vow, and one of that circle, in whose biography the incident is recorded,[1] was Bunsen, that marvellous example, in our times, of what an eager and resolute student could achieve.

None can foretell for himself or for others what great possibilities may be wrapt up in his future years. When Andrew Melville was a student in this College, John Douglas, who was Rector of the University, used to take the puny orphan youth between his knees, question him on his studies, and say, "My silly fatherless and motherless boy, it's ill to witt what God may make of thee yet."[2] I do not presume on the same familiarity; but I venture to say to the youngest, humblest student here present—"It is hard to know what God may make of thee yet."

And let us remember that this greatness of action depends on two other kinds of greatness—on our appreciation of the greatness of the manner of doing what is good—and our appreciation of the greatness of the occasion when it can be done.

The "grand style," the "great manner"—that is within

[1] *Bunsen's Life*, vol. i. p. 46. [2] M'Crie's *Melville*, i. p. 13.

our grasp, however distant it may seem. It has been well said by an eminent French writer, that the true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble gentle regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things. Whatever is affected, whatever is ostentatious, whatever is taken up from mere fashion, or party cry, that is small vulgar contemptible. Whatever springs from our own independent thought, whatever is modest genuine and transparent, whatever is deliberately pursued because it tends towards a grand result—that is noble commanding great. When one of your most illustrious scholars, George Buchanan, in his latter days was visited by that "motherless, fatherless boy" whom I just now named, he was found teaching his serving-lad the alphabet. And when Melville wondered that he was engaged in so humble a work—"Better this," said the old Preceptor of Princes, "better this than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as ill." When they asked him to alter some detail in his History about the burial of David Rizzio that might offend the King, he asked, "Tell me, man, if I have told the truth." "Yes, sir, I think so." "Then I will bide his feud [anger] and all his kin's. Pray, pray God for me, and He will direct me." These were very homely matters, but the spirit in which they were touched was no less than imperial.

There is also the greatness of occasion. It sometimes happens that we can best illustrate the grandeur of an opportunity to be sought by our regret for an opportunity that is lost. One such we will give from the history of this place. Of all the names of the ancient Scottish ecclesiastical history, there is none which has a more tragic interest than that of the young Alexander Stuart who was raised to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews at the early age of eighteen by his father, James IV. He was the pupil of Erasmus, and that great man has left on record his profound admiration of the Scottish youth, who had been his com-

panion and scholar in the stately old Italian city of Siena. Tall, dignified, graceful, with no blemish except the shortness of sight which he shared in common with so many modern students—of gentle manners, playful humour—but keen as a hound in pursuit of knowledge, in history, theology, law, above all in the new Greek learning—an accomplished musician, a delightful talker, high-spirited and high-minded, without haughtiness, religious without a particle of superstition—born to command, yet born also to conciliate—such was the figure that his master [1] describes; —and already the University of St. Andrews had felt the stimulus of his youthful energy; already the enlightened spirits of Scotland were beginning to breathe freely in the atmosphere in which he had himself been nourished. Had that young student of St. Andrews (for so, although Archbishop, we may still call him)—had he lived to fulfil this wonderful promise—had he, with these rare gifts and rare opportunities, been spared to meet the impending crisis of the coming generation, instead of the worldly, intriguing, and profligate Beaton—had he been here enthroned in this venerable see, with the spirit of our own Colet in a higher post, the aspirations of our own More without his difficulties, ready to prepare the way for the first shock of the Reformation—what a chance for the ancient Church of this country! What an occasion of combining the best parts of the old with the best parts of the new! what a call, if indeed its doom had not been already fixed, to purify that corrupt Episcopacy! What a hope, if moderation in those times had been possible, of restraining the violence of the iconoclast reaction! But alas! he was slain by his father's side on the field of Flodden. Of all "the flowers of the forest that were" there "wede away," surely none was more lovely, more precious, than this young Marcellus of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier.

[1] Erasmus, *Opp.* ii. p. 554. (*Adagia:* Spartam nactus, es, etc.)

But the opportunity which was opening before Alexander Stuart is not unlike that which is open to us—and the spirit which would have guided his course is the same as that which for us is still no less indispensable. He was, as I have said, the pupil of Erasmus, who alone of his age combined what was then a world-wide knowledge with an insight into those ideas of Christian truth which, as I have before said, are alone destined to be permanent. What there was in Knox and Buchanan and Andrew Melville, which belonged to their own peculiar time and circumstances —the fury of their indignation, the technical form of their creed, the narrowness of their party spirit—has passed away. That which we seek to rekindle from their ashes is the spark which they derived from the higher spirits of their time, whose language and whose aspirations are even more suited to us than to them. Erasmus and those who hold with him that the vital, inexhaustible element of Christianity is its moral and spiritual, as distinct from its formal or its emotional side, are called to the front, with an audience more willing to hear than Erasmus found. The penetration of new ideas into the whole fabric of belief and of social life—the insensible formation of a wider theology which shall embrace and vivify the forms of the past—the changes, whether for good or evil, which have lately been effected in the constitution of the Church of Scotland—the changes which may possibly be impending over this ancient University itself—all give a zest, a stimulus, alike to the general and the particular career of those whom I address, of which the new and surpassing interest ought to compensate for the many perplexities and discouragements which such changes bring. The line of light which has been traced by a familiar hand in this place—through the succession of blameless and lofty spirits who, from Hooker to Butler, kept alive the "rational theology" of England—indicates the pathway along which the faith, may we not add the philosophy, of Christendom must walk, if it is to produce fruits worthy of the future. Is it too much to ask for the spirit and method of Erasmus, combined with the energy of Luther and Knox,

with the repose of Fénelon and Leighton? Is it impossible that the enthusiasm, which has hitherto been reserved for the coarser and narrower channels of doctrine, may be turned into the broader vaster currents of a more Catholic, and therefore a more Evangelical faith than our predecessors have known? It surely may be hoped that if there have been times, when (to use well-known words) "our nerves were irritated by trifles," there shall also be times when "great events" and great thoughts "shall make us calm." I would not unduly exaggerate the prospects of success, or underrate the fears of failure, in the attempt to attain a higher and more spiritual theology—a more patriotic and generous policy. The circumstances around us may often seem dismal, small, ignoble; the dwarfing levelling disturbing effect of partisanship, and false popularity, may seem almost irresistible. The "rocks ahead," which Cassandra foresees, are too visible amongst the breakers not to fill the stoutest hearts with alarm. Even thus, those who contend for long years in vain may reflect that the greatness of the end for which they strive is worth the bitterness of the disappointment—

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all.

But surely in the peculiar crisis of our age the game is still in our hands. We see clearly the enterprise before us. And when in that enterprise we consider how a few additional grains of charity would make all the difference—from how many mistakes we should be saved, by the simplest elements of common sense and self-control—how much our heat would gain by how slight an accession of light, how doubly the value of our light would be enhanced by how slight an infusion of heat, by how slight an addition of sweetness—what molehills of prejudice which a breath of truth might overturn, have been erected into what mountains of difficulty, what a fund of conciliation lies wrapt up in all larger and more truthful views of science, of

literature, and of the Bible—what noble paths of practice remain to be explored, unknown to former generations—then we may well turn to those other fine lines of the same Roman poet, and take as our watchword, not the despairing words of the vanquished Cato, but the exulting words of the victorious Cæsar—

> Spe trepido: haud unquam vidi tam magna daturos
> Tam prope me Superos: camporum limite parvo
> Absumus a votis.

Or if I may venture to present them in an English paraphrase—

> I tremble not with terror, but with hope,
> As the great day reveals its coming scope;
> Never before our anxious hearts to cheer,
> Have such bright gifts of Heaven been brought so near,
> Nor ever has been kept the aspiring soul
> By space so narrow from so grand a goal.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

SECOND ADDRESS

THE HOPES OF THEOLOGY

(*Delivered on March* 16, 1876)

On the occasion of my former address at St. Andrews, the Principal of St. Mary's College asked me to speak a few words to the theological students under his charge. It was not within my power to comply with his request at that moment. But now that the time draws near to take farewell of an office which I have valued so highly, I have thought that I might properly touch on some subject which, though of general interest, had special reference to theology. When I spoke to you before, I appealed to the motto which is written over this ancient hall—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν

—and dwelling on the inspiring force of the contemplation of greatness in all its forms, I endeavoured to show how bright was the sunshine which such a thought throws on all your present duties and studies. That brightness I would still wish to maintain, though within a more definite range, and in a humbler and graver tone, more suited to the altered circumstances both of him who speaks and of you who listen.

The topic which I propose to take is one at which I slightly hinted in the conclusion of my last words to you, and which was suggested to me afresh by the instructive address delivered, in the course of the late winter, to the students of Aberdeen by an eminent statesman—one of the

foremost of our time. He, speaking with the fulness of his varied experience, and with the strength of true humility and moderation, chose as his theme "The Rocks Ahead," in the political and social world, indicated some years ago by a distinguished publicist. But besides the political and the economical rocks, there was a third rock, which the prophet of ill had pointed out, the religious or theological rock—namely, the danger arising to religion from the apparently increasing divergence between the intelligence and the faith of our time. It is this topic—touched for a moment by Mr. Forster; handled more fully, but still in a rapid survey, by an accomplished countryman of your own, Mr. Grant Duff, at Edinburgh—on which I propose to insist more at length on the present occasion. You know the story of the Inchcape Rock, almost within sight of these shores; how for many years it was the terror of mariners until an enterprising Abbot of Aberbrothock ventured to fasten a bell upon the sunken reef. Will you permit the successor of the Abbots of Westminster, after the fashion of the Douglas of your own Scottish history, to attempt to "bell this rock?" The waves of controversy and alarm will still, doubtless, dash over it; but, perchance, if my advice contains any truth, you will catch from time to time henceforth, amidst the roar of the billows, faint chimes of a more cheering music; and even if some rash rover shall tear off the signal of warning and encouragement, yet the rude shifts of the Abbot may suggest to some wiser and more scientific inventor to build on the rock a lighthouse, which will more effectually defy the storm, and more extensively illuminate the darkness of the time to come. I propose, then, to speak to you of the grounds of hope for the religion and theology of the future.

I do not deny that the forebodings of Mr. Greg have some foundation. It was one of the last anxious aspirations of Dean Milman,[1] that some means might be found to avert the wide and widening breach, which he seemed to see between the thought and the religion of England. There has been an increasing suspicion which

[1] *History of the Jews*, 3rd edition, vol. i. p. xxxiv.

threatens more and more to embitter the fiercer factions of the ecclesiastical and the scientific world—each rejoicing to push the statements of its rival to the extremest consequences, and to place on them the worst possible construction. There have arisen new questions, which ancient theology has for the most part not even considered. There is an impetuosity on both sides, which to the sober sense of the preceding century was unknown, and which insists on the precipitation of conflicts, once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted. There are also indications that we are passing through one of those periods of partial eclipse which from time to time retard the healthy progress of mankind. In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind. Of this wasting, withering influence modern theology has had its full share. Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things, which the calm judgment of the last century, the heaven-inspired insight of the dawn of this, would have scattered like the dreams of fever, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world. And this calamity has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which feels most keenly and presses most heavily the weaknesses of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief. It is, no doubt, conceivable that these dreadful forms and "fiery faces" might portend for England the same overthrow of faith that has overtaken other countries. If such a separation were indeed universally impending between the religion of the coming age and the progress of knowledge, between the permanent interests of the Christian Churches and the interests of the European States, then there would be a cause for alarm more serious than the panics of religious journals, or the assaults of enraged critics. It would be the *ingens motus excedentium numinum*—the tread of departing deity—

Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox ; sed Di terrent et Jupiter hostis.

But behind those outward manifestations of danger, there is a higher Christianity, which neither assailants nor defenders have fully exhausted. We cannot believe that the inexorable hour has struck. There is good ground for hoping that the difficulties of religion—national religion, Christian religion—are but the results of passing maladies, either in its professed friends or supposed foes. We may fairly say, with the first Napoleon[1]—"We have perhaps gone a little too fast; but we have reason on our side, and when one has reason on one's side, one should have the courage to run some risks." The evening star, according to the fine image of the poet, which is the accompaniment of the setting day, may be one and the same with the morning star, the harbinger of sunrise.

It is a large inquiry. I can but touch on a few salient points.

I. There is the essentially progressive element in religion itself. Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, maintains, with all the exuberance of logic and rhetoric, that the difference between theology and all other sciences is this, that what the former was in the days of the patriarch Job, such it must be in the nineteenth century, and to the end of time. No doubt in religion, as in all great subjects of human thought, there is a permanent and unchanging element; but in everything which relates to its form, in much which relates to its substance, the paradox of our great historian is as contrary to fact, as it would be crushing to our aspirations if it were true. In the practice of theological controversy, it has been too much the custom to make the most of differences, and the least of agreements. But in the theological study of the past, it has been too much the custom to see only the agreements, and not the differences. Look in the face the fact that the belief of each successive epoch of Christendom

[1] Matthew Arnold, *Popular Education in France.*

has varied enormously from the belief of its predecessors. The variations of the Catholic Church, both past and present, have been almost, if not quite, as deep and wide as the variations of Protestantism; and these variations, whilst they show that each form of theology is but an approximation to the truth, and not the whole truth itself, contain the surest indication of vitality in the whole body of religious faith. The conceptions of the relations of man to man, and, still more, of man to God, have been incontestably altered with the growth of centuries. Not to speak of the total extinction of ancient polytheism, and confining ourselves within the limits of the Christian Church, it is one of the most consolatory fruits of theological study to observe the disappearance of whole continents of useless controversies which once distracted the world. What has become of the belief, once absolutely universal in Christendom, that no human being could be saved who had not passed through the waters of baptism; that even innocent children, if not immersed in the font, were doomed to endless perdition? Or where are the interminable questions respecting the doctrine of predestination, or the mode of justification, which occupied the middle of the sixteenth, and the close of the eighteenth century in Protestant Churches? Into what limbo has passed the terrible conflict between the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers amongst the now United Presbyterians? What do we now hear of the doctrine of the Double Procession, or of the Light on Mount Tabor, which, in the ninth century and in the fifteenth, filled the mind of Eastern Christendom? These questions for the time occupied, in these several Churches, the whole horizon of theological thought. They are dead, and buried; and for us, standing on their graves, it is idle to say that theology has not changed. It has changed. Religion has survived those changes; and this is the historical pledge that it may, that it will, survive a thousand more.

Even the mere removal of what may be called dead matter out of the path of living progress is of itself a positive gain. But the signs of the capability of future improvement in Religion are more direct than this. No doubt

theologians have themselves to thank for the rigid, immutable character which has been ascribed by philosophers to their beliefs. The Jesuit maxim, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint,* has been too often accepted in all Churches for any of the Churches to complain if they have been taken at their word. But already, as far back as the Reformation, there were indications of a deeper insight—exceptional and quaint, but so expressive as to vindicate for Christianity, even then, the widest range which future discoveries may open before it. In the first Confession of John Knox, the Reformers had perceived what had been so long concealed from the eyes of the Schoolmen and the Fathers—that the most positive expressions, even of their own convictions, were not guaranteed from imperfection or mutability; and the entreaty with which that Confession is prefaced, contains at once a fine example of true Christian humility and the stimulus to the noblest Christian ambition—"We conjure you, if any man will note in this our Confession any article or sentence repugnant to God's Holy Word, that it would please him of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in writing; and we, upon our honour and fidelity, do promise him satisfaction from the Holy Scriptures, or due reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss." And perhaps even more striking is the like expression in the well-known address of the first pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, before embarking on the great enterprise which was to issue in the foundation of new churches and new commonwealths beyond the Atlantic—"I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. The Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. Though they were burning and shining lights, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of your Church's covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from

the written Word of God." "Noble words," says the eloquent historian[1] of the Dutch Republic—"words to bear fruit, after centuries shall go by." They are, indeed, the charter of the future glories of Protestant, and perhaps of Roman Christianity. Well did Archbishop Whately, on the eve of a change in the constitution of the Church of England, exclaim—"I will not believe that the Reformers locked the door, and threw away the key for ever!" It is in the light of this progressive historical development that the confessions and liturgies, the doctrines and usages, of former times find their proper place. All of them, taken as the final expressions of absolute truth, are misleading. All of them, even the most imperfect, may be taken as the various phases and steps of a Church and a faith whose glory it is to be perpetually advancing towards perfection.

II. When we examine in detail the materials of Christian theology, they give abundant confirmation of this general truth. Theology has gained, and may gain immensely, by the process which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge—the process of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations. How much has been effected for archæology by the excavations of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Rome, of Troy, of Mycenæ! How much for history, by the exploration of the archives of Simancas, of the Register House of Edinburgh! How much for science, by the crucible of chemistry, by the spade and hatchet of the geologist, by the plummet of the *Challenger!* To this general law theology furnishes no exception. Every deep religious system has in it more than appeared at the time to its votaries—far more than has appeared in later times to its adversaries. Even in the ancient pagan religions of Greece and Rome, it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent in forms of which the influence might long ago seem to have died out. The glory of the Homeric poems, the solemnity of Sophocles and Æschylus, the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, have, as it were, risen from their graves

[1] Motley, *Life of Barneveldt*, ii. 295.

after the lapse of centuries, and occupy a larger space in the modern mind than they have done at any time since their first creation. Even in the case of Mohammedanism the Koran has, within the last century, been awakened from a slumber of ages, and has been discovered to contain maxims which Christendom might cultivate with advantage, but which, in all the long centuries of ignorance, were hopelessly forgotten both by friends and foes. A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended, or because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, the seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case in Christianity, which is not only (like Mohammedanism) the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life.

Putting aside for the moment all question of the divine authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and of the dogmatic systems built upon them, it is certain that their original force and grace is far more keenly appreciated now than it was when they were overlaid with fanciful allegories and scholastic perversions. The spirit of the time, the "Zeit-Geist," as Matthew Arnold says, "has turned the rays of his lantern" full upon them, and in "the fierce light" that beats upon their structure through this process, if some parts have faded away, if the relation of all the parts to each other has been greatly altered, yet there can be no question that by its influence, which has penetrated, more or less, all modern theology, the meaning, and with the meaning the grandeur and the beauty, of the Sacred Volume has been brought out with a fulness which was unknown to Hume and Voltaire, because it had been equally unknown to Aquinas and Augustine. Whole systems of false doctrine or false practice, whole fabrics of barbarous phraseology, have received their death-blow, as the Ithuriel of modern criticism has transfixed with his spear here a spurious text, there an untenable interpretation, here a wrong translation, there a mistaken punctuation.

Or again, with regard to our increased knowledge of the

dates and authorship of particular books, much, no doubt, remains obscure; but this partial ignorance is as the fulness of knowledge compared with the total blank which prevailed in the Church for a thousand years or more. All the instruction, inward and outward, which we have acquired from our discovery of the successive dates, and therewith of the successive phases, of St. Paul's Epistles, was lost almost until the beginning of this century, but has now become the starting-point of fresh inquiry and fresh delight in every historical or theological treatise. The disentanglement of the Psalter, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Isaiah, from the artificial and fallacious monotony in which, regardless of times and circumstances, a blind tradition had involved them, gives a significance to the several portions of the respective books which no one who has once grasped it will ever willingly abandon. The Parables, as has been of late well described, have by their very nature an immortality of application, which could never have been perceived had they been always, as they were in many instances at the time of their first delivery, shut up within the gross, carnal, matter-of-fact interpretation of those who said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" or "It is because we have taken no bread." In short, when it was perceived, in the noble language of Burke,[1] that the Bible was not a dead code, or collection of rigid dogmas, but, "an infinite variety of a most venerable and most multifarious literature," from that moment it became as impossible in the nature of things that the educated portion of mankind should ever cease to take an interest in the Old and New Testament, as it would be that they should cease to take an interest in Homer, or Shakespeare, or Dante, or Scott. The Sacred Books, which were once regarded as the stars were regarded by ancient astronomers, spangles set in the sky, or floating masses of nebulous light, or a galaxy of milky spots, have now been resolved by the telescope of scholarship into their component parts. Lord Macaulay would not have denied that astronomy has undergone a total revolution through Coper-

[1] Burke's Works, x. 21, Speech on Acts of Uniformity.

nicus, Galileo, and Newton—a revolution which has immensely extended its grandeur and its usefulness. Erasmus, Lowth, Herder, and Ewald have effected for Biblical knowledge a revolution no less complete and no less beneficent. There has been, as it were, a triple chain of singular, one may almost say providential, coincidences. The same critical investigation which has opened our eyes to the beauty and the wisdom of the sacred records, has by revealing to us the large infusion of the poetic element, enabled us to distinguish between the temporary and the essential, between the parabolical and the historical; and thus, at the moment when science and ethnology are pointing out difficulties, which, on a literal and mechanical view of the Biblical records, are insuperable, a door of escape has been opened by the disclosure of a higher aspect of the Scriptures, which would be equally true and valuable, were there no scientific difficulty in existence. Except in the lowest and most barbarous classes of society, the invectives and the scoffs of the last century have ceased. They have been extinguished, not by the fires of the Inquisition, or the anathemas of Convocations or General Assemblies, but by the steady growth of the same reverential, rational appreciation of the divine processes for the revelation of great truths, as has shut the mouths of the defamers of Milton and covered with shame the despisers of Shakespeare.

III. Leaving the grounds of hope furnished to us by the original documents of our faith, let us turn to those which are supplied from the study of its doctrines and institutions. And here I will name two bridges, as it were, by which the passage to a brighter prospect may be effected. One is the increasing consciousness of the importance of definition. It was said by a famous theologian of Oxford thirty years ago that "without definition controversy is either hopeless or useless." He has not, in his subsequent career, applied this maxim, as we might fairly have expected from his subtle intellect, to the clearing away of obstructions and frivolities. But the maxim is true, not only in the negative sense in which he pronounced it, but in the more important

sense of the pacifying and enlightening tendency necessarily implied in all attempts to arrive at the clear meaning of the words employed. It was a sagacious remark which I heard not long ago from a Scottish minister on the shores of Argyleshire, that the vehemence of theological controversy has been chiefly in proportion to the emptiness of the phrases used. So long as an expression is employed merely as a party watchword, without inquiring what it means, it acts like a magical spell; it excites enthusiasm; it spreads like an infectious malady; it terrifies the weak; it acts as a stimulant to the vacant brain. But the moment that we attempt to trace its origin, to discover in what other words it can be expressed, the enthusiasm cools, the panic subsides, the contagion ceases to be catching, the dram ceases to intoxicate, the cloud disperses, and the clear sky appears. This pregnant reflection might be aptly illustrated by examples in the history of the Scottish Churches. But I will confine myself to two instances drawn from other countries. One is that of which I have before spoken, the doctrine of the Double Procession, which was sufficient to tear asunder the Eastern and Western Churches; to give the chief practical occasion for the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed; to precipitate the fall of the Empire of Constantinople; and therefore to sow the original seed of the present formidable Eastern Question. This controversy has in later days, with very few exceptions, fallen into entire obscurity. But in those cases where it has occupied the attention of modern theologians, its sting has been taken out by the process, simple as it would seem, but to which resort had never been had before, of inducing the combatants to express their conflicting opinions by other phrases than those which had been the basis of the original antagonism. This, and this only, is the permanent interest which attached to a recent Conference at Bonn, between certain theologians of the Greek, Latin, and English Churches. What was then done with much satisfaction, at least to those more immediately concerned, might be applied with still more advantage to many other like phrases, which have acted as

mischievous a part in the disintegration and disunion of Christendom. Another instance shall be given from a Church nearer home. In the Gorham Controversy, which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base, and which produced the widest theological panic of any within our time, the whole question hinged on the word "regeneration"; and yet, as Bishop Thirlwall showed in one of those charges, which I would recommend to all theological students, of whatever church, who wish to see the value of severe discrimination and judicial serenity on the successive controversies of our time, it never occurred to the disputants that there was an ambiguity in the word itself—it never occurred to either of them to define, or explain, what either of them intended to express by it.[1] What is there said with withering irony of "regeneration" is true of the larger number of theological phrases by which truth has been veiled and charity stifled. Differences and difficulties will remain. But the bitterness of the fight is chiefly concerning words; the fight itself is what the apostle denounced as "a battle of words."[2] Explain these—define these—the party collapses, the bitterness exhales, the fear is cast out.

Another ground of hope is the growing sense of the doctrine of proportion. It is a doctrine which has dawned slowly and painfully on the theological mind of Christendom. "In God's matters," said Samuel Rutherford, "there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle," said Ebenezer Erskine, in his amazement at the indifference which Whitfield displayed towards the Solemn League and Covenant, "is precious."[3] What Rutherford and Erskine thus tersely and quaintly expressed is but the assumption on which has rested the vast basis of the Rabbinical theology of Judaism, and the Scholastic Theology, whether of Catholic or Protestant Churches. But to the better spirits of Christendom there

[1] Bishop Thirlwall's *Charges*, i. 156. [2] 1 Tim. vi. 4.
[3] *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, p. 78.

has penetrated the conviction that these maxims are not only not sound, but are unsound to the very core. "There *is* a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle is *not* equally precious." Richard Hooker and Richard Baxter had already begun to perceive that religion was no exception to the truth, expressed by a yet greater genius than either, in the magnificent lines of *Troilus and Cressida*, which tells us how essential it is in all things to

> Observe degree, priority, and place,
> Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office, and custom, in all line of order.

This, if not the ultimate, at any rate is the proximate, solution of some of the difficulties which have threatened, or which still threaten, the peace of churches and the growth of religion.

Take the vexed question of church government. The main source of the gall which once poisoned, and still in some measure poisons, the relations between Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, was not the position that one or other form was to be found in the Bible, or in antiquity, or was more conformable to common-sense and order. These are comparatively innocent and unexciting propositions. The distracting thought lay in the conviction that one or other was absolutely perfect, and was alone essential to the Christian religion. It is for the rectification of this misplaced exclusiveness that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to such men as Hooker in England and Leighton in Scotland. There is much to be said for Presbyterianism; there is much to be said for Episcopacy. But there is much more to be said for the secondary, temporary, accidental character of both, when compared with the general principles to which they each minister; and in the light of these principles we shall view more justly and calmly the real merits and demerits both of bishops and of presbyters, than is possible for those who, like your Scottish or my English ancestors, upheld the constitution of either Church as, in all times and under all

circumstances, irrevocably indispensable. What is true with regard to those two leading distinctions is still more applicable to all debates on patronage, ecclesiastical courts, vestments, postures. There is a difference—there is, if we choose so to express it, a right and a wrong—in each case. The appointment by a multitude may be preferable to the appointment by a single individual; the appointment by a responsible layman may be preferable to the appointment by a synod; a black gown may, in certain circumstances, be superior to a white one, or a white one to a red one. But far more important than any of these positions is the persuasion that, at most, all of these things, the nomination, the jurisdiction, the dress, the attitude of ministers, are but means towards an end—very distant means towards a very distant end. And in measure as we appreciate this due proportion, scandals will diminish, and the Church of the future will leap forward on its course, bounding like a ship that has thrown over its super-charge of cargo, or quelled an intestine mutiny.

Or take a yet graver question—the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called miracles. There is no doubt an increasing difficulty on this subject—a difficulty enhanced by the incredulity which now besets the educated sections of mankind, and by the credulity which has taken hold with a fresh tenacity on the half-educated. It is a question on which neither science nor religion, I venture to think, has yet spoken the last word. It is a complex problem, imperatively demanding that careful definition of which I spoke before, and the calm survey of the extraordinary incidents not only of Biblical but of ecclesiastical history, whether Catholic or Protestant. On the true aspects of such physical portents as have been connected with the history of religion, there is much to be argued. But on these arguments I do not enter. The point on which I would desire to fix your attention is this: that whatever view we take of these "signs and wonders," their relative proportion as grounds of argument has altogether changed. There is a well-known saying,

like other famous axioms[1] of Christian life, erroneously ascribed to St. Augustine—"We believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles." Fill your minds with this principle, view it in all its consequences, observe how many maxims both of the Bible and of philosophy conform to it, and you will find yourselves in a position which will enable you to treat with equanimity half the perplexities of this subject. However valuable the record of extraordinary manifestations may be in other respects, however impressively they may be used to convey the truths of which they are confessedly but the symbols, they have, in the eyes of the very men whom we most desire to convince, become stumbling blocks and not supports. External evidence has with the most reflecting minds receded to the background, internal evidence has come to the front. Let us learn by experience to use with moderation arguments which, at least for the present, have lost their force. Let us acknowledge that

[1] It fell to my lot two years ago to track out the story of another famous maxim, which was really due to Rupertus Meldenius, an obscure German divine of the seventeenth century, but, in like manner, falsely ascribed to Augustine, "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." See "Address on Richard Baxter," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876. The saying concerning miracles is sometimes quoted as Augustine's, but on inquiry I find that there is no ground for ascribing it to him. The nearest approach to it is the passage from the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, c. 19, to which Archbishop Trench refers in his work on the Miracles. "Quaecumque talia [*i.e.* the Donatist Miracles] in Catholicâ [Ecclesiâ] fiunt, ideo sunt approbata, quia in Catholicâ fiunt; non ideo manifestatur Catholica, quia hæc in eâ fiunt." This, however, is a very inadequate statement of the principle, if indeed it be not merely the polemical and untenable assertion that, whatever miracles are wrought by heretics for that very reason go for nothing—the exact opposite of our Lord's words, Mark ix. 38.

The substance of the sentiment, however, has been repeatedly expressed by writers, who, if less famous than Augustine, have penetrated far more profoundly into the root of the question. Not to mention Coleridge, Arnold, and Milman, it may suffice to quote from the work of Archbishop Trench, to which reference has just been made. "'Miracles,' says Fuller, 'are the swaddling clothes of the infant Church;' and, we may add, not the garments of the full-grown" (Trench on the *Miracles*, 51). "*It may be more truly said, that we believe the miracles for Christ's sake, than Christ for the miracles' sake.*" (*Ibid.* 103.)

there are greater miracles, more convincing miracles, than those which appeal only to our sense of astonishment. "The greatest of miracles," as a venerable statesman has observed, is the character of Christ. The world was converted, in the first instance, not by appeals to physical, but to moral prodigies. Let us recognise that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken.

IV. And what is the true supernatural? What are those essentials in religion which have been the purifying salt of Christianity hitherto, and will be the illuminating light hereafter; which, raising us above our natural state, point to a destiny above this material world—this commonplace existence? The great advance which, on the whole, theology has made in these latter centuries, and which it may be expected still more to make in the centuries which are to come, is this, that the essential, the supernatural elements of religion are recognised to be those which are moral and spiritual. These are its chief recommendations to the reason of mankind. Without them, it would have long ago perished. So far as it has lost sight of these, it has dwindled and faded. With these, it may overcome the world. Other opportunities will occur in which I shall hope to draw out at length both the means by which these spiritual elements of Christianity may be carried on from generation to generation, and also the characteristics which distinguish them from like elements in inferior religions.[1] It is enough to have indicated that in the supremacy of these, and in their supremacy alone, lies the hope of the future. To love whatever is truly lovable, to detest whatever is truly detestable, to believe that the glory and divinity of goodness is indestructible, and that there has been, is, and will be, a constant enlargement and elevation of our conceptions of it —furnishes a basis of religion which, whilst preserving all the best parts of the sacred records and of Christian worship

[1] In the two sermons preached in the College Church and in the Parish Church of St. Andrews on the following Sunday, 18th March.

and practice, is a guarantee at once for its perpetuity and for its growth.

Observe also that in proportion to our insistence on the moral greatness of Christianity as its chief evidence and chief essence, there accrues an external weight of authority denied to the lower and narrower, but granted to the higher and wider, views of religion. When we look over the long annals of ecclesiastical history, we shall often find that it is not within the close range of the so-called orthodox, but from the outlying camp of the so-called heretic or infidel, that the champions of the true faith have come. Not from the logic of Calvin, or the rhetoric of Bossuet, but from the great scholars and philosophers of the close of the last century and the beginning of this, have been drawn the best portraitures of Christianity and its Founder. A clearer glimpse into the nature of the Deity was granted to Spinoza,[1] the excommunicated Jew of Amsterdam, than to the combined forces of Episcopacy and Presbytery in the Synod of Dordrecht. When we cast our eyes over the volumes which, perhaps, of all others, give us at once the clearest prospect of the progress of humanity, and the saddest retrospect of the mistakes of theology—Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals* and *of Rationalism*—when we read there of the eradication of deeply rooted beliefs which, under the guidance of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical rulers, were supposed to be essential to the existence of Religion—witchcraft, persecution, intolerance, prohibition of commercial intercourse —if for one moment our faith is staggered by seeing that these beneficent changes were brought about by States in defiance of Churches, by philosophers in defiance of divines,

[1] This statement would be justified by a comparison of the best sayings of Spinoza with the best sayings of the Synod of Dort. The former are still read with admiration and instruction, even by those who widely differ from Spinoza's general teaching. The latter are but little known, even to those who most firmly agree with the theory propounded by the Synod.

It may also be well to record, over against the anathemas which have been levelled at his name, the epithet by which his humbler acquaintances called him immediately after his death, "The blessed Spinoza," and the description given of him by Schleiermacher, "He was a man full of Religion, and of the Holy Ghost."

it is revived when we perceive that the end towards which those various agencies worked is the same as that desired by the best of the theologians; that what Mr. Lecky calls the secularisation of politics is in fact the Christianisation of theology. That view of man, of the universe, and of God, which by a recent able writer is called "Natural Religion"[1] is in fact Christianity in its larger and wider aspect. The hope of immortality, which, beyond any other belief of man, carries us out of the world of sense, was eagerly defended by Voltaire and Rousseau, no less than by Butler and Paley. The serious view of duty, the admiration of the heroic and the generous and the just, the belief in the transcendent value of the spiritual and the unseen, are cherished possessions of the philosophers of our generation, no less than of the missionaries and saints of the generation that is past. The Goliath of the nineteenth century, as was once well observed by a professor[2] of your own, is not on the opposite side of the valley—he is in our midst; he is on our side; he is not to be slain by sling and stone, but he is—if we did but know it—our friend, our ally, our champion. If there is a constantly increasing tendency, as Mr. Lecky says,[3] to identify the Bible and conscience, this is in other words, as he himself well states the case, a tendency to place Christianity in a position "in which we have the strongest evidence of the triumph of the conceptions of its Founder," a position in which, by the nature of the case, the doubters will be constantly diminishing and the intelligent believers constantly increasing.

It is indeed one hope not only for the solution, but for the pacific solution of our theological problems, that in this more than in any previous age, in our country more than in most countries, the critical and the conservative elements overlap, interweave, and shade off into each other—"Ionians, and Dorians on both sides." The intelligent High Church-

[1] See a series of most instructive articles in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Natural Religion," between February 1875 and April 1877.

[2] Professor Campbell.

[3] *History of Rationalism*, i. 384, ii. 247, 385.

man, the moderate Free Churchman, melts almost imperceptibly into the inquiring scholar. The generous Puritan or Nonconformist is more than one third a Latitudinarian, perhaps even one half a Churchman. Few philosophers have so entirely parted with the natural feelings of the human heart, or the natural aspirations of the human mind, as to be indifferent to the sane or insane direction of so mighty an instrument for good or evil as the religious instinct of mankind. And thus the basis of a reasonable theology, even if shaken for the moment by the frenzy of partisans, has intrinsically become wider and more solid. The lines drawn by sects and parties do not correspond with the deeper lines of human nature and of history. A distinguished theological statesman some time since drew out what he called a chart of religious thought. But there was one school of thought which was noticed only to be dismissed. And yet this school or tendency is one which happily runs across all the others and contains within itself, not indeed all, but many of the finest elements of Christendom—the backbone of Christian life, the lamp of Christian thought. We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. The phrase is well intended, and has been used as the title of an excellent book. But it does not exactly describe the case. What we need is the recognition that so far as they meet, Theology and Science are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of Nature enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the Author of the universe gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad theology is also bad science; whatever is good science is also good theology. In like manner, we hear of the reconciliation of religion and morality. The answer is the same; they are one and indivisible. Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the purity, the generosity of mankind, is high religion; whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is low religion, is infidelity of the worst sort. There are, according to the old Greek proverb, many who have borne

the thyrsus, and yet not been inspired prophets. There are many also who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle, or bearing the mystic wand; and these, whether statesmen philosophers poets, have been amongst the friends, conscious or unconscious, of the religion of the future; they are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free.

And now, with all this cloud of witnesses, what is our duty in this interval of waiting, of transition? What is our duty? and what is yours, O students of St. Andrews, O future pastors of the famous Church of Scotland, O rising generation of that strong Scottish nation which in former times was the firmest bulwark of a national Protestant reasonable Christianity? You, no doubt, in this secluded corner of our island, feel the breath of the spirit of the age. How are you to avoid being carried about with every gust of its fitful doctrine? How are you to gather into your sails the bounding breeze of its invincible strength? There is nothing to make you despair of your Church. It may have to pass through many transformations; but a Church which has not only stood the rude shocks of so many secessions and disruptions, but continues to gather into its ranks the most liberal tendencies of the nation, is too great an institution to be sacrificed to the exigencies of party, if only it be true to that fine maxim of Archbishop Leighton's, of leaving to others "to preach up the times," and claiming for itself "to preach up eternity." The principle of a National Establishment, which Chalmers vindicated in the interests of Christian philanthropy, has in these latter days more and more commended itself in the interests of Christian liberty. The enlarging, elevating influence infused into a religious institution by its contact, however slight, with so magnificent an ordinance as the British commonwealth; the value of resting a religious union not on some special doctrine or institution, but on the highest welfare of the whole community;—these principles are not less, but more appreciated now, than they were in a less civilised age. It

is the growing conviction of all thoughtful men that there is no ground in the nature of things, or in the precepts of the Christian religion, for the sharp division which divines used to draw between the spiritual and secular, for the curious fancy which represented all which belonged to ecclesiastical matters as holy, all which belonged to the state as worldly. In proportion as those larger and nobler hopes of religion, of which I have been speaking, penetrate into all the communions of this country, the provincial and retrograde distinctions which have been stereotyped amongst us will fade away; and the policy of improving and reforming institutions, instead of blindly destroying or blindly preserving them, will regain the hold which, as late as the first half of this century, it retained on the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

There is perhaps a danger which threatens the Church of Scotland, in common with all the Churches of Christendom —the apprehension which we sometimes hear expressed, that the more gifted and cultivated minds of the coming generation shrink from the noble mission, because of the supposed restraints of the clerical profession. Far more dismal than any secession of Old Lights, or New Lights, would be the secession of the vigorous intellects and nobler natures, which of old time made the Scottish Church, though poor in wealth, rich in the best gifts of God. But it is precisely this tendency which it is in your own power to cure, or to prevent. The attractions of the Christian ministry, the opportunities which it offers of untried usefulness, are not less but greater, in proportion as the questions of religion involve a larger and deeper sweep of ideas than when they ran within the four corners of the Confession of Faith. Nor is there any reason in the constitution of your Church, or in the prospects of your country, why that Confession should be an obstacle to the expanding forms of religious life amongst you. I am not here to criticise or disparage that venerable document, which, born under my own roof at Westminster, alone of all such confessions for a short time represented the whole national faith of Great

Britain. If it has some defects or exaggerations, from which our own Thirty-nine Articles are free, on the other hand it has soared to higher heights and struck down to deeper depths. Each views theology from a limited experience; and through the colour of the atmosphere, political, philosophical, and military, in which the framers of each were moving. To compare the failings and the excellences of the two Confessions, and to illustrate from them the condition of our respective Churches, would be, if this were the time or place, a most interesting and instructive task. Still, even the Confession of the Westminster Assembly is not the essential, is not the best characteristic of the Church of Scotland, any more than the Thirty-nine Articles are the essential or the best characteristic of the Church of England. Nor are the present forms of adhesion to it more sacred than the ancient forms of adhesion to the English standards, which a few years ago, by the timely intervention of the Imperial Legislature, were largely modified,[1] and might at any moment without any loss to the Church or the State, be altogether abolished.

These, however, are merely passing and external difficulties, to be surmounted by patriotic policy, by mutual forbearance, by courageous perseverance. Neither for us nor for you are any such restrictions worth a single gifted intellect or a single devout life that they may exclude.

But neither in the retention nor in the abolition of these local impediments is the main interest of the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the times that are coming. Confession or no Confession, subscription or no subscription, Established Church or Free or United Presbyterian, there is other and worthier work for you to accomplish. There are, on the one hand, the moral evils which you have to combat, the rough manners, the intemperate habits of large numbers of your fellow-citizens. There are, on the other hand, the high and pure traditions of former times which you have to maintain; the appropriation of whatever pastoral activity or keen intellectual ardour may be seen in other communions.

[1] See *Essays on Church and State*, 212.

There are those words and works of greatness to which I referred in my earlier address, and the actual examples which you have or have had before you in your own generation. In these there is more than enough to occupy and exalt yourselves and others, and to show that the Church of Scotland is still able, and is still proud, to hold its head among the Churches of Christendom. It is for you to welcome with a just pride its acknowledged glories. Place before yourselves the noble thoughts which have been enkindled, not by Germans, not by Anglicans, but by your own pastors and teachers. Remember how one[1] has taught you, in language never surpassed, the connection of religion with common life, and the claims of the one universal religion to acceptance by the very reason of its universality; how another[2] has shown you the high value of theology, viewed in its long historical aspect, and the yet higher grandeur of religion; how[3] another has taught you that, however great is the Church militant or the Church dogmatic, there is yet a greater Church, the Church beneficent; how one[4] has endeavoured to represent to you the relation of religion to culture, another[5] of religion to philosophy, and[6] another of religion to ritual; how the still small whispers of spiritual life, though no longer[7] heard from the farther shore of the Tay or of the Clyde, still make themselves felt by those whose ears are attuned to their heavenly harmonies; how many an eloquent voice is yet heard from the pulpit of ancient abbey or populous city or mountain village; how inspiring is the example[8] of the venerable teacher whom the Church of Scotland sent out to India some forty years ago, and who still bears the greatest name of living Indian missionaries; how invigorating and stimulating is the memory of the foremost Scottish minister

[1] Principal Caird. [2] Principal Tulloch.

[3] *Salvation Here and Hereafter*, by John Service, Minister of Inch.

[4] Principal Shairp. [5] Professor Knight.

[6] *Pastoral Counsels*, by the late John Robertson; *Reforms in the Church of Scotland*, by the late Robert Lee, D.D.

[7] The late John M'Leod Campbell, and the late Thomas Erskine.

[8] Dr. Duff.

of our age,[1] who, though gone, yet still seems to live again amongst us in his own flesh and blood, and whose commanding voice still exhorts us, as with his dying words, to be "broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow with the narrowness of His righteousness." I might enlarge the roll—I might go back to the worthies of earlier days—to Carstairs,[2] whose memory was recalled of late by a descendant worthy of himself—to the great literary leaders of the Church in the last century—to Chalmers and Irving. In our own time, I might speak of your most famous living countryman, who, though winding up the threads of his long and honourable life at Chelsea, has never disdained the traditions of the Scottish Church and nation, still warms at the recollection of his native Annandale, still is fired with poetic ardour when he speaks of the glories of St. Andrews.

But it is enough. There are words which often come into my mind when I look at an assemblage like this—words spoken by a gifted poet, endeared to some among us, and who loved your country well—a cry, desponding perhaps, yet also cheering, wrung from him by the dislocations and confusions of his time, which is also ours, when he looked out on the contending forces of the age—

> O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the onset!
> Sound, thou trumpet of God; come forth, great cause, to array us;
> King and leader appear; thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.[3]

We may already hear the distant notes of that trumpet; we may catch, however faintly, the coming of that cause. The kings and leaders surely will appear at last, if their soldiers will but follow them on to victory.

It was once said in mournful complaint of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, "For the sake of gaining to-day, he has thrown away to-morrow for ever." Be our policy the reverse of this: be it ours to fasten our thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the

[1] *Life of Norman MacLeod.* [2] *Life of Carstairs*, by Dr. Story.
[3] Clough's *Bothie*, ix.

hopes of the long to-morrow. The day, the year, may perchance belong to the destructives the cynics and the partisans. But the morrow, the coming century, belongs to the catholic comprehensive discriminating all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of this present time, but of the times which are yet to be.

O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri—
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

Come, my friends—
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought, with me . . .
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

ROUNDELL, LORD SELBORNE

Rector from 1877 to 1880

Address delivered on November 21, 1878

LORD SELBORNE

I SUPPOSE that every one who is called upon to address a body of young men upon an occasion like this must have two predominant feelings: a cordial interest in them, and a wish to draw from his own experience some hints or lessons which may give them encouragement and help. The soul does not grow old, as the body does (a fact, itself one of the natural signs of immortality): there is a well-spring of youth, inseparable from the sense of personal identity, which accompanies from childhood to the grave every man who has not stifled in himself the higher emotions; and this produces a sympathy of older men with younger, which the young (not having passed through the same experience) cannot be expected fully to understand. That sympathy, powerful always, must have peculiar force when it is excited towards an assembly, not of young men only, but of students in one of the most ancient seats of learning of a nation remarkable for the distinction of its citizens in every field in which distinction can be obtained: I may add, when it is excited in the breast of one who knows from experience the value of such studies and such institutions, and who is not insensible to the honour done him by this particular audience, in calling him to a post which has been filled by many remarkable, and by some illustrious men.

You all know how Xerxes, when the multitude which he had assembled for the invasion of Greece passed in review before him, was melted into tears by the thought that in a few years every one of that great army would be numbered with the dead. I daresay, too, you remember the Ode in

which Gray prefigured to himself the future misfortunes of the young generation, which he saw repeating the scenes of his own boyhood in the playing-fields of Eton. My thoughts on the present occasion are very different. It is indeed wholesome for every one to understand and remember the necessary conditions of human life, and to contemplate the possibility of misfortune; not (like Gray) in a temper of cynical despondency, but with manly courage, and with a resolution to take all possible security against it by a right use of his faculties and opportunities. But I am thinking of those on whom my eyes now fall, not as mortals, but as immortals. I look not to the close, but to the opening of their work in life. I recognise in them (notwithstanding all the inevitable disappointments which must occur) a Band of Hope, out of which the ranks of the wise and good and happy may reasonably be expected to receive many recruits, and some of whom may not improbably be destined to take their places among the benefactors of mankind.

It has been the habit of the elders in every generation to regard with anxiety the changes of opinions, manners, and institutions going on around them; while the juniors more generally throw themselves with sanguine confidence into the forward movement of their time, whatever it may be. I suppose this to happen by a natural law, each temper supplying the proper corrective of the other; and the result being that in ordinary times progress is made, not rapidly, but safely. I have no sympathy with those who say

> Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
> Nos nequiores; mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Without disparaging what was good in former times, and certainly without supposing that none of the present generation have fallen short of their fathers, I believe the truth, on the whole, to be in the opposite direction. I think it is reasonable to hope (as it is certainly natural to desire), that our children may be better, very much better, than ourselves. Much depends upon them. The movement of our time is,

beyond all doubt, going on at an accelerated rate, as compared with that of former ages; and a greater or less degree of wisdom and virtue in the new generation, to some of whom I am now speaking, may make all the difference between a balance of good and a balance of evil in its consequences to mankind. If, as is probable, there never was a time more stimulating to intellectual activity, it must also follow that there was never more need of a healthy morality, and a sound education, to control and direct it.

I will imagine to myself a model student, such as some of you doubtless are—such as I should wish all of you to be; and I will endeavour, not so much to interest you by an intellectual exercise, as to speak to you in a practical way, as I might to such a student, if I were bound to him by ties of blood or affection, and thought him likely to attend to my words.

And first, with respect to that aim and object in life to which all education ought to be relative and subservient. A complaint has, of late, been made, that some of those who profit most by Academical study afterwards find themselves at a loss for a suitable career; and it has occurred to some that the Universities themselves might provide them with what they want. If, however, the complaint is just, the disease must lie too deep to be cured by any such remedy. Those who are supposed to be so disappointed must have been laying in a stock, not of furniture for their own minds, and strength for their own characters, but of intellectual wares to be disposed of in some market, in which they are found not to be in demand, or not to command the price which their owners set upon them. This is a mercantile speculation; and there is, no doubt, a necessary and a legitimate place for mercantile occupations and the mercantile spirit in human affairs. But the mercantile view of education is not a very high one; and those who take it must be content to submit to economical laws. I advise you to look higher. There is nothing truer, even in Scripture, than the saying that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is a poor ambition

which cannot do without what the world calls success, or which would be willing always to purchase success on the world's terms. The greatest, noblest, and happiest career—to attain as nearly as possible to the perfection, and to do as well as possible the work, of a man—is consistent with poverty and obscurity, but is closed against importunate desires.

It is impossible to promise my model student that, do what he may, even if he had the highest intellectual gifts, he would be a Crœsus, or a Chatham, or a Wellington. But I may venture confidently to assure him that, without any extraordinary gifts, it is quite in his power to be George Herbert's "Honest Man."

> Who is the Honest Man?
> He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
> To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
> Whom neither force nor fawning can
> Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due;
>
> Whose honesty is not
> So loose and easy, that a ruffling wind
> Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;
> Who rides his sure and even trot
> While the world now rides by, now lags behind;
>
> Who, when great trials come,
> Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
> Till he the thing and the example weigh;
> All being brought into a sum,
> What place or person calls for, he doth pay;
>
> Whom none can work or woo
> To use in anything a trick or sleight;
> For above all things he abhors deceit;
> His words and works and fashion too
> All of a piece; and all are clear and straight.

There is much in common between the thought of this poem and that of another, with which the pupils of my friend, Principal Shairp, can hardly be otherwise than familiar. In spite of that familiarity, they will, I am sure,

bear with me if I repeat a few more lines, from Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"—

> Who is the Happy Warrior? who is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the man—

> Whose high endeavours are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright;
> Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
> Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
> But makes his moral being his prime care;
> . . . .
> Who, if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honourable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire;
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
> . . . .
> Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
> And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
> This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be.

I would suggest that it is the first end and object of the best education to build up this sort of character; that its next office is to teach a man the right use of such of his own faculties as are of the greatest general importance; and that it should be its crowning work to furnish him, or put him in the way of furnishing himself, with such knowledge as, to a man of such a character, with intellectual powers brought under his command by proper discipline, will be

practically useful in whatever may be his walk of life. And it is important that this subordination of means to ends should be observed. It is liable to be disturbed when the intellectual is in advance of the moral development; and also when the superstructure of knowledge is substituted for, or preferred to, the foundation. There is, in our times, a tendency to both these kinds of disturbance; to the first, from the unsettling effect of speculations adverse to those influences by which the lower appetites are chiefly kept in check; to the second, from the increasing demand for such instruction as is supposed to be directly, rather than indirectly, useful.

What do I mean, when I speak of the intellectual as in advance of the moral development? One part of my meaning is so plain, that I should hardly dwell upon it, except as an introduction to what may not be quite so obvious. Every right-minded father who loves his son would say,— I wish my boy to obtain (if he can) prizes and distinctions at school, at college, in the world; I shall be proud of him if he surpasses others in ability and attainment; but I value his purity and uprightness far above all these things; I would rather that he should remain all his life in obscurity, than "gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Love judges by a truer and higher standard than ambition; and I should not wish to refer you to any standard lower than the truest and the highest. But even ambition, if not a very ignoble one indeed, cannot afford to disregard the supremacy of the moral sense. As Demosthenes called "action" not only the first, but the second and the third requisite of an orator, so, if I were asked what I thought the first, the second, and the third requisite of a successful and noble life, I should say, and I should reiterate, "a good conscience." There is no lever like this to overcome the difficulties of life; no power greater than the simple, straightforward, unselfish energy which it gives; no drawback and dead-weight, even upon what to outside observers may seem a successful career comparable with the loss of it. And those who contract bad habits in their youth can never be the same men afterwards

as if they had not done so. They may recover themselves so far as to escape from total debasement; they may follow in later life, the calls of honour and virtue; but they are handicapped in the race, and they would probably be glad to sacrifice any object of worldly desire in order to undo the past, if that were possible. I referred, just now, to Gray's ode *On a distant prospect of Eton College;* it sets before young men some very unhappy contingencies of life, which may best be avoided by the early formation of habits of obedience to moral discipline.

Every one can apply these observations, so far as they relate to gross forms of vice; and some people speak of morality as if it consisted wholly in abstinence from gross vices. I hope your conception of it is not so narrow. A young man is not really moral unless he is honourable and truthful in act and word, just and considerate towards others of every class, mindful of what is due to his parents and friends, scrupulous about living within his means and not incurring debt; nor, if he lives in an atmosphere of excitement, and wastes in idleness, or in excessive or unsuitable amusements, the time which ought to be spent in study, and the money with which he is entrusted for better purposes.

It is much to stand right in these things; but, to the higher class of minds especially, even this is not enough. There are more subtle forms of mischief, resulting from an excess of intellectual activity and ambition, when not balanced by a corresponding moral development. An eminent man, now a Bishop of the Church of England, has said, that "little hearts and large brains are produced by some forms of education." Taste, imagination, and the love of knowledge, in persons of a cold natural temperament, often acquire such predominance as to exclude, for a time, the ordinary temptations to irregular conduct, and yet may not be accompanied by the positive virtues essential to the formation of a high character. Of such men we occasionally hear it said, that they might be better if they were not so good; the truth being that they have the form, but not the

substance, of goodness. Now, there can be no doubt that the conscientious cultivation of the intellect, especially by students in places of learning, is a moral virtue; it is, indeed, that virtue to the practice of which students, as such, are particularly called; and, being so, it is generally in them the index of other virtues. But it ceases to be virtue, and becomes moroseness or self-idolatry, when it is one-sided, and too much absorbs the whole man; an effect which, though seldom perfectly developed till later life, is (I suppose) always traceable to habits which began in youth. The positiveness of opinion, the neglect of disturbing forces, the demand for ideal perfection everywhere but in themselves, which in many men disfigure the early developments of thought, but afterwards receive correction from experience, are in these cases hardened and intensified. It is of such stuff as this, when brought by extraordinary occasions into the world of action, that misanthropes, and tyrants, and inquisitors are made. Some notions of philosophers seem to lead in this direction; such as that of Aristotle when he represents the theoretical or speculative life as the highest form of human excellence; and the familiar passage of Lucretius, (honey, to use his own figure, upon the lips, but wormwood within), where he dwells upon the pleasure of occupying the high places of human wisdom, and from thence looking down, with a complacency not unmixed with contempt, upon the pursuits and interests of ordinary men. The ordinary man may be excused, if (with Wordsworth) he retaliates upon this sort of philosopher, by describing him as having "neither eyes nor ears," as being "himself his world, and his own God"—

> One, to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
> Nor form nor feeling, great or small;
> A reasoning, self-sufficing, thing;
> An intellectual All-in-all.

How, then, may those who love knowledge for its own sake guard themselves against this really debasing sort of intellectualism? Not by relaxing their efforts after self-

cultivation and the acquisition of knowledge; but by setting before themselves a Christian and not a heathen, a practical and not a fantastic, view of life; by cherishing and acting upon, large and generous sympathies; by avoiding recluse and unsociable habits; by endeavouring to see things from the points of view of other men as well as their own; by learning the lessons of self-restraint, self-sacrifice, modesty in self-judgment; by enduring superiority in others; and (in spite of Aristotle) by valuing duty above sentiment, and work above theory.

With respect to the other way, in which the subordination of means to ends in education is liable to be disturbed —the tendency to put the superstructure of knowledge out of its proper place, and to give it precedence over the cultivation and development of those faculties on which its use depends—(perhaps I ought rather to say, to treat it as being itself a complete intellectual discipline, without any other foundation),—the present generation is undergoing a strong reaction from a former undue neglect of the instrumental parts of knowledge. And this is dangerous; because the special prerogatives of youth point in the opposite direction, and are liable, by this system, to be wasted and thrown away; and the object itself, of filling the mind with a stock of available knowledge, is really not attainable unless the mind has been properly trained to understand, retain, and apply it. One prerogative of youth consists in the almost mechanical nature of its passive mental operations, undisturbed by any settled contrary currents of thought, will, or habit; which makes it easily receptive of systematic instruction in those things of which no mastery can be obtained without first learning their elements patiently and gradually. Another (the opposite of this, and yet consistent with it), is its fulness of unsophisticated feeling and imagination, not yet subdued to measure all things by the standard of experience—what Wordsworth calls "the Vision splendid," by which "the youth, who daily further from the East must travel, is on his way attended." These are very great, but they are also "fugitive" powers.

If wisely impressed into the service of education, they may accomplish very great things; and their neglect at that time can never be repaired.

These considerations appear to me to have a direct bearing upon three particular subjects of study—Language, Mathematics, and Poetry; and to be important also, by way of introduction to a fourth—Natural Science.

I should be sorry if, in these seats of learning, the exact study of Language on the one hand, or the cultivation of poetical taste on the other, should ever come to be valued by the mere measure of their apparent marketable results. When our Pitts and Cannings and Gladstones were at school and at college, these were instruments of education very much relied on; and extremely powerful instruments in many cases they proved to be. It might have been better, no doubt, if other things which were not then learnt had been added to them; but it would certainly have been much worse for some men, perhaps for the nation generally, if these things had been neglected or less highly valued.

You are aware that the system which ascribed so much value to classical studies is now very often called in question, and that some people speak as if the whole result of the time spent on Latin and Greek, when most successfully employed, were the acquisition of two dead languages, and the command of their literature. This is itself no inconsiderable gain; because that literature includes all the Scriptures of the New Testament, and its secular part presents, within a small compass, more signal and typical examples of force, taste, and correctness of style than can elsewhere be found. I do not propose to enter into that controversy; I will only observe (what you probably know) that, whether the time so employed has or has not been excessive, this estimate of its fruits is certainly imperfect. Of all the uses of such studies the most important is this, that they are a discipline of the faculty of speech; they give a mastery of the art of language, as the vehicle of thought and reason; or, in other words, they give the power of quickly and accurately

expressing what we ourselves mean, and understanding what is meant by others, in speaking, reading, and writing. Though taught by methods which cannot be described as scientific, this knowledge really partakes of a scientific character; and, when gained in the terms of one language, it may readily be applied to others. I am far from saying that it might not be gained by the study of one or more living languages upon a like exact and patient method. But modern languages are seldom, if ever, so taught; and the Greek and Latin tongues, with their intricate structure, and full and clear exhibition of the various modifications of which the forms of thought are susceptible, are peculiarly fit to exemplify the general laws of language.

When we consider how the relation of words to thought lies at the root of logic and all other sciences,—of all our means of acquiring, using, and communicating knowledge, of acting upon and influencing the minds of others, both in private and in public,—it can hardly be too much to say, that the science of language is the most architectonic of all those, which the docility of the passive faculties of the young makes proper subjects for school and college instruction. And it may safely be added, as to men in general, that if its elements are not mastered then, they will hardly ever be so well mastered afterwards. There is a time for all things; a time for laying foundations, and a time for building upon them. A mason, who raises a building without a sufficient foundation, may sometimes secure it afterwards by "under-pinning." But intellectual under-pinning is a difficult process, when the mind has received a certain set of impulses and impressions, and has been launched, with the habits so formed, upon the business of life. The patience and self-denial, necessary for making good lost ground, under such circumstances, is a very rare gift; and the time and appliances indispensable for it are seldom at command. I do not, of course, differ from those who deprecate the fruitless labour of attempting to force the study of Greek or Latin upon minds not receptive of them, to the neglect of other things suitable to their capacities. But to such as are intellectu-

ally more fortunate, and have time and opportunity for their acquisition, I would represent the neglect or depreciation of the classical languages as certainly a mistake; I doubt whether, to them, any other branch of the studies of boyhood and youth can be more permanently or more practically useful. It must not, however, be supposed, because I thus speak, that I undervalue modern languages, especially German and French. Their study ought to be facilitated by a thorough training in Latin and Greek, and should be considered its necessary complement; and to those who, for whatever reason, are obliged to forego such a training, this will be found the best substitute. French now fills the place formerly held by Latin, as the universal medium of intercourse, by speech and writing, with foreign nations: an intercourse of constantly increasing importance, in almost every department of the business of life. The acquisition therefore of French ought now to be considered as indispensable to an educated man as that of Latin was in the Middle Ages. The want of it, when it has been neglected, is felt as a serious drawback by every one to whom success brings opportunities of meeting and associating with distinguished men of other countries, whether his line be mercantile, literary, scientific, legal, or political. I do not think there is any other mistake in early education of which such a man will be more frequently or more disagreeably reminded, or for which he will be more disposed to blame those who directed the studies of his youth.

Mathematics are not in any danger of being undervalued in these times. Their practical utility, when measured by definite and marketable results, is well understood. As in the case of the classical languages, so in that of Mathematics, there are some (I must confess myself to be one) to whom the gift of acquiring them seems to have been denied by nature. The loss is great; for this is another architectonic science, one of the master-keys of knowledge. The acquisition of its elements is a discipline of abstract reason, which, if to most young persons (and especially to those of active imagination or volatile temper) it is austere and repulsive,

needs so much the more on that account to be undertaken before the passive faculties lose their pliancy.

The value of Mathematical knowledge cannot be exaggerated; but it is important to remember its limits. It is the measure of form, number, time, and space; of things sensible, and of those laws of thought which define our conceptions of them. It is the necessary foundation of most, if not all, of what is comprehended under the name of Natural Science. But of moral evidence and moral truth it is no measure at all. Its completeness and absolute sufficiency within its proper limits seems to have the effect of making some men its slaves, and not its masters; as if there could be no ground for believing anything which is neither directly perceived by the senses nor capable of being absolutely demonstrated. While, therefore, an education in which Mathematics are neglected is one-sided and imperfect, one in which they are too exclusive and predominant may possibly be more imperfect still, unless the mind is of less consequence than its instruments.

To pass from Mathematics to Poetry may seem like going from one pole to its opposite. Poetry is conversant with those faculties—fancy, imagination, the sense of beauty, the moral sentiments, the higher aspirations of humanity—with which Mathematical Science has least to do. Just as boyhood is the season in which the passive faculties, necessary for the acquisition of the elements of language and of Mathematics, are most tractable; so the active faculties, with which Poetry is conversant, are strongest and simplest in youth, and have then a vantage-ground, of which the later experience of life tends in many ways to deprive them. They accompany, and often play an important part in, the awakening of the mind to a consciousness of its own strength and powers, both of work and of enjoyment. They come upon it with the force of new discoveries, new treasures of intellectual activity and life. They quicken all its perceptions, and, in the first burst of their spring-time, they are natural and honest, even if not always deep or accurate. I cannot but think that it is a thing of great moment to encourage,

cultivate, guide, and develop them; so as to counteract the narrowing tendencies of a too exclusive devotion to exact science, and to produce a generally healthy and well-balanced tone of mind.

Poetry may be made an instrument of education, partly by exercises in composition and criticism, but chiefly by the wise direction of poetical reading. There have been few more successful teachers than some, who, though not technically first-rate scholars, had the gift of infusing into the minds of their pupils a love for the works of great poets. Nor am I sure that, in any other way, a foundation can so well be laid even for historical and philosophical studies, of which, though they may be begun at college, the serious prosecution must belong to after life. There can be no greater mistake than to regard poetry merely as word-music and word-painting, a fine art, an exercise in the beautiful, a sport of fancy, a luxury of the intellect. All this it is; but it could not be this, unless it were also more. The elements of the beautiful, the materials of fancy, must have their bases in Truth. The great poets of the world are certainly among its greatest and its wisest men; perhaps no other men have exercised so wide or so permanent an influence and power. To get into real sympathy with their minds is to approach very near to the innermost sanctuaries of humanity.

I may be excused for repeating here (because I am still persuaded of their truth) words which I used twenty-six years ago, in a lecture upon the connection of Poetry with History.

"The Poet is 'Nature's Priest'; he recognises and glorifies wisdom and beauty, both in their common and in their more exalted forms. It is his office to speak the intelligible language of universal humanity; to collect the finest and most volatile essence of the thoughts, the emotions, and the aspirations of his time, and to add it for ever to the common intellectual stock of mankind. His writings are a storehouse of popular philosophy; by his art the sayings of genius pass as proverbs into the mouths of the people: he is the glass and mirror, in which are to be seen those of the

accepted truths, the ruling ideas, the prospects and retrospects of his age, which upon his own mind had most power,—not analysed or exhibited in any abstract form, but as he was himself actuated by them; as the moral atmosphere, the medium of sight, through which he contemplated things present, past, and to come. For the Poet is a Representative Man: the exponent of whatever he feels as beautiful, and worthy on that account to be immortal, in the peculiar spirit and distinctive character of his own time. Sometimes he may appear to precede, sometimes to follow, a course of events which constitutes the external manifestation of the same spirit: he may be among the first touched by a fire which is afterwards to light up the world, or it may mount in his soul into a dying blaze, after it has spent its force and is elsewhere well-nigh extinguished. But the power which moves him and his fellowmen is the same; and the voice which he utters finds its echo, if not in the general heart of his country, at least in the hearts of many of his contemporaries."

I have, so far, given reasons for thinking that poetical studies are a good balance for the abstract sciences, and a good introduction to History and Philosophy. I will now speak of Natural Science, with the subject-matter of which Poetry, as well as Philosophy, has much to do, and which in all times, and not least in our own, has influenced the course of the world's history in many wonderful ways. The transition is easy from Poetry to Nature; from the love of Nature to the study of it; and from the study of Nature to the highest questions on which the human mind can be engaged.

The title of Natural Science to a prominent and honoured place in any worthy course of Academical study is now universally recognised. Associating itself with, and colouring (as it does) other branches of philosophy, its great practical importance and growing popularity call for careful discrimination between those processes and results which are truly scientific, and speculations which may pass current under that name without having a real claim to it. It is

inevitable that such speculations should often deviate from the proper field of experiment and observation into regions where experiment and observation are impossible. It may not therefore be out of place to suggest some cautions, with which inquiries of this nature, especially when entered upon by the young, should be pursued.

If it is right, in following the track of scientific investigation, to put aside all mere prejudices—which may stand in the way of the honest reception of evidence—it is also right to be watchful against the inroad of other prepossessions, of an opposite kind. Every paradoxical or destructive philosophy has attractions for some minds, from sympathy with the courage which faces the consequences (often inconvenient, sometimes dangerous) of hostility to received beliefs. It is, however, obvious that such an attraction may be unfavourable to the distinction which ought always to be made, between a polemical temper, and one reverent and loyal towards Truth. It is easier to go straight round the compass—from optimism to pessimism, from fanaticism to irreligion, from belief on one authority to disbelief on another—than to observe moderation, and balance evidence. Truth (which is the one thing to be cared for) will no doubt in the end prevail. But it does not prevail with every man. Shipwreck may easily be suffered in the search for it, if it is undertaken in an impatient spirit. With minds off their balance, inconclusive arguments, confidently presented and reiterated, very easily pass for proofs. The history of human thought is full of baseless speculations, which nevertheless in their day attracted crowds of enthusiastic disciples. "There is often a virulent contagion" (I use Professor Tyndall's words) "in a confident tone: and this hardihood of argumentative assertion is sure to influence minds swayed, not by knowledge, but by authority." The pliancy of young and the levity of indolent minds; the eagerness of some for emancipation from fetters of every kind, even from the laws of liberty and reason; the interest of novelty; the authority acquired by leaders in every movement, and the not always tolerant use which they make of it; the mutual admiration,

from which scientific circles are not exempt; the multiplication of voices, which—even when they are but echoes of each other—sound like cumulative evidence; all these influences surround the region of discovery with an artificial atmosphere, and make the discrimination between true discovery and its counterfeits difficult. Nothing can be more natural, nothing more right, than that young men should look up with affectionate veneration to their teachers; yet even this generous feeling may often undermine that strength and independence of judgment, which is necessary to "prove all things," and to "hold fast that which is good." We see this exemplified in the history of religious sects and parties. Multitudes of men make for themselves Popes, not ascribing to them infallibility, but following them quite as blindly as if they were infallible. Scepticism, as well as Religion, has its dogmatists, its sectaries and zealots, even its idolaters; and unlearned and occupied men, in scientific as well as other departments of thought, must inevitably take upon trust many things which they cannot verify for themselves.

There are, however, some principles, by which even those who cannot enter deeply into such subjects may be helped to discern between facts and theories, between true and false lights.

In many cases, the line may be drawn by simply keeping in view the laws of logic and evidence. In a great political and judicial Assembly—to which I have the honour to belong—it sometimes happens that there is an equality of voices for, and against, a proposition, to reverse a prior judgment, or to change an existing law. In such cases, the maxim which there prevails is *Semper præsumitur pro negante*;—the presumption, until proof to the contrary, is in favour, not of the new but of the old opinion. The principle of this rule is founded in very good sense, and it is capable of wide application. The world could not go on, unless some *prima facie* credit were given to beliefs, which represent the present results of the past experience of men. A belief may no doubt be general, and yet erroneous.

There is no want of instances of such errors, known to all of us. But, in all such cases, the burden of proof ought to be kept in mind; and the proof, when it professes to be scientific, should be strictly required.

In this subject-matter the test of truth is experiment: and every theory which goes beyond the limits of experiment, or of just logical deduction from it, is incapable of verification, and at best can belong only to the region of probable truth. It may, or it may not, furnish convenient symbols for particular mental operations; it may, with greater or less plausibility, seek to measure, from the standing-point of our actual knowledge, the past or future possibilities of the Universe. But what is material to observe is, that when it makes these attempts it passes beyond the bounds of Science, properly so called. The cosmogonies of natural philosophers—such, for example, as the theories that all the variety of substances now existing in this world, or which may exist elsewhere in space, are derived from the concourse and self-arrangement of homogeneous, or heterogeneous Atoms; that the visible universe has been gradually formed by the mutual attraction of molecules of "world-dust," or "star-dust," infinitely diffused; that the differences of species and organism in all kinds of plants and animals, are due to what is called "evolution,"—may to some minds seem reasonable, to others (possibly) the reverse. What I am bold enough to dispute altogether is their title to be called *scientific*. Largely as they are conversant with, much as they profess to build upon, some of the facts of scientific observation, they receive no support from anything which deserves the name of evidence. They make (so it seems to me) as large a demand on faith without experience, on "the evidence of things not seen," as is made by any doctrines of Theology.

The inductive Logic, with which this class of inquiries is concerned, must always depend for its cogency upon the extent and accessibility of the field of observation, and the exactness, completeness, and relevancy of the observations made within that field. The presence of any unknown or

misunderstood factor may vitiate the whole process. Induction from scanty or indirect materials, or from the imperfect observation of materials imperfectly known, when it cannot be verified by experiment, must necessarily be speculative and precarious.

It should, therefore, be a first principle in all such inquiries, to begin with a right conception of what Natural Science can, and what it cannot do. It can collect, classify, and compare phenomena; it can note their succession and order; it can decompose the subjects of sense into some of their elements, and can trace those elements through many permutations and combinations of substance and form; it can to some extent measure, excite, and make use of the mechanical, chemical, and other forces on which their structure, arrangement, growth, and other changes depend. To all these things it can give names, convenient as signs and symbols. But what the things, so observed and so named, are in themselves—what matter is, what force is,—no philosopher can tell us. When we have measured the distances and weighed the masses of all the heavenly bodies,—when we have tested by the spectroscope the materials of the sun and stars,—we are still on the outside of things. If we sometimes seem to penetrate beneath the surface, it is only like children who unpack nests of Chinese boxes, or peel off the coats of a bulb. In words for which I am indebted to my friend and your Chancellor, (himself no mean philosopher), the Duke of Argyll, "Every advance has its new horizon; every answered question brings into view another question, unanswered and perhaps unanswerable, lying close behind it." And, as it is only through impressions made upon our inward consciousness that we are brought into sensible contact with any part of this wonderful world, so it is only through the judgment of the same consciousness that we understand the impressions thus made upon us to be faithful, and trust to them as conveying a true knowledge of realities external to ourselves. Matter without mind would be to us nothing; it is through mind only that matter is perceived.

As Science cannot tell us anything of the essential nature, so neither can it inform us of the ultimate cause of any of these things. Every moment's experience, and all the results of investigation, concur to show that everything in the world has not been from all eternity exactly as it is now; that there are causes and effects—a series of changes depending on laws, or on some law, of causation. Science may trace, link after link upwards, some small part of the chain which thus hangs down from Infinity; but how that chain came into existence, what began and what sustains it —on these points Science is, and must continue to be, silent. The atomic, or world-dust cosmogony is not more satisfactory, or more intelligible, as an explanation of ourselves, and of all the varieties of Being Form and Force, which we see around us, than the Chaos of the ancients. The question, "And Chaos whence?" still inevitably recurs.

The speculations of natural philosophers, even after their boldest flights, fail to throw the faintest ray of light upon the transition from inorganic matter to vegetable life, upon animal life, consciousness, and instinct, upon reason and the moral sense in man. Are these realities, or not? Do they, or do they not, belong to a higher system, to a greater world, than that of Physics, Mechanics, and Chemistry? No analysis of the material structures with which they are connected has any tendency to explain how they came to be, or why they differ as they do. All the suns and planets of the universe, supposing them to be without life or reason, would be but multiples of the things, over which Reason reigns —of those particles of dead matter which man cannot but believe to be immeasurably below himself. How can any theory of existence be sufficient and satisfactory, which has nothing to tell us about this higher order of facts—which confesses itself blind and impotent in its presence? Whatever else is credible, this at least can never be believed, that man's Moral Nature tells him a false tale; that all his sense of freedom and power, all his self-knowledge, self-criticism, discernment between good and evil, is a kaleidoscope of the brain, a phantasmagoria of illusions. Many

poisonous vapours may float in the social atmosphere; but none, surely, can be worse than that which would suggest doubt or disbelief of everything which cannot be tasted, handled, or seen. It is disbelief not in God only, but in Man. Not in the sphere of Religion only, but in those of Morals and Politics, it leaves our human life without rudder, chart, or compass. Epicureanism was the philosophy of Imperial Rome; to modern materialism, the will of those who have power is the sole ground of the obligation of law. Epicureanism in the higher, and Socialism in the lower regions of thought, are still—as they have always been—the natural products of this system.

Here it is that Religion comes in. I will not trespass at all upon the proper province of the teachers of Religion; but to be silent as to the keystone of the arch of human knowledge and virtue is not possible. Morality, which is the conscience of Reason; Language, which is discourse of Reason; Mathematics the infallible Law, Poetry the Creative spirit, and Natural Science the experimental Record of Reason all point to this. Religion harmonises the inward world of life and consciousness with the outward world of sense, ascribing all to one great Cause; which, if our knowledge of it is but as a tangent to Infinity, still realises the highest conceptions and aspirations which man can form, impersonating the supremacy of perfect Reason. In a moral and intelligent Author of the Universe, of absolute power, wisdom, and goodness, Reason finds the explanation and the archetype of itself, nowhere else discoverable. Infinity and eternal Self-existence are transcendent Realities, which it is impossible to understand, but in which, under one hypothesis or another, belief is absolutely unavoidable. The alternative is between intelligent and unintelligent Self-existence. If it is against nature to persuade a man that he is not superior to a piece of iron or a stone, not less evident, as it seems to me, is the superior reasonableness of an account of the origin of all things—which makes them emanate from, and depend upon supreme and perfect Reason—over one which derives every-

thing from developments, supposed to be spontaneous, of brute inorganic matter of matter, supposed to be governed by laws and yet to be without a lawgiver. The more we dissect, analyse, decompose, the more mastery we obtain over the elements of matter, the more irresistible (to my mind at least) becomes the conviction that there is a higher and greater Power behind them. Those who recognise the idea of "Force" as necessary to be added to the idea of matter, in order to account for the existence and the known conditions of the Universe, bear testimony to this truth, though they fail to explain it. To me (I trust to my hearers also) the presence of that Power is a revelation of God. It was Lord Bacon who said: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Al-koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." And he added: "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." Nature leads men who know no Revelation *viam palantes quærere vitæ;* to seek the Unknown, by "feeling after Him, if haply they may find Him." That cannot be true Science which—on this the most important of all subjects—would lead those, who believe that they have found Him, back to blank ignorance, and teach them to "care for none of these things."

You will hear, nevertheless, from some who think themselves wise, that these things are "unknowable." A dogma which denies the possibility of the knowledge, seems to me to deny also the possibility of the being, of God. It is implied in any reasonable conception of the Author of the Universe, that He is "not far from every one of us." It cannot, on that supposition, be unreasonable to believe that the same law of human nature which enables us to acquire other knowledge, may, from a contact real, though

not visible, enable us to acquire some knowledge of Him also. His means of making Himself known to his intelligent creatures must be as boundless as his presence and power. All human knowledge is partial, determined by the conditions of contact between our nature and that which is external to us; reaching our minds, as a rule, indirectly; and always coloured by the media through which it comes. With respect to our knowledge of our fellow-men, even of those whom we know best, it has been truly said by John Henry Newman, that "we see them, and they act upon us, only, as it were, at a distance, through the medium of sense: they cannot get at our souls"; and by Keble, that

> Each in his hidden sphere, of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart.

Nevertheless, with all this incompleteness, and in some sense inaccessibility, no knowledge can be more real, more precious, or more necessary for the conduct of life, than that which we have of each other's minds. On natural principles, what is not an objection to the lower cannot be an objection to the higher knowledge. And what is the evidence of facts? That faith in God is a real power in the world, by which the lives and characters of multitudes of men and women have been, and are being continually formed, and that such men and such women have been and are "the salt of the earth," are facts which cannot be denied. Everybody knows examples of them; and what is in this respect our own experience, has also been the experience of ages. There is no other kind of knowledge, the truth of which is attested, in the same manner and degree as this, by its moral fruits.

To those of you who may wish to see the natural argument for religion presented in a form as nearly as possible scientific, and afterwards to compare its results with the main doctrines of Revelation (with reference to some of the objections urged against it by opponents), no better advice can be given than that which you would probably receive from your instructors in this place—namely, to make your-

selves thoroughly masters of two of the best known and most excellent books in our language, Paley's *Natural Theology*, and Butler's *Analogy*—works which can never be out of date; and which, though extremely different in style, are in this respect alike, that in both of them everything is to the purpose, without any mixture of sophistry or rhetoric. Only it should be remembered, that such works, to be understood, must be approached in a reasonable and patient temper. They are not written for those who know no difficulties, nor for those who will accept no solution of any difficulty so long as they can point to others which remain unsolved: which, under any conceivable hypothesis, must always be the case. It may, perhaps, not be superfluous to add, that most of the writers who in the present day assail Christianity seem also to set aside Natural Religion, as depending upon evidence of a kind not admitted by their systems. Indeed, the attack is now very often directed against Paley's argument, rather than against that of Butler. This school of thought, so far as relates to the moral and spiritual world, is simply destructive.

Gentlemen, I have spoken long enough. I have said what, in one shape or another, most of you, probably, have heard or read, perhaps, often before. There are, however, some truths, which it is more natural for one who feels their importance to seek to impress, even upon those who may know them already, than to strive after novelties on an occasion like this. To the younger of you, part of what I have said may not as yet seem so practical as I could wish it to be; but perhaps at some future time it may become so. If, now or hereafter, any part of it should prove useful to any of my hearers, my object will have been gained.

In the hope, gentlemen, that, both during my tenure of office, and afterwards, you will do your best to support the honour and credit of this University, I bid you farewell.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

Rector from 1880 to 1883

Address delivered on November 21, 1881

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

GENTLEMEN—As you make your way through life, you will probably find that very many of the things that give you most pleasure,—that sometimes even bring you much permanent happiness,—are things to which you have not only not looked forward, but which have come upon you with all the suddenness of surprise. To reach the goal of some cherished ambition does not always bring the satisfaction we have hoped for. Success may come too late, or it may be bought at too dear an expenditure of energy or of health. But if the aim has been worthy, and worthily pursued, the years of strenuous and well calculated effort which have been directed to attain it will surely be cheered by signs, from unexpected quarters, that your work has not been in vain; that you have made friends where you looked for none; that in some way unknown to, nay, undreamed of by yourself, you have created in others that sympathetic interest which is at once the most precious reward for labours past, and the strongest incitement to future endeavour.

In my own person, gentlemen, I have often had occasion to acknowledge the truth of what I have just said, but never more than in the circumstance to which I owe the honour of now addressing you from this place. When a student like yourselves, I had my ambitious dreams. What they were it would be hard for me now to recall, when the current of my life has run in channels far different from what I then anticipated, and better things have befallen me than I could even have imagined. But if such an aspira-

tion could then have entered my head as possible, nothing could have kindled a warmer thrill within my heart, than the thought that I should some day be elected as their Rector—spontaneously and cordially as I have been—by such a body of my young countrymen as yourselves. As it would have been then, so is it now. I heard of the intention to nominate me for that honourable distinction with a pleased surprise, for it told me—what I had never dreamed—that the younger spirits of my dear native land thought that I had done something, in my day and generation, not unworthy of their race. When I learned that I had been chosen, in competition with a rival whose pre-eminence in the studies he has made his own none can recognise more frankly than myself, my pleasure was mingled with pride, to find that I had so many unknown friends, among the young and ardent who were being trained as I had myself been trained, and who were equipping themselves to fight the battle of life upon the same lines upon which I had myself fought it.

But, gentlemen, my pride was mingled with a strong feeling of my own unworthiness to occupy a place which has been filled by men of gifts so varied and distinguished. Believe me, I say this in no spirit of false humility. To learn, not to teach, has always been the attitude of my life; and to more than one of these men I have long been accustomed to look up with gratitude, for instruction and for guidance. I have had the happiness of knowing some of them as friends, of taking sweet counsel with them in their homes as well as in their books. Nor will you think it out of place if I say here, that among the many gratifying circumstances associated with my election as your Rector, not the least is the remembrance that the very first to offer me congratulation was one whose name will always, I am sure, be held in high honour in this University, but whose voice, alas! it will no more hear,—the late Dean of Westminster. Yes, we shall hear his voice no more, and how great is that loss to those who knew and loved him, it would be difficult to estimate; but the large generous

soul, that gave a charm to the fine lines of that expressive mouth, and spoke in the eager penetrating kindly glance of those sympathetic eyes, lives on in his books. It lives, too, in the influence which his spirit and character wrought upon those among whom he moved and worked, and through them will carry on the great purpose of his life, to break down the futile distinctions which separate men into schools and sects and parties, and to bind them together in the ties of Christian brotherhood, as befits us short-lived "travellers between life and death,"—the children of a common Father, the wayfarers towards a common goal.

Coming after such men as Arthur Stanley, as Froude, as John Stuart Mill,—men whose lives have been devoted to the study of history, of human progress, of the great questions that bear upon the welfare of men here and hereafter,—how can I hope to engage your attention, or to say anything that you will regard as a word in season? A crowded life of hard professional work has left me little leisure for

> The search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry.

I have been well content if only I might "enjoy the things which others understand," and the longer I live the more do I incline to the silence of the humble student; growing, as I do, every day more and more conscious of the perplexities which, in these days of change and restless inquiry, surround nearly every question that concerns the social and political wellbeing of our race. I cannot therefore hope to say anything very new to you; or rather, I should say, to put any old truths—for all great truths are old—before you in a new and striking way. But I am sure you will bear with what I may have to say, for the sake of the sincerity and goodwill with which it is offered.

Gentlemen, it seems to me that never at any period of our country's history was it more necessary that young men, on entering into the active life for which you are now preparing, should bring with them not only a clear conception

of what they mean to aim at there, but also minds and bodies well prepared for the career, whatever it may be, into which they may be thrown. Every profession, every vocation, is crowded to excess, and as the population goes on augmenting, the struggle for subsistence becomes daily harder and harder; the competition for employment grows keener and keener; the standard of attainment in knowledge and practical skill becomes higher and higher, the strain upon the physical strength more severe. This being so, it becomes more than ever essential that a young man shall bring into the field the *mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound constitution both of mind and body, a brain that has been taught to observe and to think, a moral nature disciplined to labour and to self-denial, with nerve to face difficulty, and not to be daunted by disappointment, or even by failure, and with health to support fatigue and to profit by success. To achieve these results in the degree and manner suitable to the various spheres of life is, I presume, the purpose of all education that deserves the name. But it is in an especial degree that of the class to which you belong.

Our Scottish forefathers had very clear ideas on this subject. They took care that every child learned, both at home and in the parish school, that he could not do his duty to God or man unless he lived an honest, sober, truthful, simple life, making the best that circumstances would permit of the faculties and opportunities God had given him,—earning the bread that he ate, and thinking it the worst of shames not to secure his own independence, and that of those who had to lean upon him, by the labour of his brain and hands. That simple, noble creed were ill exchanged for the superficial accomplishments which now-a-days pass in many quarters for education. It made our country what it was, the home and stronghold of civil and religious freedom; it triumphed over the disadvantages of a rigorous climate and barren soil; it sent out our young men to all parts of the world, to be the pioneers of industry and improvement, to earn honourable rewards in fame and

fortune, and to make the blood of a Scotchman widely recognised as in some measure a guarantee for integrity, for courage, intelligence, and perseverance.

In that old system which had for its main object to mould and weld the character of the people into uprightness and self-reliance, book learning was not overlooked. But as that was not to be acquired without special gifts, or the leisure of which those who have to do the rough everyday work of the world have of necessity little, no attempt was made to make it general. At the same time, however, every fair encouragement was given to those whose genius irresistibly impelled them to a life of study and research, or to seek a career in what are called the learned professions. There, too, the system had its triumphs; for it not only bred good preachers, lawyers, and doctors, but also turned out scholars, philosophers, and men of science, who, pursuing knowledge generally under difficulties, which put their enthusiasm to the severest test, and who, having to make sure their footing at every step of their progress, knew thoroughly what they professed to know, and by books of solid value, or by important discoveries in science, proved their title to a place among the teachers and benefactors of mankind.

The great principles by which our ancestors were guided in these matters are eternally true. To turn out good men and good citizens was their aim; and, according to their lights and their means, they spared no efforts to achieve it. As regarded primary education, there was little room for improvement. Whether, as time went on, and great changes took place in the circumstances and the wants of the country, the methods pursued in the higher education were always the best, is not so clear.

Speaking from the experience of my own youth, the range of studies was too limited, the methods of instruction were faulty; and too much, far too much, time was spent over these studies, such as they were. We were too early taken away from learning the structure and the resources of our own language, and from its stores of historical, biographical,

and other knowledge, which the opening mind of youth could follow with interest, and assimilate with ease and advantage; and were sent to puzzle in a confused way over Latin and Greek, to which many of the best years of our youth were devoted, almost to the exclusion of every other study. Never can I forget the hopeless weariness of those long hours, spent by myself in the Edinburgh High School, during six years, in learning badly what might easily, under proper training, have been learned thoroughly in one-half the time. The system was radically faulty; for the pace at which our knowledge advanced was regulated by the idlers and the dunces, who, to say the least, formed a tolerably liberal proportion of the much too large classes, of which we were compelled to form a part.

What was the result? As it cost a boy of fair intelligence really no effort to acquire all that he was expected to learn, and as no amount of attainment enabled him to abridge the regular curriculum, the studies to which he was fettered too often became to him an object of *ennui* and disgust. Accordingly, it was only the boys of strong character, who set up other subjects of study for themselves, and so kept their minds fresh and active, who escaped unhurt from the evils of the system. But the injury to them was not slight; for at that age I hold that every hour lost is a serious mischief, and the mischief is more serious when the loss is linked by painful associations with studies that should have brought only delight and profit. How many of us felt what Byron so vigorously expressed in his farewell to Horace, whom "he hated so"![1] The weary iteration of lines badly construed and miserably translated under the handling of a prosaic system, which did not even aim at giving vitality to the poetry of our text-books, or creating a human interest in either the men who wrote it or the people of whose soul it was the finest expression, took from the Venusian bard well-nigh all his brilliancy and charm, and

[1] Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine, etc.
—*Childe Harold*, canto iii., stanza 67.

blurred the sweetness and stately grace of his great compeer Virgil. And this for young men who already knew and loved Milton, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, and Scott, who were beginning to appreciate Wordsworth, and to drink instruction to mind and heart from that perennial well-head of beauty and wisdom, and humour and humanity, which is to be found in Shakespeare,—young men who, if rightly taught, might have enjoyed their Horace, their Virgil, or their Catullus, with a relish as keen as they felt for their English favourites,—nay, with possibly even a keener relish, by reason of the pleasant extra effort which it costs to master them, and which fixes attention upon the subtler shades of suggestion or of beautiful diction, which young readers, ever impetuous and eager, are apt to overlook in their native writers.

Passing from the High School to the University, with any love for the classics which I had ever felt almost crushed out of me, I must ever remember with gratitude the new life and interest infused into them for us by the spirit of the then Professor of Humanity there—Professor Pillans. What had seemed harsh, crabbed, colourless, grew full of fascination and charm, and "a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigned." He taught us to read and to assimilate the thoughts, of which the words had heretofore often seemed but sapless husks. He connected the literature of Rome with its history; he made us understand something of the men to whom it was addressed, and of the state of society in which it was produced. Thus he made it a living thing for us. He taught us to think of men—who for us had hitherto been little better than names—as human beings, much like the men who had made and were making our own history, and encouraged us to try to gather from their stories incentives to work as they had done

Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,

and lessons to guide us in the formation of opinion as to what is the foundation of a nation's greatness, and by what

the greatness of a nation, once achieved, is alone to be maintained. Under such guidance, gentlemen, you may conceive with what eager delight we took to our Cicero, our Livy, and our Tacitus; how it became a positive pleasure to combat the difficulties that stood in our way, as we strove to gain full insight into their meaning, and how deep a hold the great maxims of practical wisdom, which we learned from them, established upon our minds and in our memories! With what different eyes, too, did we look upon our Lucretius, our Ovid, our Virgil, our Horace! We read them with a new light upon the page, and learned to love them with a love which has outlived the lapse of years, and been proof against the blandishments of newer claimants for our regard.

Why do I recall these experiences of my own? I do so, because they seem to me to contain a lesson of wide application. I do not know whether the system under which my compeers and myself suffered has been changed. I hope it has been reformed, and that not indifferently only, but altogether; for, as it was then, so it must always be, a heavy drag upon the nascent intelligence of a large section of the community. If boys or young men are to be taught, you must make sure of their feeling an interest in what they have to learn. Do that, and the idlest will not turn away from his studies, nor the dullest lose heart over them. Let them see the use of what they are learning; make their understanding work upon it; waken their powers of observation and deduction; rouse within them the feelings and the thoughts of which words are but the symbols; feed them, in short, with facts which they can appreciate, and not with phantasmal phrases, and I care not what you set before them—be it grammar, or history, or geography, or classics, or mathematics, or natural science, or the great leading principles of health, morality, or economy—and you will have little cause to complain of the numbers of dull boys or unsatisfactory men. Follow the opposite course,—cram them, according to their various powers of absorption, with facts they neither understand nor care for, with dates and names

which they have not been taught to connect with subjects of human interest; load their memories with problems which they have been schooled into working out mechanically, and with cut-and-dry opinions, which can be produced to meet the exigencies of a pass examination—and you may turn out a fair number of clever fellows, to make a figure in class lists, but in those lists, I fear, very few of the men will be found who make their mark in life by bringing into it the well-digested knowledge, the ready helpful intelligence, and the strength of character, which are the things most wanted in every sphere, and which, in the main, are tolerably certain of recognition and wordly success.

I am not going to weary you with any remarks upon the vexed question, whether a classical or so-called scientific education is the best. Like many other controversies of comparison, it seems to me to be rather a futile one, believing, as I do, that it is quite possible to combine both, and that in all the higher education both ought to be combined, leaving the student to give the preponderance of his time and attention to that which he finds most congenial to his gifts and tastes, or most likely to prove of value for the work he has to do in life. No one will admit more frankly than myself that the educational studies of our schools and universities, as formerly pursued, were both too narrow and too uniform. They omitted instruction in many things which it was not only useful but necessary for every educated man to know, and they did not sufficiently take into account the diversities in the social position, and in the quality and bias of mind, of the students. All this is now in the fair way to be corrected. With the facilities everywhere offered, it will be a man's own fault if he finds himself, as many of the men who won distinction in the then only favoured studies used to find themselves, launched into active life in ignorance of the elements of physical science, of the phenomena of the material world, and of the laws and forces by which it is animated or controlled. The regret of such men at their own deficiencies was deepened by the thought, how easy it would have been to have acquired, by

a little extra effort, all this knowledge side by side with their other pursuits, and how difficult it was to repair the defect, when the mind was either no longer so plastic or so receptive as in youth, or when the studies and active duties of a business or profession left them little or no opportunity for the task. So, too, in the wide range of academic studies, there is now scope for every variety of gift and inclination, and there is no longer an excuse for the deadening of enthusiasm, often degenerating into habits of idleness, which was begotten by distaste for studies for which the student had no natural aptitude.

But whatever a man's special gifts may be, or whatever his future profession or pursuits in life, it seems to me that he cannot but be a gainer by the training which is to be had under a good system of classical study. Of course all studies are good by which the mind learns to think, to observe with precision, to seek out principles, to methodise facts, to draw reasonable conclusions from them, and to be able to find apt words for whatever it wants to express. But I know of no way in which all these ends are more likely to be arrived at than by a sound training in the classics. The man who has grappled successfully with the great Greek and Roman writers may be trusted to have developed a faculty which will stand him in excellent stead, whatever he may be called upon to do, or wherever he may be called upon to go. What he knows he will know thoroughly, and he will have acquired a habit of application and intellectual discernment, which will enable him to acquire and digest other knowledge with a rapidity, and to turn it to account with an address, that must give him an incalculable advantage over other men, who may be full of general information or practical knowledge, but who have not undergone the discipline of difficulty, of reasoning, and reflection involved in a mastery of the great classical writers.

The young man who can put into terse well-chosen English all the meaning of any passage of Thucydides or Tacitus, or who can make a good *précis* of an oration of

Demosthenes or Cicero, will go into active life well prepared to follow any intellectual pursuit. As a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman,—as an engineer, an artist, a merchant or a manufacturer,—he will find the benefit of the knowledge and aptitude which went to these achievements. They will make all the special studies of his vocation easier. At the same time, he will be better able to fulfil the duties of a good citizen, by bringing to the consideration of all social and political questions a judgment, less likely to be captivated by plausible fallacies or fervid rhetoric, for he will know why states and empires, which bear the closest analogy to our own, have risen and fallen. He will know, too, what the manly and sagacious thinkers of antiquity have thought upon such questions, and be able to call the experience of the past ages and states of society to his aid in judging of what is necessary or expedient for the present.

And who will say that such knowledge is not specially needed at the present time? These are days in which, it seems to me, every man who can is bound to think of these things, and to be at pains to seek light from whatever quarter he can in forming his political opinions. And where will he find more instruction, whether to warn or to guide, than in the history of Greece and Rome, and in the recorded conclusions of the leading minds of those countries as to what makes the welfare and prosperity, and secures the stability of a state. We have chosen—whether wisely, or not, time will show—to set aside the principle which, among all civilised states of which we have an authentic record, has been accepted as the only sound one. Cicero expressed it in ten words. "Semper in republicâ tenendum est, ne plurimum valeant plurimi[1] (*De Republica*, ii. 22). And Why? Because wisdom and constancy have never yet in the world's history been the characteristics of the "plurimi." Is there anything, in the state of our modern society, to make us believe that this is less the case now, than it has ever been?

Look at any of our great cities, in which population

[1] "There is one rule that must ever be observed in a state,—the preponderance of power must not be in the multitude."

multiplies with a startling rapidity, without a corresponding increase in the means of comfort, or even of bare subsistence. Is the proportion of the suffering, the discontented, the needy, the improvident, the unscrupulous, which will always be found in old communities, less than it has ever been? Is the bitterness of those "who have not" against those "who have" likely to be less rancorous, where the extremes of wealth and poverty, of luxurious idleness and ill-paid toil, of profuse extravagance and "looped and windowed raggedness," are brought into such sharp contrast? Is the disposition to think that "whatever is, is wrong" likely to be less widely spread, when the numbers who have nothing to lose by change are so great? Still it is in the hands of the "plurimi" that we have deliberately chosen to place the preponderance of power; and, being there, to recall or to restrict it is impossible. We must therefore make the best of the altered state of things, trusting to the average good sense, and to the patriotism of the mass of the body politic, not to use that power without deliberation, or a due regard for the teachings of history and experience.

But the experiment we are making is a momentous one; and it is incumbent upon the educated youth of the country to show by their example that they are alive to the fact. If British liberty shall ever be in danger, the danger will come not from above, but from below. The old party distinctions have lost wellnigh all their meaning. Be in no haste, I would say to you, if I might, to make up your views on great political questions. None are more intricate. The interests of the nation are so vast, and so complex; our relations to our own colonies and dependencies, as well as to the other great states of Europe, demand such cautious handling, that there are in truth no subjects on which it so much behoves men to ponder well before coming to a conclusion. Think of the magnitude of the interests involved; think of the disastrous consequences of any great mistake in legislation or in policy! A colony lost, the stability of property shaken, the belief disturbed that Britain can hold, by her own strong arm and her wise administration, all that generations of her

sons have won for her! Let any of these things happen, and who can say how great, how swift may be her decline? These are the great issues on which political questions bear. How needful, then, that they should be approached with minds unwarped by the bias of party ties, or of party passions. Even without such bias it will always be hard enough to keep the judgment clear. Why then should young men—who may fairly hope hereafter, each in his sphere, to assist, (some, it may be, even to lead), in the formation of public opinion—fetter their judgment, or their independence, by adopting the catchwords of the hour, or by subjecting themselves to the prejudices from which no political party can be wholly exempt?

Just as I consider what may be learned in a sound course of classical study an admirable preparation for approaching the political questions which agitate modern society; so too, I venture to think that to none will such studies, and those studies of Mental Philosophy with which they are generally combined, be of more advantage than to those whose lives are to be devoted to the Natural Sciences. They will have learned that there is a large number of ultimate facts and phenomena in man's nature, as real and as significant as any of the material phenomena of the universe. They will know how thoroughly most of the problems about Man—the world he lives in, his place and duties in it, and his future—have been canvassed, and discussed, by the wisest heads of which the world has left any record. They will therefore approach their studies with a modest and reverential spirit, and be less likely to launch into profitless speculations on what can never be known, and to promulgate those rash deductions from very limited data, which characterise so many works of modern scientific philosophy. Were such studies as I have indicated more general, many weak and mischievous books would never see the light, and many a tortured heart and brain would be saved from bewilderment and despair.

Neither, gentlemen, I am sure, will you fail to join with me in rating highly the advantage of being trained in youth upon Books, written in languages which, as vehicles of

expression, have never been surpassed,—books which Time's severe but kindly hand has winnowed for us from the mass of ephemeral and commonplace work, which was, no doubt, produced in abundance both at Athens and in Rome. Depend upon it, ancient civilisation, like our own, was prolific in men like the Etruscan Cassius, of whom Horace speaks in the Tenth Satire of his First Book,—

> Capsis quem fama est esse librisque
> Ambustum propriis,

whose poems were so voluminous that, as Mr. Conington puts it in his admirable translation,

> When he died, his kinsfolk simply laid
> His works in order, and his pyre was made.

The ancients had a most laudable horror of big books. They felt how true in regard to books, as well as to other things, is the proverb: "The half is better than the whole." Above all, they knew that the man who studies to condense, acquires in the process the sense of proportion, the art of separating what is essential from what is accidental; makes, in short, that reserve of power to be felt in his work, which leaves upon the reader's mind a delightful impression of symmetry and finish. Moreover, the tone of thought in the best Greek and Roman writers is essentially noble and manly. Trained upon such standards, the mind is less likely to be attracted by what is false or feeble, unwholesome, sickly, or sentimental, of which there is enough and to spare in modern literature; just as, if our early years have been surrounded by specimens of the best art, ancient, or modern, we insensibly imbibe such a knowledge of pure form, of elevated expression, of what is essentially true to nature, that the eye turns aside with indifference from bad drawing, vapid sentiment, or meretricious colour.

The main thing after all is, that in youth we "learn to learn;" and, having done this, that we then find out for ourselves what interests us most, and what we are therefore likely to do best. With that knowledge let us then determine

to work out what gifts we have with all our might. "Quidquid vult, valde vult," says Cicero of his friend Brutus. It is this doing what he has to do with a will, with the determination that, what he wills that he shall accomplish, which makes the useful, the influential, the successful man. He is sure, however his lot may be cast, to find scope for his energy. An intelligent persistency, which is a very different thing indeed from a resolute obstinacy, is the quality of all others a young man should cultivate in himself. Be modest, but determined; measure your own powers carefully and even sternly; but resolve that whatever gift is in you shall, with God's help, be fully and strenuously worked out. Aim high, but take care that your aim is within your compass, and that, come what may, it is pursued by honourable means. Above all, cultivate the habit of work. "I consider the capacity to labour," writes Sir Walter Scott to his friend Adolphus, "as part of the happiness I have enjoyed." Part of the happiness? Most men who have gone through a life crowded with demands upon their capacity for labour, will rather say that it has been their chief enjoyment, nay their chief blessing, that they have been called upon to exercise that capacity, and that it has answered to the call. Many such men have I myself known; and I wish I could tell you how much to them has been that delight in recurring to the books and studies of their youth, which makes them look back with tender reverence to the school, or Alma Mater, in which their love for Literature, Philosophy or Science was first developed. Others I have known, men "gifted with predominating powers," which have found vent in pursuits that have crowned them with wealth, and all the good things which wealth places within our reach, who have bitterly mourned, either that in their youth they had no chance of acquiring a knowledge of books or the arts, or that they had not duly availed themselves of such opportunities as they had. How poor and maimed do such men feel their life to be, when they find the strength or the occasion for active pursuits fail, and they cannot beguile the weariness of the heavy hours, by availing themselves of the delights which they see are found by other men in the

very books which stare at themselves in mute rebuke from their library shelves!

It is no paradox to say that there is nothing like work, —pursued, of course, with a due regard to the claims of the body to exercise and care,—for maintaining the elasticity of the mind, and preparing it for what we should all aim at, the carrying on the spirit of youth, the freshness of enjoyment, into riper years, and even into old age. Idleness and frivolity are the cankers of the soul, and bring upon it premature disgust, decrepitude, and palsy. There is a sentence of Cicero's on this point, which experience has often recalled to me as full of truth. "At enim adolescentem, in quo senile aliquid, seu senem, in quo est aliquid juventutis probo; quod qui sequitur, corpore senex esse poterit, animo nunquam erit." "What I delight to see is a youth with something of an old man in him, even as I do to see an old man who has in him something of a youth; where these qualities are, a man may become old in body, but never in mind." In this great world of moral and material wonder, where there is so much of beauty, of grandeur, of mystery, of struggle, of noble effort, of pitiful failure, of magnificent enterprise, of fascinating discovery—so much to love, so much to admire and to revere, so much to help forward, so much to fight against and to subdue—in this world which we believe to be but the training-ground of our souls for nobler and higher and less encumbered work hereafter, in this *quasi* childhood of our real lives,—why should we not try to keep our souls as open to new impressions in our riper years as in the days of our youth? It is not years that make age. Frivolous pursuits, base passions unsubdued, narrow selfishness, vacuity of mind, life with sordid aims or without an aim at all,—these are the things that bring age upon the soul. Healthful tastes, an open eye for what is beautiful and good in nature and in man, a happy remembrance of youthful pleasures, a mind never without some active interest or pursuit,—these are the things that carry on the feelings of youth even into the years when the body may have lost most of its comeliness and its force.

There is so much to be known, so much that it befits all educated men to know, that the work of learning cannot be begun too soon, or prosecuted too earnestly. At the best, do what we will, we shall do little more than learn, at every step we advance, of how much we are ignorant, and see dim vistas before us of paths to be explored, and catch glimpses of fresh fields where knowledge is to be reaped. Is there not something deeply significant, deeply touching, in Goethe's dying words: "Light, more light!" Light to keep our feet from stumbling, light to cheer us on our onward path, through toil and trial, light to lighten the darkness by which "our haughty life is crowned." It is for this that the daily cry goes up from all good men everywhere, and from none more earnestly than from those to whom most of it is vouchsafed. To bring light and sweetness into our lives is the doctrine pressed unweariedly upon us by one of the most impressive writers of our time. It is not for me to define all that Mr. Matthew Arnold includes within these two words; but I think I will not wrong him, if I say that he means them at least to include that culture of the whole man, which—while it sharpens, enriches, and fortifies the intellect—feeds the imagination with noble images and aspirations, develops and cultivates the taste for the arts and courtesies which embellish life, and the sympathies which make men unselfish, forbearing, and helpful one to another. Wisdom of the head, he would tell us, is all very well; but there is a something greater and better than that—without which no man can indeed be truly wise—wisdom of the heart. It is only when the two combine that the world gets its really great men and women. And who are they whom we best love, and admire the most, among those that cross our path in daily life? Is it not those in whom we recognise that blending of intelligence with refinement, and consideration for others, which gives a harmony and beauty and calm strength to the character, and commands instinctively our confidence and respect?

What Mr. Arnold says, Goethe also meant; for, as I have read his teaching, he included sweetness in the light—

the glow of the heart, as well as the illumination of the brain—which he craved as needful for man's happiness. The first part of his greatest work, the *Faust*, is only a splendid illustration of the doctrine, that the cultivation of the mere intellect, and the quest of happiness in and for the individual merely, must culminate in disappointment and despair. The second part, which may be fairly held to contain his last views on the great problem of human life, illustrates the truth, which wise men of all ages have preached, that happiness is only to be reached through active beneficence, through the application of knowledge and power to the welfare of mankind. While Faust pored in his study over musty volumes of medicine, jurisprudence, and theology—and perplexed his reason with problems which, by their very nature, admit of no solution—the accumulation of pedantic scholarship, and the bewilderment of brain, in which his studies resulted, brought only bitterness of heart, a feeling that every higher aspiration of his nature was left unsatisfied, a deadness of all belief in whatsoever makes life worth living, a total recklessness as to the great hereafter, what it might be, or whether there was any hereafter at all. In this mood, we know, Mephistopheles found it easy to get him into his toils; and Faust, confident in his sad creed that all mortal struggle, all mortal happiness, was vain, made his unholy compact, on the footing that the fiend may claim him as his own, should a moment ever arrive in which he should say—

> Verweile doch! du bist so schön.
> Stay, stay, oh stay! Thou art so fair.

That moment he believes will never come, but come it does. And how? Not when he holds poor Gretchen in his arms in the rapture of triumphant passion; not in the contemplation of the beauty, and grandeur, of the universe; not in the possession of wealth, and power; not even in the ecstacy of winning for his bride the divine Helena, whom he is able to evoke from Hades in all the splendour of her immortal charms

Fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Even in the transports of enjoyment and triumphant power a sense of insufficiency and incompleteness is ever present with him. It is only when he has grown old,—when his thoughts are not for himself but for others,—when he takes to reclaiming land from the sea, and to building harbours, and succeeds by these and other works in making hundreds of his fellow-creatures happy,—that the cravings of his heart are, for the first time, satisfied. Then the wish mounts to his lips, that the state of things in which he finds himself, and the mood of soul which it has wrought within him, may last. The moment *has* come when he can say to it

Stay, stay, oh stay! Thou art so fair,

and be content to die.

Let none of you think that, because your career in life may afford no wide scope for doing good to your fellow-men, that the principle here indicated does not apply to you. Which of you can say to what great work he may not some day be called, or what his power for good over others may be? But whatever your sphere of influence, be it large or be it small, there is sure to be ample scope in it for unselfishness, and for active good,—for proving yourselves to be gentle, generous, sympathetic, forbearing, courteous. Determine that such you shall be. Keep this resolve steadily in view, and it will "make the path before you always bright," and keep alive within you that sacred fire of enthusiasm, which, if fostered and directed to worthy ends in youth, will not burn itself out, but will prove to be the purifier and sustainer of your riper age. "Beautiful is young enthusiasm," said Thomas Carlyle; "keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it. It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of all our miseries and confusions whatever."

Many of you, I daresay, know well some lines with which Thackeray ended one of his pleasant Christmas books,

—lines as full of wisdom, as they are beautiful in tone, and in their simple force. They express much of the feeling with which I close the few and feeble words in which I have addressed you

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,
  Go, lose, or conquer as you can ;
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman !

LORD REAY

Rector from 1884 to 1886

Address delivered on January 30, 1885

LORD REAY

NOBODY, gentlemen, could rise to address you in this place without feeling—even if he were not a Scotsman—how large a hold the University of St. Andrews must have on the veneration of Scotsmen. Here it was that the monks of the Augustinian Priory withstood the claim of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury to exercise jurisdiction over the See of St. Andrews, and the whole Scottish Church. The ecclesiastical and the civil independence of Scotland found its staunchest supporters here. The *Schola Illustris* the *Pedagogium* besides the University itself, bear witness to the fact that St. Andrews is the traditional home of Scottish Learning. It is also here that Knox matured his new faith, and strengthened himself for that struggle which was the regeneration of our countrymen, and which gave them that moral vigour which produces a ruling race. From the pulpit of this parish church was preached the first Protestant sermon in 1547, when only the College of St. Leonard's supported Knox. Little did Archbishop Stuart, the youthful founder of St. Leonard's College, the friend of Erasmus, foresee that Andrew Melville, the friend of Scaliger, would—as Principal Shairp has well expressed it—lay the foundation in Scotland of the "Democracy and Presbyterianism imbibed at Geneva." Principal Shairp must, however, allow me to complete his sentence, and to say that "Democracy and Presbyterianism" have left Scotsmen the most loyal subjects of their Sovereigns, and have established between Dutchmen and the House of Orange those remarkably close ties which still exist at the present time. "Democracy and

Presbyterianism," as they are understood in Scotland, have hitherto proved safeguards of some value against anarchy and agnosticism.

To-day I vividly recall my own University days at Leiden, and I feel that the undergraduates who have bestowed this rectorial distinction upon me have thereby paid a compliment to my old University of Leiden, which, like the University of St. Andrews, played such a great part in the struggle for freedom. At Leiden, Stair—the greatest Scottish lawyer—studied, in exile, philosophy of law. At Leiden, the works of the greatest Scottish scholar—once your Principal—George Buchanan, were published in their best edition by one of its professors, Burman.

Through a curious coincidence, it has fallen to my lot to deal, in the case of Amsterdam, as a member of the States-General, with the extension of a teaching University to a degree-conferring University; and to deal, in the case of London, with the extension of a degree-giving University to a teaching University. I am, therefore, you will see, more familiar with the process of expanding Universities than with the process of destroying them; and you have certainly chosen as your Rector, however many demerits he may have, one who does not wish to see the career of this University prematurely closed. I am sure that on this point my friends, the students of both parties, are of one mind. We desire to see the steady progress of the work inaugurated by Bishop Wardlaw, when he founded the first University in Scotland. I think I may even venture on a bolder assertion—that the idea of closing the annals of this University is repugnant to all classes of our countrymen. In our ancestors, in their educational enthusiasm, we take a national pride; our historical conscience is sensitive and easily offended. To have been chosen at such a critical juncture to be the spokesman of the students, who are the lineal descendants of such a long line of ancestors, I shall always consider to have been a signal proof of confidence of the rising generation, for which I cannot be grateful enough. The question of the continued existence of St. Andrews is practically settled. The question

of its increased usefulness is still unsettled. Reform is, I know, the question which at this moment is the one absorbing topic of interest at our Universities, and I think I cannot do better than submit to you some of the reforms which are absolutely needed to place the Scottish Universities on a level with the requirements of the present day. In an address I can only give you the principal outlines, but even then the urgency of reform will become perfectly clear. For obvious reasons I allude to the four Universities, because the magnitude of the work to be done implies that it must be carried out jointly by all four. The division of labour between the Universities is a question of executive detail with which I cannot deal.

The objects of University teaching may be considered in relation to general culture, to professional efficiency, and to scientific research and learning. If a University is considered as providing general culture, the question of organisation and of examination falls into the background. The most important regulations in that case are those which provide a sufficient number of chairs, for lectures on a variety of subjects, which are necessary to impart culture. The English Universities were mainly adapted to that end, but are altering their old traditions. This remark especially applies to Cambridge. The undergraduates, who attend lectures, and who receive degrees, will then have to think of their professional studies *after* they leave the University, and no doubt will in their profession have wider views than those who have not enjoyed such a benefit. If, on the other hand, a University aims at imparting the best professional teaching, the question of organisation and of examination becomes very important, and its relation to the outside world assumes a very different aspect. Where the highest research is one of the functions of a University, we shall have to take into consideration not only how knowledge can be imparted, but how it can be created. In carrying out the reform of our Universities, we shall have to ask ourselves which of these three objects we aim at securing.

Scotland aspires to give to the Empire its best educational

forces. Scotland is not hampered in this aspiration by any sectarian prejudices. The right of independent inquiry has been established long ago. There is only one solution which can be given to the problem. Scotland wishes to secure the best means of providing men of culture, of the highest professional eminence, of original research. If I may take this for granted, I must conclude that Scotland desires to have its Universities placed on such a footing that they can fulfil this threefold obligation. Are we aiming too high? When the late Principal Sir Alexander Grant spoke to me about the Tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, I said to him: "Aim high; make it a meeting of all the best University men of all countries." When I met him at the Tercentenary, he said to me: "You see, we have not lost sight of your hint." Now, to any Executive Commission for the Scottish Universities I would give the same motto—Aim high. Surely Scotland can have Universities doing the same work as the Universities of Wurtemburg, Baden, and Hanover. If the German Universities are giving to Germany men of general culture, of professional merit, and of original research, is there any reason why the Scottish Universities should fall behind in the race? It is obvious that the German system, uniting these three objects, is better than the French system, which separates them.

Till lately, the French Universities were chiefly schools for providing the country with lawyers and doctors. The Faculty of Arts languished, and research was carried on in separate institutions. The French are at this moment carrying out reforms vigorously, a Belgian report on higher education is at this moment in the press, and Italy is spending money to improve its Universities.

In Germany there is, in fact, some friction between the two tendencies—one to make the Universities subservient to utilitarian purposes, and the other to discard them altogether; but the very fact of a juxtaposition of these two forces increases the vigour of University life. If, on the one hand the Senate of a University knows that it must provide for the professions, and on the other that it

must provide for general culture and research, the Senate is much less likely to fall into a groove. Such a University will be a living organism, always keeping touch with the mainsprings of the life of the nation.

Let me take the Faculty of Law. A Faculty of Law, which will have to provide for the general legal culture of statesmen, of magistrates, of landowners, for the professional efficiency of judges, of lawyers, of solicitors, of clerks in the Civil Service, and also for the higher standard of legal research of jurists, will be a better Faculty of Law than if it were to do only one of these three things. The three branches will not suffer, but the work done in one department will reap the benefit of the work done in another department. You will not wonder that I have mentioned the Faculty of Law first, because I am associated with it; and I should be most ungrateful if I did not acknowledge what I owe to my legal studies. I wish to see that Faculty in Scotland recognised as one of the principal factors of University life. Is anybody prepared to deny that scientific study of our laws is a pure and simple necessity, just as much as the study of divinity and of medicine? The health of the soul is, of course, to be placed first, the health of the body next; but is the health of the body corporate to be left to haphazard influences and experimental legislation, to be accompanied by experimental application of laws? Surely, now that we have a growing demand for more legislation on a number of subjects, the time has come to give our lawgivers the means of qualifying for their work.

In France the number of law students was 5,849 during the first half-year of 1884, of which number the Faculty in Paris had 2,594. Take, again, the Civil Service; its functions are becoming more important every day, and more complicated. Where is the proper place to educate these Civil Servants? In a Faculty of Law, which would do for us what the "École des Sciences Politiques" is doing for France. Do not forget that Lords Brougham, Russell, and Palmerston were students in Edinburgh, where they found what Oxford and Cambridge did not offer to them. Now

Cambridge has instituted a Modern History Tripos, an Amended Law Tripos, a Modern Language Tripos, a Tripos of the Indian and a Tripos of the Semitic languages.

It is clear that we have to give to our Law Faculty a twofold character, as the Germans have done; devoting part of it to public law, and another part to civil law. Judges, lawyers, and solicitors would avail themselves of the latter; public men, diplomatists, civil servants, of the former. Without giving anything like an exhaustive list of the Chairs which such a Faculty should possess, I shall only mention those which are absolutely needful: the philosophy of law, comparative politics and jurisprudence, civil law and procedure, criminal law and procedure, constitutional law, administrative law, constitutional relations between the mother country and the colonies, including, of course, colonial institutions, public international law, private international law, political economy, history of diplomatic relations, medical jurisprudence, legal drafting, commercial law, statistics which would include the history of financial legislation and its influence on public prosperity.

I only propose to restore in our University practice an ancient Scottish statute, which contains the precept: "It is ordained that all barons and freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sons and heirs to the schools from they be eight or nine years of age, and to remain at the grammar schools till they are competently founded, and have perfect Latin; and thereafter to remain three years at the schools of art and law, so that they may have knowledge and understanding of the law, through which justice may reign universally through all the realm." I do not propose to limit this to Barons, and Latin scholars. I am happy to know that I am addressing as my constituents the sons of crofters, to whom I have thrown open the bursary in my gift.

Are we to uphold the teaching of Divinity at our Universities? On this point alone I might have given you a rectorial address; but I shall attempt to put my views in a concise form. I suppose that we are all agreed that Scot-

land derives its character in no small degree from Presbyterianism. The sobriety of thought, the dourness of the Scottish intellect, are products of a creed which above all things is logical. The nation, besides, is attached to that creed. The nation, therefore, is entitled to obtain for the exponents of that creed the very best education.

But there are other considerations. Is a University complete which has no Theological Faculty? Bacon calls theology "the Queen of Sciences," and certainly the relations of man to his Creator cannot be left out. They form a necessary link in the chain. Aristotle speaks of "the mind and everything which is by means of man" as one of the causes of the things that take place. If you leave out this cause, you leave out the most powerful influence which works on the mind of man. If the mind of man is subject to a higher influence, it becomes all-important to obtain as much knowledge as we can obtain about that higher influence. The philanthropic current which undoubtedly runs through modern society, the threatening aspect of socialism, make the study of the relations of man to society, and of man and society to God, imperative. It is therefore of the greatest moment that the theologian should not be isolated, but should feel that he is representing a science which is closely connected with other sciences.

In the third century Origen trained his hearers in the use of words—in Logic, Physics, Geometry, Astronomy, Ethical Science, and Philosophy—before they approached Theology. Presbyterians repudiate the notion of a priestly caste, trained in seminaries, and a Faculty of Theology is the natural home of Presbyterian research. Who can describe the influence exerted in the most remote Highland parish by a minister trained at one of our Universities; and who can estimate the loss inflicted on Scottish civilisation if our ministry were no longer to be University men, but stunted in their intellectual growth by a process of sectarian cram. If Protestantism is established in the hearts of the people of Scotland—and this is the only establishment which any Church should be jealous of—if the people of Scotland wish

to have a clergy who are theologians—and who, as such, have grasped the relation of Theology to other Sciences—they must insist on their clergy being recruited at National Universities. I, for one, cannot conceive greater sophistry than is implied in Pope's lines

> For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right,

because Pope severs the mode of life from the mode of faith. Without a careful study of "the mode of faith" of Scotsmen, Scottish history is unintelligible.

The debt of gratitude which the Scottish people owe to the Scottish Presbyterian clergy would be repaid with the basest ingratitude, if the Faculty of Divinity were to be exiled from its proper place. The loss to Scottish civilisation would be equally great. The French Chamber has just put an end to the Roman Catholic Faculties of Theology, of which Dante was once an undergraduate at Paris, but it has paid a marked tribute to Presbyterianism. It has left the Presbyterian Faculties standing, because the Presbyterians pointed out that a University degree was a necessity to them. Let me also point out that the faculty of Paris is open equally to Calvinists and Lutherans. All that we require in Scotland is a Faculty, in which the Chairs will be occupied by the best men in all the Reformed Churches.

There are no practical difficulties. Those who put them forth lose sight of the functions of a University on the one side, and of the wants of the people on the other; and, as 90 per cent of the population of Scotland belong to one or other of the three leading sections of the Presbyterian Church, these three sections are mainly entitled to be represented in the Faculty of Divinity. A University without a Faculty of Divinity is incomplete. The subject-matter to which all the Faculties contribute, would not be thoroughly investigated. Pasteur paid a tribute to Theology when he said, in his inaugural address to the Académie:—"The man who proclaims the Infinite (and no one can avoid it) accumulates in that affirmation more of the

Supernatural than can be found in all the miracles recorded in all religions." If a University is, as I said, a place of research, I should like to ask an Agnostic whether he does not think that a Faculty of Divinity is needed, even from his point of view, to conduct research in the highest sphere, as to the attributes of what Herbert Spencer calls "a first Cause," which, as he says, is "infinite and absolute." Are teachers to be trained at our Universities? In St. Andrews, at all events, it would be ungraceful to give a negative reply, in the presence of the Professor of the history, theory, and practice of Education. But it would be unpardonable to treat the subject as one of minor importance. An army of teachers, an army of examiners, is spread all over the country. Can anybody for one single moment believe that these armies can operate with skill unless they are instructed in tactics? Of all astounding assertions the most astonishing certainly is, that the men who are to teach theories, who are to test theories, are themselves not to be taught the theory of their own art. It is to the honour of the Universities of St. Andrews, and of Edinburgh, that this glaring defect has been mitigated. Do you require method in education? You probably admit this. How is method to be obtained in education? Only by the pursuit of the philosophy of education. An educator must find out by what means subject-matter is most rapidly, and at the same time most thoroughly, assimilated; under what conditions that process of assimilation has to be carried on; what are the circumstances which militate against its success. The whole question of "cram," the question of "over-work," the question of modern *versus* classical education, the limits of secondary and of higher education, the neglect on the Continent of physical education—in one word, the growth of mind, body, and soul—are problems which cannot be left to the solution of men who have simply a practical turn for teaching.

We are not contending for an examination in the philosophy, art, and history of Education as the *sole* qualification of teachers. On the contrary, instead of the rough practical

test you now apply, you will be able to apply a test by which that practical efficiency which you naturally require, can be tried, because you will see whether practice and theory are in harmony. Good practice in Education, as well as in Games, is simply an example of the theory, which is the rule. A successful practical teacher is simply a teacher who carries on his business, on the understanding that he will not depart from certain laws, which are a theory, after all, whether he likes to admit it or not.

If we have training colleges for our schoolmasters, why should we be without training for our teachers in the department of Secondary Education? And if such training is wanted, the University is the natural place for it. All graduates formerly were obliged to teach for two or three years; this sufficiently shows what then was considered the main object of a University education. If secondary education is to be a success, it will depend mainly on the way in which the Universities will fulfil their duties in this respect. It is one of the highest functions which the Universities have to discharge. Work at the University will be made more profitable, if the work which precedes a University career is performed according to the method, which will enable a student at once to feel himself at home when he attends University lectures.

In training an efficient staff of teachers for secondary education, and training them on the same lines as the future university Professors, the Universities increase their own efficiency. In Germany, the teachers and masters in the middle schools and gymnasia are all educated at the Universities. In France, strenuous efforts are made to reach the same goal.

The Scottish Universities are desirous of reaching another stratum. They wish to secure the supervision of the training of primary teachers. As long as our schools are not merely primary, but contain a secondary element, it is natural that the Universities should entertain this wish, though the training colleges are doing admirable work. We cannot, I believe, transform the Universities

into the sole training schools of primary teachers, without results which would prove disastrous; but, to obtain the fullest recognition from the Education Department, for those who are training to be schoolmasters, and who are attending classes at the Universities, I consider only just. Closer connection of the training colleges with the Universities is also desirable.

It is a remarkable fact that in Germany, even for secondary teachers, a training college has been established by Professor Stoy at Jena, which shows that, even for that higher class of teachers, the training colleges are considered not altogether superfluous by some pedagogues. Important information on this subject will be found in two reports of 1883, on the Herbart-Stoy-Ziller system, by the Directors in the province of Saxony.

I agree with the late Monsieur Dumont—whose premature death has inflicted a terrible loss on University reform in France—that "care should be taken not to make of higher education a kind of secondary education of a more refined order." I wish our Universities to be levelled up; but, if we are confronted with this dilemma, that the youth from the rural districts of Scotland must either have the higher part of their secondary education at the Universities, or none at all, I, for one, am not a sufficiently hardened doctrinaire to slam the door of the Universities in their faces. Generations of our countrymen have valued this privilege. I do not wish to take away the ideal of culture, which now gives a higher tone to the rural classes of Scotland, and which is unequalled in any other country. It is clear, however, that merely preparatory classes, in the Faculties of Arts and of Science, should not in any way interfere with the higher work which is the proper sphere of Professors. Are we to have a separate Faculty of Science? I should say certainly. Just look at the field covered by a Faculty of Science. It is preparatory to medical science; and our engineers, our manufacturers, our analysts, our botanists, our zoologists, our astronomers, our naval constructors, our geologists, our biologists, our physi-

ologists, our mineralogists, our agriculturalists, should obtain scientific degrees. I do not see why a Faculty, having such an immense area, should remain linked with another, which has quite different objects to pursue.

The same work done by the French École Polytechnique I wish to see done at the Universities; and if the Germans have lately spent £340,000 on a new College for technical education at Berlin, I should like to ask what possible reason can be adduced for stinting science-teaching in Scotland, at a moment when the report on technical instruction has pointed out that "theoretical knowledge and scientific training are of pre-eminent importance, as in the case of the manufacturer of fine chemicals, or in that of the metallurgical chemist, or the electrical engineer, the higher technical instruction may with advantage be extended to the age of twenty and twenty-two." Here, then, is a clear case even for a Philistine to grant Government aid. If we are to hold our own in manufactures, if we do not want to go abroad for scientific managers of our works, then give to our Universities the full equipment, which is necessary to bring science up to the highest level. The University of Edinburgh has done well in establishing Chairs of Agriculture and of Engineering; but this is merely a small beginning. The Scottish Universities are, by their constitution, by their popular instincts, well adapted to spread their wings into this vast field, of what I should like to call the higher education of the classes who are the actual producers of the wealth of the nation. The sooner this gap is filled up, the better it will be for the country; and it constitutes another claim on the Government.

There is a peculiar aptness in giving what I should like to call a purely modern side to the Scottish Universities. They have not had the benefit of large endowments, but their most important endowment hitherto has been the value put upon a University education by various professions in Scotland, which in England do not by any means show the same appreciation of it. That is a character which they should carefully preserve and extend. The demand

which is at present strong for scientific training, in walks of life in which it has hitherto been neglected, should be responded to by the Scottish Universities without a moment's hesitation. Of course, that department will have to bid good-bye to Classics; but, if we draw into the charmed circle of University life those whose influence on our material and social progress is very great indeed, we shall simply have done for our generation what the founders of our Universities intended to do for theirs. Science is the great renovator of this century; whatever may be material in its objects, will, by contact in the University, be counteracted by other influences.

The golden words of not the least eminent of my predecessors, on the recognition due to Art and Poetry in a University, will not have faded from your memory. I may not agree with all the arguments used by Stuart Mill, but I certainly should wish to give to Art and Poetry, in this modern side of our Universities, a prominent place. Those professions which will be allured to the Universities, by throwing open to them the Science classes, will certainly be all the better for the development of their imaginative faculties; and these are easily roused in a Scotsman, however much he may have been maligned on account of his Puritanical notions.

With reference to the Science faculty, I should like to make a remark, which applies also to the other faculties, but very specially to this faculty. I should wish to give it considerable power to establish Lectureships in any special subject, for which a specially gifted man should be found. Though the number of his pupils might be very limited, the publication of the results of his research—carried on at the University and through it—would raise the University in what I should like to call the international scale. Besides, the knowledge of such prizes being attainable would stimulate original research among the more brilliant undergraduates. I wish those lecturers to be incorporated in the University. I admit that I would rather see those lecturers organised in the University than competing with the Uni-

versity outside its gates. We had better use our resources —scanty as they are—to give a complete organisation to our Universities before we think of squandering our intellectual treasures by establishing competing institutions. These lecturers should, of course, be supplied with all the best tools. As scientific lectures of the more recondite character will necessarily only be attended by a few students, it is obvious that remuneration in this case must be mainly independent of fees, whatever may be the system adopted in other cases. What I am pleading for is simply the immediate and constant annexation of any scientific specialist by one of our Universities. These lecturers would, of course, represent a different category from those who would undertake the burden of elementary lectures, leaving to the professors the comprehensive view, and consequently the highest teaching of their subject.

On the extreme importance of giving to the Scottish Universities a full complement of Laboratories I need not insist. The excellent work done at our University in that branch of scientific investigation, so important to one of our foremost national industries—namely, zoological marine research —cannot any longer be ignored. The generous devotion shown by Professor M'Intosh is deserving of the fullest recognition. The meteorological observatory on Ben Nevis —though not attached to any of our Universities, yet worked by their professors and students—deserves our hearty sympathy. Both are experiments whose success may in no distant future increase largely the food supply of the people. To those who may doubt the expediency of strengthening the higher Science teaching in Scotland by creating a separate faculty of Science, I shall simply recall this fact, that in the Netherlands there are four science faculties with forty-one professors. The creation of a new faculty is further provided for in the original Bull of Pope Benedict XIII., of 1413, which says:—"We found and institute a University in the said city of St. Andrews, for theology, canon and civil law, arts, medicine, and other lawful faculties."

What I have observed about the Faculty of Science applies to the Medical Faculty, about which little need be said, as it has attained European fame by adopting many of those improvements which I am recommending for the other Faculties. Nothing that it can possibly require should be refused to it. The Science and the Medical Faculties at this University have, I believe, a splendid opening, if they make the most of Miss Baxter's grand foundation in the neighbouring town. Science itself is paving the way, bridging over the difficulty. On this side of the Tay you have the old associations; on the other side, you have the vitality of modern progress. Remain separated, and you are weak on both sides; unite, and you double your strength. The distance will be smaller than that between a West End and an East End Hospital, belonging to the new London University. You are the oldest family among the Universities; take heed that, by haughty isolation, you may not meet with the tragic fate of extinction. And, to my Dundee friends, I would say: You have the means of building your future glory, on the sure foundation of the experience of centuries. Let your College be the fourth constellation in the St. Andrews planetary system. The ideal of a University is the blending of the ancient and modern.

About the Faculty of Arts I can be very brief, because its needs, as well as those of the Faculty of Medicine, are least likely to be overlooked by any Executive Commission; and, because it has an exalted position, which I shall not impugn except where it attempts to monopolise, and thereby to destroy, the increased usefulness of the Universities. Besides a very complete staff for keeping up its philosophical and classical traditions, I wish to see its philological efficiency increased, and provision made for Modern Literature. At Leipsic there are the following Chairs: an ordinary Professor and two lecturers for French; two ordinary Professors and four lecturers for Teutonic; one ordinary Professor for English, whose class is attended by 300 students; one lecturer for Italian, and one for Spanish;

one Professor and two lecturers for Slavonic. The great importance of developing this essential element in a Faculty of Arts is clear, if our Universities are to undertake what I have included in the Faculty of Science as the new polytechnic part.

In his evidence before the Universities Commission, Professor Ramsay, of the Glasgow University, said "What we feel to be the characteristic of our system is, that with us the teaching is the main thing, and the examination is subordinated to it. At Oxford the cry of University reformers is that the teaching is entirely dwarfed and controlled by the examinations." I may quote still further: "The teaching given in the classes is the most valuable portion of our Scottish University system, and it would be simply a miserable policy to make our degrees popular (as some people call it) by making them represent less culture." The only essential element of success in a University is that its teaching should be first-rate. Whether it leads to a degree, and how it leads to a degree, are matters not unimportant, but they are not essential. A University without prescribed courses, without examinations, and without degrees, is conceivable. A University out of which men emerge with degrees but untaught, as they did during the last century in Oxford and Cambridge, is not a University. Of course, as our Universities are professional Schools, courses will have to be prescribed as avenues to various professions.

I am altogether in favour of qualifying for professions by a University degree, and not by State examinations, which is the German system. As the needs of professions constantly vary, and as new professions constantly require University training, I do not wish to draw a very hard and fast line, but I would give to the various Faculties very elastic powers of determining what courses of study, and what variety of examinations for degrees, they should prescribe. To stereotype either an entrance examination, or the entrance to the lectures of a Faculty, or the examinations for degrees, would be very injudicious. The avenues

to, and from, the University should be wide. Excellence in each special department will be more easy of attainment, the less you aim at uniformity. The tendency of Science in all directions is subdivision. The more flexible your system is the better; the more alternative courses you open, the more your Universities will prosper. What is wanted is a machinery, by which the University can constantly adjust its resources to supply needs, as they arise. Finality in University reform may suit the Treasury; but, you cannot make a bargain with knowledge, which is an expanding quantity. The Treasury cannot hold a perpetual season-ticket for the Scottish Universities. The days of the "trivium" and of the "quadrivium" are not likely to recur. Let us see what is the expenditure, which foreign Governments, and Parliaments, consider imperative. In 1868, the French Government only spent £8,000 on University education; the estimates now are £400,000, besides extraordinary estimates, to which the State, the "Department," and the "Communes" contribute. Since 1868, Parliament, the representatives of "Departments" and of "Communes," have voted close upon seven millions for Buildings, used by higher educational institutions, of which the Government contribute one million and a fifth, the towns more than four. Between 1868 and 1878 thirty Chairs were created in the Faculties of Science and Arts, besides eighty-nine lectureships. From 1878 to 1884 the Faculties of Science were endowed with four new Chairs and several laboratories, and the Faculties of Arts with fifteen new Chairs. At the present moment, the first have 78 lecturers and the latter 111, divided in "Cours Complémentaires" and "Maîtrises de Conférences." The first embrace Sanskrit, Semitic languages, Romance languages, and literature of the Middle Ages—the latter are supplementary lectures to those given by the professors. They are chiefly intended for those who wish to teach in their turn. M. Waddington, the present French Ambassador in London, was the founder of 300 bursaries, and now there are 516. The Faculty of Arts, which was called "la

petite faculté," has now been raised from the slough of despond to a much higher level, and is no longer what it was twenty years ago—without pupils. The Sorbonne now boasts of a thousand *bonâ fide* undergraduates in Arts and Science. On the 24th of January of last year M. Fallières, Minister of Education, told the Senate that he required one million and a fifth more to put the Faculties on such a footing that they could compete with foreign Universities.

In the Netherlands in 1876, the last year before the new Act was in operation, a sum of £62,000 was spent; the estimates for 1885 amount to £136,000 for University education alone.

Let us see what has been spent on the University of Strasburg. Its new buildings, or rather palaces, were opened on the 29th October of last year. The Académie of Strasburg was transformed into a University by an Imperial decree of the 11th December 1871, the very day (mark the coincidence) that the additional convention was signed of the treaty of peace at Frankfort. Since the annexation, £640,000 have been spent on buildings, £71,400 on the library, and the annual estimates exceed £40,000 for the University, and come up to £6,000 for the library. Of these buildings the Chemical Institute amounts to £35,000; the Institute for Physics to £28,000; the Botanical Institute to £26,000; the Observatory to £25,000; the Anatomical Institute to £42,000; the Clinical Surgery to £26,000; the Institute of Physiological Chemistry to £16,000; and the Physiological Institute to £13,900. The University had 858 matriculated students, and of these 100 quite filled the Institute for Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, which cannot hold more. There are 73 ordinary professors and 19 extraordinary. This is done for less than 1,000 students. What is done in Scotland for seven times the number?

The question of University reform in Scotland is not merely an educational question. It is a question of practical importance to anybody who looks at political

questions from a statesman-like point of view. The chief wealth of Scotland consists in the natural resources of Scottish brains. The development of brain-power on a wide scale is what a Scottish statesman has to look to. If we had a Scottish Parliament sitting in Edinburgh, I have no doubt that the organisation of the Universities would be the first number on the legislative programme. There were Scottish University Commissions in 1567, 1574, 1652, 1661, and 1690, and the Act of Union guaranteed the existence of the four Universities. We have scattered doctors and surgeons broadcast over the Empire, why should we not do the same for other professions? If the University of St. Andrews has given a headmaster to Westminster, there is no reason why the University of Edinburgh should not give one to Harrow, and why the University of Glasgow should not give to Eton the head of its Science department, or Aberdeen another Arnold to Rugby.

If we are to make our Universities what they ought to be, without having a Parliament of our own, we must impress the Parliament, in which we play such a very meek part, with the sense that we are in earnest. We must convince them that we are not asking for University reform as a luxury, but as a right. It is clearly a right of Scotsmen to have the same means of education which are at the disposal of the people of Baden. This is not a question of local importance. It concerns the greatness of the Empire. Development of more brain-power in Scotland means increased national efficiency and less danger from democratic ignorance.

Our position is unassailable; on one condition, however—that our Universities should present a joint front. They are the representatives in the country of its noblest and highest aspirations. They should combine to convince the Government that they do not urge selfish claims, but the most imperative needs which any nation can plead. We cannot ask the Government to put each of the four Universities on the same footing as the University of

Strasburg; but we have a right to expect that everything which is taught at Strasburg should at least be taught at one of the four Universities. To secure the success of the reform of the Universities, I would impress on the Senates of the four Universities the paramount obligation of establishing a temporary federation to secure a maximum of advantages by division of labour. Such a federation was contemplated in the seventeenth century. These are the —"Overtours of the 20th August, 1641, concerning ye Universities of this kingdome to be represented be the Generall Assemblie to ye Kingis Majestie and Parliament —first, becaus the good estate both of the Kirk and comone wealth dependeth mainly from the flourishing of universities and colledges as ye seminaries of both, quilk cannot be expected unless ye poore means quilk they have be helped, and sufficient revenues be provided for them, and the same weill employed. Thairfore, that out of the rent of prelacies, collegiate, or chapter kirkes, or syclike, a sufficient maintenance be provyded for a competent number of professors, teachers, and bursars in all faculties, especiallie in divinitie, and for upholding, repairing, and enlairging ye fabrik of the colleges, furnishing of libraries, and siclyk good uses in everie universitie and colledge. Nixt, for keiping of good order, preveining, and removeing of abuses and promoveing of pietie and learning, it is very neidfull and expedict that there be a communioun and correspondence keipit betwixt all the universities and colledges, and thairfore that it be ordained that thair be a meiting ones everie yeire at sic times and places as sal be agreit upon of commissionars from everie universitie and colledge, to consult and determine upon thair commone affaires, and whatsoever may concern them for the end above speit, and wha also, or some of thair number, may represent what sal be neidfull and expedict for the same effect to Parliamint and Gnall Assemblies. Item, that speiall cair be had that the places of the professors, especially of professors of divinitie, in everie universitie and colledge be filled with the ablest men and best affected to the Reformatioune and

order of this Kirk." In this document we do not find the advice to the Regents with which the memorial of the visitation of 1588 concludes—"Forbid their quarelling . . . albeit it be not altogether prohibit that they may flyte (scold), yet forbid fechting or bearing of daggis or swerdis." This advice, however, would be perfectly appropriate to the German Universities, if they were to have a "visitation" in 1888.

Nothing will damage the cause of University reform more than what I shall venture to call a competitive scramble by each individual University for the spoils. Nothing will raise the influence of the Scottish Universities more than the conviction that they are not pleading for the private interests of their own house, but for the undoubted public interest of placing the Scottish Universities in their collective capacity on the highest level attained by Universities elsewhere. We cannot ask for four Chairs of the History of Art, or of International Law, but we certainly ought to have one.

Gentlemen, I am sadly conscious that I have not spoken to you with the authority of my illustrious predecessors; I have spoken under a deep sense of responsibility. I know that many of my friends deprecate alarm, because of foreign warlike preparations; but, without entering on this vexatious question, you must allow me to confess that I am an educational alarmist. When I see the educational armaments of France and Germany constantly strengthened, and when I know what a splendid University London cannot fail to acquire, I must look upon Mr. Courtney's proportionate representation of Scotland on the educational estimates as a bad illustration of the representation of minorities. The rights of the educational conscience of Scotland must be vindicated. On the Government we have a distinct claim. Nobody has ever maintained that the Government could leave our Universities to their fate. Twenty years elapsed after the Reformation before a Commission undertook the Universities. It ought not to take twenty years before a Secretary for Scotland

lays on the table of the House of Commons the report of our Executive Commission. The very fact that Oxford and Cambridge are self-supporting gives strength to our claim, because an advance made by the Government north of the Tweed must stimulate advance south of the Tweed. In educational matters it is the function of Scotland to act as a stimulant to England. The reforms I propose are, I admit, of a very thoroughgoing, but mainly constructive, character.

Speaking in this ancient centre of Scottish learning, I am not conscious that I have said anything which need in any way offend our ancestors if they were present. The tradition I most value is that tradition of moral strength, of moral character, and of moral tone, which our ancestors have left us as their most precious legacy. It is as if I heard their voice thus addressing the rising generation of Scotsmen: Repudiate everything that is unreal; respect only that which is simple and true. With small means we achieved great things; with the wealth of knowledge you now possess, achieve greater things.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Rector from 1886 to 1889

Address delivered on December 10, 1887

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

THE PLEASURES OF READING

It has probably not been the lot of many of my predecessors in the distinguished post to which you have elected me to deliver a Rectorial Address under circumstances more adverse to the deliberate reflection and the careful preparation which such a performance requires. So strongly do I feel the extreme difficulty of saying anything worthy of this place and of this audience, at a time when the daily and even hourly calls upon me are incessant, that I should have been disposed to defer to a more convenient season my first public appearance amongst you. From this, however, I was deterred by one consideration—namely, that if the Rectorial installation were postponed till next year, or the year after, I should have no opportunity of meeting those who interested themselves in the last Rectorial election. In University life, generation succeeds generation with such rapidity, that the leaders among the students of one year are the departed heroes of the next. And I prefer, therefore, even under the somewhat adverse circumstances which I have indicated, to meet those who took a principal part in the contest of last November, whether for or against me, to all the advantages which my audience might be expected to derive from a postponement of my Address.

I will confess to you at the outset that I have been much embarrassed in the selection of a subject. Not a few of my predecessors have found themselves, I should imagine, in a similar difficulty. A Rectorial Address might, so I was informed, be about anything. But this "anything" is too apt, upon further investigation, to resolve itself into

nothing. Some topics are too dull. Some are too controversial. Some interest only the few. Some are too great a strain upon the speaker who has to prepare them. Some too severely tax the patience of the audience which has to listen to them. And I confess to have been much perplexed in my search for a topic on which I could say something to which you would have patience to listen, or on which I might find it profitable to speak.

One theme, however, there is, not inappropriate to the place in which I speak, nor, I hope, unwelcome to the audience which I address. The youngest of you have left behind that period of youth during which it seems inconceivable that any book should afford recreation except a story-book. Many of you are just reaching the period when, at the end of your prescribed curriculum, the whole field and compass of literature lies outspread before you; when with faculties trained and disciplined, and the edge of curiosity not dulled or worn with use, you may enter at your leisure into the intellectual heritage of the centuries.

Now the question of how to read, and what to read, has of late filled much space in the daily papers, if it cannot, strictly speaking be said to have profoundly occupied the public mind. But you need be under no alarm. I am not going to supply you with a new list of a hundred books, nor am I about to take the world into my confidence in respect of my favourite passages from the best authors. Nor again do I address myself to the professed student, to the fortunate individual with whom literature or science is the business as well as the pleasure of life. I have not the qualifications which would enable me to undertake such a task with the smallest hope of success. My aim is humble, though the audience to whom I desire to speak is large; for I speak to the ordinary reader with ordinary capacities and ordinary leisure, to whom reading is, or ought to be, not a business but a pleasure; and my theme is the enjoyment—not the improvement, nor the glory, nor the profit, but the *enjoyment*—which may be derived by such an one from books.

It is perhaps due to the controversial habits engendered by my unfortunate profession, that I find no easier method of making my own view clear than by contrasting with it what I regard as an erroneous view held by somebody else; and in the present case the doctrine which I shall choose as a foil to my own is one which has been stated with the utmost force and directness by that brilliant and distinguished writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison. He has given us in a series of excellent essays his opinion on the principles which should guide us in the choice of books. Against that part of his treatise which is occupied with specific recommendations of certain authors I have not a word to say. He has resisted all the temptations to eccentricity which so easily beset the modern critic. Every book which he praises deserves his praise, and has long been praised by the world at large. I do not, indeed, hold that the verdict of the world is necessarily binding on the individual conscience. I admit to the full that there is an enormous quantity of hollow devotion, of withered orthodoxy divorced from living faith, in the eternal chorus of praise which goes up from every literary altar to the memory of the immortal dead. Nevertheless, every critic is bound to recognise, as Mr. Harrison recognises, that he must put down to individual peculiarity any difference he may have with the general verdict of the ages; he must feel that mankind are not likely to be in a conspiracy of error as to the kind of literary work which conveys to them the highest literary enjoyment, and that in such cases at least *securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

But it is quite possible to hold that any work recommended by Mr. Harrison is worth repeated reading, and yet to reject utterly the theory of study by which these recommendations are prefaced. For Mr. Harrison is a ruthless censor. His *index expurgatorius* includes, so far as I can discover, the whole catalogue of the British Museum, with the exception of a small remnant which might easily be contained in about thirty or forty volumes. The vast remainder he contemplates with feelings apparently not

merely of indifference, but of active aversion. He surveys the boundless and ever-increasing waste of books with emotions compounded of disgust and dismay. He is almost tempted to say in his haste that the invention of printing has been an evil one for humanity. In the habits of miscellaneous reading born of a too easy access to libraries, circulating and other, he sees many soul-destroying tendencies; and his ideal reader would appear to be a gentleman who rejects with a lofty scorn all in history that does not pass for being first-rate in importance, and all in literature that is not admitted to be first-rate in quality.

Now, I am far from denying that this theory is plausible. Of all that has been written, it is certain that the professed student can master but an infinitesimal fraction. Of that fraction the ordinary reader can master but a very small part. What advice, then, can be better than to select for study the few masterpieces that have come down to us, and to treat as non-existent the huge but undistinguished remainder? We are like travellers passing hastily through some ancient city filled with memorials of many generations and more than one great civilisation. Our time is short. Of what may be seen we can only see at best but a trifling fragment. Let us then take care that we waste none of our precious moments upon that which is less than the most excellent. So preaches Mr. Frederic Harrison. And when a doctrine which, put thus, may seem not only wise but obvious, is further supported by such assertions as that habits of miscellaneous reading "close the mind to what is spiritually sustaining" by "stuffing it with what is simply curious," or that such methods of study are worse than no habits of study at all, because they "gorge and enfeeble" the mind by "excess in that which cannot nourish," I almost feel that in venturing to dissent from it I may be attacking not merely the teaching of common-sense, but the inspirations of a high morality.

Yet I am convinced that, for most persons, the views thus laid down by Mr. Harrison are wrong, and that what

he describes, with characteristic vigour, as "an impotent voracity for desultory information," is in reality a most desirable and a not too common form of mental appetite. I have no sympathy whatever for the horror he expresses at the "incessant accumulation of fresh books." I am never tempted to regret that Gutenberg was born into the world. I care not at all though the "cataract of printed stuff," as Mr. Harrison calls it, should flow and still flow on until the catalogues of our libraries should make libraries themselves. I am prepared, indeed, to express sympathy almost amounting to approbation for any one who would check all writing which was *not* intended for the printer. I pay no tribute of grateful admiration to those who have oppressed mankind with the dubious blessing of the penny post. But the ground of the distinction is plain. We are always obliged to read our letters, and are sometimes obliged to answer them. But who obliges us to wade through the piled-up lumber of an ancient library, or to skim more than we like off the frothy foolishness poured forth in ceaseless stream by our circulating libraries? Dead dunces do not importune us; Grub Street does not ask for a reply by return of post. Even their living successors need hurt no one who possesses the very moderate degree of social courage required to make the admission that he has not read the last new novel or the current number of a fashionable magazine.

But this is not the view of Mr. Harrison. To him the position of any one having free access to a large library is fraught with issues so tremendous that, in order adequately to describe it, he has to seek for parallels in two of the most highly wrought episodes in fiction—the Ancient Mariner, becalmed and thirsting on the tropic ocean; Bunyan's Christian in the crisis of spiritual conflict. But there is here, surely, some error and some exaggeration. Has miscellaneous reading the dreadful consequences which Mr. Harrison depicts? Has it any of them? His declarations about the intellect being "gorged and enfeebled" by the absorption of too much information, expresses no doubt with great vigour an analogy, for which there is high

authority, between the human mind and the human stomach: but surely it is an analogy which may be pressed too far. I have often heard of the individual whose excellent natural gifts have been so overloaded with huge masses of undigested and indigestible learning, that they have had no chance of healthy development. But though I have often heard of this personage, I have never met him, and I believe him to be mythical. It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull; but there is no indication whatever that they are dull because they are learned. True dulness is seldom acquired; it is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in substance the same. Fill a dull man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine; neither will he become duller, as Mr. Harrison appears to suppose. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dulness would, if left to itself, have been merely vacuous, it may have become, under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.

I would further point out to you that, while there is no ground in experience for supposing that a keen interest in those facts which Mr. Harrison describes as "merely curious" has any stupefying effect upon the mind, or has any tendency to render it insensible to the higher things of literature and art, there is positive evidence that many of those who have most deeply felt the charm of those higher things have been consumed by that omnivorous appetite for knowledge which excites Mr. Harrison's especial indignation. Dr. Johnson, for instance, though deaf to some of the most delicate harmonies of verse, was, without question, a very great critic. Yet, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, literary history, which is for the most part composed of facts which Mr. Harrison would regard as insignificant, about authors whom he would regard as pernicious, was the most delightful of studies. Again, consider the case of Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay did everything Mr. Harrison says he ought not to have done. From youth to age he was continuously

occupied in "gorging and enfeebling" his intellect by the unlimited consumption of every species of literature, from the masterpieces of the age of Pericles to the latest rubbish from the circulating library. It is not told of him that his intellect suffered by the process; and though it will hardly be claimed for him that he was a great critic, none will deny that he possessed the keenest susceptibilities for literary excellence in many languages and in every form. If Englishmen and Scotchmen do not satisfy you, I will take a Frenchman. The most accomplished critic whom France has produced is, by general admission, St. Beuve. His capacity for appreciating supreme perfection in literature will be disputed by none; yet the great bulk of his vast literary industry was expended upon the lives and writings of authors whose lives Mr. Harrison would desire us to forget, and whose writings almost wring from him the wish that the art of printing had never been discovered.

I am even bold enough to hazard the conjecture (I trust he will forgive me), that Mr. Harrison's life may be quoted against Mr. Harrison's theory. I entirely decline to believe without further evidence that the writings whose vigour of style and of thought have been the delight of us all, are the product of his own system. I hope I do him no wrong, but I cannot help thinking that, if we knew all, we should find that he followed the practice of those worthy physicians who, after prescribing the most abstemious diet to their patients, may be seen partaking freely, and to all appearances safely, of the most succulent and the most unwholesome of the forbidden dishes.

It has to be noted that Mr. Harrison's list of the books which deserve perusal would seem to indicate that, in his opinion, the pleasures to be derived from literature are chiefly pleasures of the imagination. Poets, dramatists, and novelists form the bulk of what is specifically permitted to his disciples. Now, though I have clearly stated that the list is not one of which any person is likely to assert that it contains books which ought to be excluded, yet, even from the point of view of what may be termed æsthetic

enjoyment, the field in which we are allowed to take our pleasures seems to me unduly restricted.

Contemporary poetry, for instance, on which Mr. Harrison bestows a good deal of hard language, has, and must have for the generation which produces it, certain qualities not likely to be possessed by any other. Charles Lamb has somewhere declared that a pun loses all its virtue as soon as the momentary quality of the intellectual and social atmosphere in which it was born has changed its character. What is true of this, the humblest effort of verbal art, is true, in a different measure and degree, of all, even of the highest forms of literature. To some extent every work requires interpretation to generations who are separated by differences of thought or education from the age in which it was originally produced. That this is so with every book which depends for its interest upon feelings and fashions which have utterly vanished, no one will be disposed, I imagine, to deny. Butler's *Hudibras*, for instance, which was the delight of a gay and witty society, is to me, at least, not unfrequently dull. Of some works which made a noise in their day, it seems impossible to detect the slightest trace of charm. But this is not the case with *Hudibras;* its merits are obvious. That they should have appealed to a generation sick of the reign of the "Saints," is precisely what we should have expected. But to us, who are not sick of the reign of the Saints, they appeal but imperfectly. The attempt to reproduce artificially the frame of mind of those who first read the poem is not only an effort, but is to most people, at all events, an unsuccessful effort. What is true of *Hudibras* is true also, though in an inconceivably smaller degree, of those great works of imagination which deal with the elemental facts of human character and human passion. Yet even on these, time does, though lightly, lay his hand. Wherever what may be called "historic sympathy" is required, there will be some diminution of the enjoyment which those must have felt who were the poet's contemporaries. We look, so to speak, at the same splendid landscape as they, but distance has made it necessary for us

to aid our natural vision with glasses, and some loss of light will thus inevitably be produced, and some inconvenience from the difficulty of truly adjusting the focus. Of all authors, Homer would, I suppose, be thought to suffer least from such drawbacks. But yet, in order to listen to Homer's accents with the ears of an ancient Greek, we must be able, among other things, to enter into a view about the gods which is as far removed from what we should describe as true religious sentiment, as it is from the frigid ingenuity of those later poets who regarded the deities of Greek mythology as so many wheels in the supernatural machinery with which it pleased them to carry on the action of their pieces. If we are to accept Mr. Herbert Spencer's views as to the progress of our species, changes of sentiment are likely to occur which will far more seriously interfere with the world's delight in the Homeric poems. When human beings become "so nicely adjusted to their environment" that courage and dexterity in battle will have become as useless among virtues as an old helmet is among weapons of war; when fighting gets to be looked upon with the sort of disgust excited in us by cannibalism; and when public opinion shall regard a warrior much in the same light that we regard a hangman, —I do not see how any fragment of that vast and splendid literature which depends for its interest upon deeds of heroism and the joy of battle is to retain its ancient charm. About these remote contingencies, however,I am glad to think that neither you nor I need trouble our heads; and if I parenthetically allude to them now, it is merely as an illustration of a truth not always sufficiently remembered, and as an excuse for those who find in the genuine, though possibly second-rate, productions of their own age, a charm for which they search in vain among the mighty monuments of a past literature.

But I leave this train of thought, which has perhaps already taken me too far, in order to point out a more fundamental error, as I think it, which arises from regarding literature solely from this high æsthetic standpoint. The pleasures of the imagination derived from the best literary

models form, without doubt, the most exquisite portion of the enjoyment which we may extract from books; but they do not, in my opinion, form the largest portion, if we take into account mass as well as quality, in our calculation. There is the literature which appeals to the imagination or the fancy, some stray specimens of which Mr. Harrison will permit us to peruse; but is there not also the literature which satisfies the curiosity? Is this vast storehouse of pleasure to be thrown hastily aside because many of the facts which it contains are alleged to be insignificant, because the appetite to which they minister is said to be morbid? Consider a little. We are here dealing with one of the strongest intellectual impulses of rational beings. Animals, as a rule, trouble themselves but little with anything unless they want either to eat it or to run away from it. Interest in, and wonder at, the works of nature and the doings of man are products of civilisation, and excite emotions which do not diminish but increase with increasing knowledge and cultivation. Feed them and they grow; minister to them and they will greatly multiply. We hear much indeed of what is called "idle curiosity," but I am loath to brand any form of curiosity as necessarily idle. Take, for example, one of the most singular, but, in this age, one of the most universal forms in which it is accustomed to manifest itself—I mean that of an exhaustive study of the contents of the morning and evening papers. It is certainly remarkable that any person who has nothing to get by it should destroy his eyesight and confuse his brain by a conscientious attempt to master the dull and doubtful details of the European diary daily transmitted to us by "Our Special Correspondent." But it must be remembered that this is only a somewhat unprofitable exercise of that disinterested love of knowledge which moves men to penetrate the Polar snows, to build up systems of philosophy, or to explore the secrets of the remotest heavens. It has in it the rudiments of infinite and varied delights. It *can* be turned, and it *should* be turned, into a curiosity for which nothing that has been done, or thought, or suffered, or

believed—no law which governs the world of matter or the world of mind—can be wholly alien or uninteresting.

Truly it is a subject for astonishment that, instead of expanding to the utmost the employment of this pleasure-giving faculty, so many persons should set themselves to work to limit its exercise by all kinds of arbitrary regulations. Some persons, for example, tell us that the acquisition of knowledge is all very well, but that it must be useful knowledge,—meaning usually thereby that it must enable a man to get on in a profession, pass an examination, shine in conversation, or obtain a reputation for learning. But even if they mean something higher than this—even if they mean that knowledge, to be worth anything, must subserve ultimately, if not immediately, the material or spiritual interests of mankind—the doctrine is one which should be energetically repudiated. I admit, of course, at once, that discoveries the most apparently remote from human concerns have often proved themselves of the utmost commercial or manufacturing value. But they require no such justification for their existence, nor were they striven for with any such object. Navigation is not the final cause of astronomy, nor telegraphy of electro-dynamics, nor dye-works of chemistry. And if it be true that the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge was the animating motive of the great men who first wrested her secrets from nature, why should it not also be enough for us, to whom it is not given to discover, but only to learn as best we may what has been discovered by others?

Another maxim, more plausible but equally pernicious, is that superficial knowledge is worse than no knowledge at all. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is a saying which has now got currency as a proverb stamped in the mint of Pope's versification,—of Pope who, with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek, translated Homer; with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama, edited Shakespeare; and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy, wrote the *Essay on Man*. But what is this "little knowledge" which is supposed to be so

dangerous? What is it "little" in relation to? If in relation to what there is to know, then all human knowledge is little. If in relation to what actually is known by somebody, then we must condemn as "dangerous" the knowledge which Archimedes possessed of mechanics, or Copernicus of astronomy; for a shilling primer and a few weeks' study will enable any student to outstrip in mere information some of the greatest teachers of the past. No doubt, that little knowledge which thinks itself to be great, may possibly be a dangerous, as it certainly is a most ridiculous, thing. We have all suffered under that eminently absurd individual who, on the strength of one or two volumes, imperfectly apprehended by himself, and long discredited in the estimation of every one else, is prepared to supply you on the shortest notice with a dogmatic solution of every problem suggested by this "unintelligible world"; or the political variety of the same pernicious genus, whose statecraft consists in the ready application to the most complex question of national interest of some high-sounding commonplace which has done weary duty on a thousand platforms, and which even in its palmiest days was never fit for anything better than a peroration. But in our dislike of the individual, do not let us mistake the diagnosis of his disease. He suffers not from ignorance, but from stupidity. Give him learning and you make him not wise, but only more pretentious in his folly.

I say, then, that so far from a little knowledge being undesirable, a little knowledge is all that on most subjects any of us can hope to attain, and that as a source not of worldly profit but of personal pleasure, it may be of incalculable value to its possessor. But it will naturally be asked, "How are we to select from among the infinite number of things which may be known, those which it is best worth while for us to know?" We are constantly being told to concern ourselves with learning what is important, and not to waste our energies upon what is insignificant. But what are the marks by which we shall recognise the important, and how is it to be distinguished

from the insignificant? A precise and complete answer to this question which shall be true for all men cannot be given. I am considering knowledge, recollect, as it ministers to enjoyment, and from this point of view each unit of information is obviously of importance in proportion as it increases the general sum of enjoyment which we obtain from knowledge. This, of course, makes it impossible to lay down precise rules which shall be an equally sure guide to all sorts and conditions of men; for in this, as in other matters, tastes must differ, and against real difference of taste there is no appeal.

There is, however, one caution which it may be worth your while to keep in view,—Do not be persuaded into applying any general proposition on this subject with a foolish impartiality to every kind of knowledge. There are those who tell you that it is the broad generalities and the far-reaching principles which govern the world, which are alone worthy of your attention. A fact which is not an illustration of a law, in the opinion of these persons, appears to lose all its value. Incidents which do not fit into some great generalisation, events which are merely picturesque, details which are merely curious—they dismiss as unworthy the interest of a reasoning being. Now, even in science, this doctrine in its extreme form does not hold good. The most scientific of men have taken profound interest in the investigation of facts from the determination of which they do not anticipate any material addition to our knowledge of the laws which regulate the universe. In these matters I need hardly say that I speak wholly without authority. But I have always been under the impression that an investigation which has cost hundreds of thousands of pounds; which has stirred on three occasions the whole scientific community throughout the civilised world; on which has been expended the utmost skill in the construction of instruments and their application to purposes of research (I refer to the attempts made to determine the distance of the sun by observations of the transit of Venus),—would, even if it had been brought to a successful issue, have furnished man-

kind with the knowledge of no new astronomical principle.[1] The laws which govern the motions of the solar system, the proportions which the various elements in that system bear to one another, have long been known. The distance of the sun itself is known within limits of error, relatively speaking, not very considerable. Were the measuring-rod we apply to the heavens based on an estimate of the sun's distance from the earth, which was wrong by (say) three per cent, it would not to the lay mind seem to affect very materially our view either of the distribution of the heavenly bodies or of their motions. And yet this information, this piece of celestial gossip, would seem to be that which was chiefly expected from the successful prosecution of an investigation in which whole nations have interested themselves.

But though no one can, I think, pretend that science does not concern itself, and properly concern itself, with facts which are not in themselves, to all appearance, illustrations of law, it is undoubtedly true that for those who desire to extract the greatest pleasure from science, a knowledge, however elementary, of the leading principles of investigation and the larger laws of nature, is the acquisition most to be desired. To him who is not a specialist, a comprehension of the broad outlines of the universe as it presents itself to the scientific imagination, is the thing most worth striving to attain. But when we turn from science to what is rather vaguely called history, the same principles of study do not, I think, altogether apply, and mainly for this reason, —that while the recognition of the reign of law is the chief amongst the pleasures imparted by science, our inevitable ignorance makes it the least among the pleasures imparted by history.

It is no doubt true that we are surrounded by advisers

[1] The accurate determination of the velocity of light would, doubtless, be of the greatest importance in physics. But as regards astronomical research, in reference to which the transit of Venus has been principally observed, the illustration in the text seems accurate. The amount of possible error is much less than three per cent.

who tell us that all study of the past is barren except in so far as it enables us to determine the laws by which the evolution of human societies is governed. How far such an investigation has been up to the present time fruitful in results I will not inquire. That it will ever enable us to trace with accuracy the course which states and nations are destined to pursue in the future, or to account in detail for their history in the past, I do not indeed believe. We are borne along like travellers on some unexplored stream. We may know enough of the general configuration of the globe to be sure that we are making our way towards the ocean. We may know enough by experience or theory of the laws regulating the flow of liquids, to conjecture how the river will behave under the varying influences to which it may be subject. More than this we cannot know. It will depend largely upon causes which, in relation to any laws which we are ever likely to discover, may properly be called accidental, whether we are destined sluggishly to drift among fever-striken swamps, to hurry down perilous rapids, or to glide gently through fair scenes of peaceful cultivation.

But leaving on one side ambitious sociological speculations, and even those more modest but hitherto more successful investigations into the causes which have in particular cases been principally operative in producing great political changes, there are still two modes in which we can derive what I may call "spectacular" enjoyment from the study of history. There is first the pleasure which arises from the contemplation of some great historic drama, or some broad and well-marked phase of social development. The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, of parties, and of statesmen. The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasted permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes

which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly—fate, meanwhile, through all this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end,—all these form together a subject, the contemplation of which need surely never weary.

But there is yet another and very different species of enjoyment to be derived from the records of the past, which require a somewhat different method of study in order that it may be fully tasted. Instead of contemplating, as it were, from a distance, the larger aspects of the human drama, we may elect to move in familiar fellowship amid the scenes and actors of special periods. We may add to the interest we derive from the contemplation of contemporary politics, a similar interest derived from a not less minute, and probably more accurate, knowledge of some comparatively brief passage in the political history of the past. We may extend the social circle in which we move—a circle perhaps narrowed and restricted through circumstances beyond our control—by making intimate acquaintances, perhaps even close friends, among a society long departed, but which, when we have once learnt the trick of it, it rests with us to revive.

It is this kind of historical reading which is usually branded as frivolous and useless, and persons who indulge in it often delude themselves into thinking that the real motive of their investigation into bygone scenes and ancient scandals is philosophic interest in an important historical episode, whereas in truth it is not the philosophy which glorifies the details, but the details which make tolerable the philosophy. Consider, for example, the case of the French Revolution. The period from the taking of the Bastille to the fall of Robespierre, is of about the same length as very commonly intervenes between two of our general elections. On these comparatively few months libraries have been written. The incidents of every week

are matters of familiar knowledge. The character and the biography of every actor in the drama has been made the subject of minute study; and by common admission, there is no more fascinating page in the history of the world. But the interest is not what is commonly called philosophic, it is personal. Because the Revolution is the dominant fact in modern history, therefore people suppose that the doings of this or that provincial lawyer, tossed into temporary eminence and eternal infamy by some freak of the revolutionary wave, or the atrocities committed by this or that mob, half drunk with blood, rhetoric, and alcohol, are of transcendent importance. In truth their interest is great, but their importance is small. What we are concerned to know as students of the philosophy of history is, not the character of each turn and eddy in the great social cataract, but the manner in which the currents of the upper stream drew surely in towards the final plunge, and slowly collected themselves after the catastrophe, again to pursue, at a different level, their renewed and comparatively tranquil course.

Now, if so much of the interest of the French Revolution depends upon our minute knowledge of each passing incident, how much more necessary is such knowledge when we are dealing with the quiet nooks and corners of history—when we are seeking an introduction, let us say, into the literary society of Johnson or the fashionable society of Walpole! Society, dead or alive, can have no charm without intimacy, and no intimacy without interest in trifles which I fear Mr. Harrison would describe as "merely curious." If we would feel at our ease in any company, if we wish to find humour in its jokes and point in its repartees, we must know something of the beliefs and the prejudices of its various members—their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears, their maladies, their marriages, and their flirtations. If these things are beneath our notice, we shall not be the less qualified to serve our Queen and Country, but need make no attempt to extract pleasure out of one of the most delightful departments of literature.

That there is such a thing as trifling information, I do not of course question; but the frame of mind in which the reader is constantly weighing the exact importance to the universe at large of each circumstance which the author presents to his notice, is not one conducive to the true enjoyment of a picture whose effect depends upon a multitude of slight and seemingly insignificant touches, which impress the mind often without remaining in the memory. The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless, is to read only what is interesting,—a truth which will seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fitting objects of our commiseration, who may be often recognised by their habit of asking some adviser for a list of books, and then marking out a scheme of study in the course of which all these are to be conscientiously perused. These unfortunate persons apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They reach the word "*Finis*" with the same sensation of triumph as an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his girdle. They are not happy unless they mark by some definite performance each step in the weary path of self-improvement. To begin a volume and not to finish it, would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse from virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a form of cheating: it is a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretences; a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is quite wrong. In matters literary, works have no saving efficacy. He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and of skimming; and the first step has hardly been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure, until interest in the subject, and not a desire to spare (so to speak) the author's feelings, or to accomplish an appointed task, is the prevailing motive of the reader.

I have now reached, not indeed the end of my subject, which I have scarcely begun, but the limits inexorably set

by the circumstances under which it is treated. Yet I am unwilling to conclude without meeting an objection to my method of dealing with it which has, I am sure, been present to the minds of not a few who have been good enough to listen to me with patience. It will be said that I have ignored the higher functions of literature, that I have degraded it from its rightful place, by discussing only certain ways in which it may minister to the entertainment of an idle hour, leaving wholly out of sight its contributions to what Mr. Harrison calls our "spiritual sustenance." Now this is partly because the first of these topics, and not the second, was the avowed subject of my address; but it is partly because I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. I hold, indeed, the faith that all such pleasures minister to the development of much that is best in man, mental and moral; but the charm is broken and the object lost if the remote consequence is consciously pursued to the exclusion of the immediate end. It will not, I suppose, be denied that the beauties of nature are at least as well qualified to minister to our higher needs as are the beauties of literature. Yet we do not say we are going to walk to the top of such and such a hill in order to provide ourselves with "spiritual sustenance." We say we are going to look at the view. And I am convinced that this, which is the natural and simple way of considering literature as well as nature, is also the true way. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize, or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole system of our modern education. Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not, if I could, destroy the examination system. But there are times, I admit, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether heaven has not reserved in pity to this much educating generation some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed

by the crammer or the coach, where it might be possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure, without finding every beauty labelled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveller along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted, I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus left outside the examination system should be the literature of our own country. I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment, namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires some one else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system—a system necessary, and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended.

How great those pleasures may be, I trust there are many here who can testify. When I compare the position of the reader of to-day with that of his predecessor of the sixteenth century, I am amazed at the ingratitude of those who are tempted even for a moment to regret the invention of printing and the multiplication of books. There is now no mood of mind to which a man may not administer the appropriate nutriment or medicine at the cost of reaching down a volume from his book-shelf. In every department of knowledge infinitely more is known, and what is known is incomparably more accessible than it was to our ancestors. The lighter forms of literature, good, bad, and indifferent,

which have added so vastly to the happiness of mankind, have increased beyond powers of computation; nor do I believe that there is any reason to think that they have elbowed out their more serious and important brethren. It is perfectly possible for a man, not a professed student, and who only gives to reading the leisure hours of a business life, to acquire such a general knowledge of the laws of nature and the facts of history, that every great advance made in either department shall be to him both intelligible and interesting; and he may besides have among his familiar friends many a departed worthy whose memory is embalmed in the pages of memoir or biography. All this is ours for the asking. All this we shall ask for, if only it be our happy fortune to love, for its own sake, the beauty and the knowledge to be gathered from books. And if this be our fortune, the world may be kind or unkind—it may seem to us to be hastening on the wings of enlightenment and progress to an imminent millennium, or it may weigh us down with the sense of insoluble difficulty and irremediable wrong; but whatever else it be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull.

MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

Rector from 1889 to 1892

Address delivered on April 6, 1891

MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

Gentlemen—It occasionally happens that young persons rush into matrimony with a keener sense of its delights than of its obligations. Something of this sort happened when I wooed your suffrages as a candidate for the Rectorship of St. Andrews. The greatness of the honour, the pleasure of being again associated with the district which was the early home of my ancestors, and to which the instincts of atavism have driven my daughter to return, so dazzled my imagination that I did not sufficiently apprehend the responsibility of the task which I am now called upon to perform. It is certainly no light matter for any one so inadequately equipped as myself to engage in the performance of a function which has been hitherto discharged by one or other of the foremost men of the age, and which I now feel would have been far better executed by the distinguished nobleman who entered into friendly competition with me at the last election; for, gentlemen, there is not one of those who have hitherto spoken from this desk who was not either a master of universal learning, or entitled by his acquaintance with some special subject, or his eminence in one or other of the learned professions, or the acknowledged powers of his mind and the majesty of his age and character, to speak to you with an authority to which it would be presumptuous for me to pretend. I daresay, indeed, were I inspired by less grateful feelings than those which animate me at this moment, I might contrive to clothe the commonplace observations usually current at educational gatherings in sufficiently sounding language to

satisfy the decencies of the occasion; but, when painfully thinking over, as I have been for some time past, in what style I should frame my present address, I determined that the best return I could make to those who had shown me so much kindness, but to whom I knew I was incompetent to communicate anything worth their attention in regard either to Science or Letters, would be to give them in as simple and unpretending a manner as I could, such practical hints in regard to some few of the matters which will affect their start in life as my own personal experience might furnish. In doing this my flight will naturally keep to a very low and humble level; but I take it for granted that those young and ardent souls I see around me have been so permeated and inspired by the combined spirit of religion and patriotism which envelops this historic site, and which has made Scotland what she is, that there is already implanted deep and firm within their minds the ever-present, all-pervading conviction that, beyond and apart from the transitory aims and objects of personal ambition or the prizes of a successful career, the one employment which makes life worth living or ourselves worthy to live is the worship and service of our heavenly Father, and a self-sacrificing devotion to the welfare and honour of our country and of those who dwell within its borders.

Assuming, then, as a premiss that these two principles, the love of God and the love of your native land, are to you as the very breath of your nostrils, and the permanent as well as the ultimate objects of your existence, I propose to pretermit those loftier themes upon which my predecessors have expatiated, and will confine myself to the consideration of such subordinate topics as an ordinary man of the world might presume to submit to such an audience. But, at the outset, I wish it to be understood that there are two classes of students who are not likely to profit by what I have to say—namely, those individuals whom Providence may have endowed with the gift of divine genius, whose hearts and lips have been touched by the living coal from the altar,—for genius in its essence is original and in-

ventive, and reaches its ends by its own methods; and those golden youths, if any such there be among you, in whose veins still leaps the blood of their Viking ancestors, and who abhor the very sight of a book and the thought of any sedentary occupation. To the former my observations will seem superfluous, while to the latter they will prove as useless as have proved to them for centuries the elaborate machinery of all our great public schools, which continue as heretofore to send forth into the world thousands and thousands of generous and gallant young men, speaking no language but their own, innocent of Latin and of Greek, and as ignorant of the marvellous tissue of events recorded in the history of past ages, or of the first principles of those august sciences which minister to the civilisation of the world as they were when they first went to school; though, on the other hand, able to give long odds to every nation in Europe at cricket, polo, football, golf, curling, riding across country, or any other athletic exercise, including probably fighting. Whether the time will ever come when our educational authorities will discover the secret of indoctrinating this excellent raw material with some tincture of Letters and a suspicion of Learning, must remain a matter of conjecture. It is devoutly to be wished that they should do so; for even fighting is becoming a matter of scholarship. In Germany, I believe, some progress has been made in that direction, accompanied, however, by the disadvantage of putting a large percentage of the population into spectacles.

Those, however, I have in view at present are such as must always form the majority in an assembly like the present—young men who are now what I myself was at your age, and therefore into whose feelings I can enter—neither particularly brilliant nor exceptionally dull, but gifted with ordinary ability and with the powers of memory and the habits of industry common to the bulk of all university students.

The first piece of advice, then, I would give to what I may call my audience proper, is to endeavour to reach a practical

conception both of the length and of the shortness of life. According to the dictum of the Psalmist, every one of you has a right to expect, if all goes well, some fifty years of existence—in other words, more than eighteen thousand days. Now, all of you have probably already formed a pretty good conception of what is meant by a thorough day's work, and you will agree with me that a good deal may be acquired and achieved during the course of eighteen thousand days. In youth one's future life resembles a far extending, nay, almost interminable plain; but, though interminable, the view of it is so choked and obscured by the mists of uncertainty and of inexperience, that our actual horizon remains extremely restricted. As a consequence, the present, with its immediate purposes and enjoyments, assumes undue importance in our eyes, and we undervalue those more distant needs and advantages which we should at once begin to provide against and secure. To those, however, who have almost completed their journey, and whose appointed tale of years has been wellnigh told, the past seems but as yesterday, and the country they have traversed, as they look back upon it from the Delectable Mountains, lies at their feet marvellously foreshortened, with every incident of their pilgrimage standing out in magical distinctness. They can mark with regret, mingled with wonder at their folly, their unaccountable deviations from the direct route, their blind wanderings round and about in the barren deserts of idleness or the thorny thickets of misapplied endeavour, while they bewail with many a sigh their neglect in not having started from the outset with greater definiteness of purpose and a wiser appreciation of what real life was, and of the use which might be made of it. What, therefore, I would say to you is this—get clearly into your heads the fact that life is a succinct, definite, circumscribed period of time, sufficiently long to get a great deal done in it, and yet not long enough to oppress us with the idea of exhausting and unending effort. As children can be more readily got to exert themselves when they know it is only for an

hour at a time, so we grown men will find the burden and heat of the day less wearisome if we are careful to remember that the orb of our existence is ceaselessly measuring its rapid track towards the horizon, and that at the appointed time the vesper-bell of evening will surely summon us to repose. Take care, then, that on quitting these walls you enter at once, as willing workmen, into the vineyard, lest later on you should have to lament with the poet—

> So much to do, so little done,
> Our thread of life a third part spun,
> And yet its labours scarce begun ;
> While, stealing downwards sun by sun,
> The empty years in silence run
> To darkness and oblivion,
> Leaving behind them still unwon
> A people's benediction.

In the next place, try and frame for yourselves beforehand as clear and correct a conception as circumstances may permit of the nature, incidence, and ultimate conditions of whatever careers you are determined to follow, being careful at the same time, before you choose your professions, to get a right knowledge of your individual aptitudes, and of the extent of your powers; for I am convinced that our usefulness, as well as our happiness, depends upon our work being done in a congenial atmosphere, and that it is much better to choose a humbler, less promising, or less remunerative walk in life, in which we are certain of personal satisfaction, than to commit ourselves to a more ambitious employment which may perhaps prove distressing to our tastes and unsuited to our faculties.

Another topic to which I would direct your attention—though perhaps you may smile at my doing so—is the necessity of attending to your health, and consequently of acquiring some knowledge of the principles of hygiene. It has always been a marvel to me how the youth of England ever attain manhood, so inconceivably silly are the things that schoolboys are perpetually doing, through simple ignorance. But grown men at our universities are equally

careless, and ruin their constitutions, cripple themselves for life, or destroy their nervous system, through neglect of the commonest rules. Reading men are those who most signally err in this particular—for while the athletes on the river or in the cricket-field follow the severest regimen in order to keep their bodies fit for the impending exertion, the students live upon tea, neglect their exercise, disdain fresh air, and sit up till any hour in the morning; and yet any doctor will tell you that our mental functions, our memories, our attention, our powers of continuous application, are even more dependent for their vigour and vitality on the general condition of our health than is the play of our muscles. Moreover, there is nothing more extraordinary than the trifling character of the circumstances which will tilt the balance of our bodily condition in the direction of health or of disease, or how insignificant are the precautions which prove sufficient to maintain our minds clear, cheerful, and elastic, and to render the exercise of our faculties a delight and a triumph, instead of leaving us to labour in an atmosphere of inertness and despondency. But, on the other hand, as youth is always prone to exaggeration, you must be on your guard against allowing a reasonable solicitude about your health to degenerate into the worst of tyrannies —that of hypochondria. Nor ought we to be less careful of what I may call the hygiene of our souls, or rather of our nervous systems; for it is an undoubted fact that, as men grow up from youth to manhood, there is developed within their frames a certain nervous effervescence which, unless wisely and manfully controlled, results either in physical excesses or else in various forms of hysteria, which sometimes take the shape of religious melancholy or of extravagant or factitious religious enthusiasm, which only too often proves not only unreal and evanescent, but the herald of a deplorable and pernicious reaction. Remember, therefore, that the healthiness and robustness of your nerves and mental fibre are as worthy of cultivation as those of your corporeal faculties. In this way you will keep your

characters free from those morbid, sentimental, and vicious growths which leave a human being neither man nor woman.

Another matter connected with education which has frequently struck me on looking back on my own past is, that we do not make our pupils understand how much easier is the mastery of various branches of learning than at first sight may appear to be the case,—of course I am not now speaking of flights into the higher regions of abstruse science, but of simple acquirements. And this occurs, I think, more frequently with boys than with girls. A little girl is told to learn a foreign language—whether German, French, or Italian—and, without any misgivings on the subject, she sets about acquiring it as a matter of course, in the firm conviction that in so many months, or at all events in a year or two, she will have mastered it. But when has it ever occurred to the imagination of the most sanguine little boy that he would ever really know either Latin or Greek? And yet why should he not? If a slip of a girl of ten or twelve can be taught to read at sight any French or German book without difficulty, why should our boys go on from eight till two-and-twenty pounding away at Latin and Greek, without being able in nine cases out of ten to do more than blunder through a passage of some author they have previously got up? My belief is that our whole method of teaching the dead languages should be changed, that we begin altogether at the wrong end, and that this initial mistake is never retrieved. I myself was introduced to the Latin grammar when I was six years old, and to the Greek Grammar a couple of years later; and when I left Oxford after fourteen years of uninterrupted application at these two tongues, the most that I could do was to translate with some sort of decency a few Greek plays, some books of Herodotus, a little of Cicero, and some Virgil and Horace that had already been carefully conned. Of course there were many men of my own standing in Oxford whose acquirements in ancient literature were infinitely more complete and creditable; but, as I said at the beginning of these

observations, it is the average student that I am keeping in my mind, and I have no hesitation in saying that the great majority of my contemporaries were not a whit better initiated in the classics than myself. Later in life I reflected with shame on the paucity of my classical acquirements, and I set myself down to learn Greek in the same way as I would set about learning a modern language. The result was, that although I had only spare moments of time to give to the business, I soon found myself able to take up any ordinary Greek poet or prose writer, and read what was written as easily as I could French—always, of course, excepting a corrupt chorus or some of the more difficult authors. Well, I believe boys ought to be taught in the same way—that is to say, they should begin with the vocabulary, long before they are bothered with the grammar, that the acquisition of whatever tongue they take up should be rendered interesting, and that the names of Virgil, Homer, Horace, Cicero, and Herodotus should not be allowed to stink in their nostrils for the rest of their lives by being made the vehicles through which the grammar is drummed into them.

Of course, it may be objected that this method of learning a classical language eviscerates the good to be obtained from the disciplinary effects of the usually accepted process; but, in the first place, it is merely a question of the stage at which the grammar should be taken up, for I am as much an admirer of fine scholarship as any one; and, in the next, the mysteries of the grammar will be much better learnt at a later period of our school life, when its origin, its historical growth, and its inter-relationship in different tongues can be properly explained to the pupil. Moreover, there are a dozen different ways of training a boy's mind into habits of accuracy; and when the problem is to learn a language, no matter whether it may be an ancient or a modern one, the common-sense view is to follow whatever method enables us to acquire it with the least expenditure of labour, time, and annoyance. In any event, the grammar, when it is taught, should be inculcated without the most precious

authors of antiquity being degraded by the use to which they are now put. Indeed, I should be inclined to prohibit boys from opening any of these greater prose writers or poets until they had learned to read Latin and Greek pretty fluently by an independent process; for of this I am sure, that it is only after you know a language that you can really properly appreciate the niceties either of its grammar and construction, or of the style in which it is written. But, it may be said, what are to be our schoolbooks if the usual authors are to be tabooed? Well, there are a few easy ones which might be still retained, such as the so-called fables of Æsop, together with some of the more interesting episodes from Xenophon, Plutarch, Herodotus, and the first book of Livy. There are also the Greek Romances, one of them, by the way, opening with as dramatic a scene as is to be found in the most sensational modern novel. As for myself, the only specimens of Greek literature which I ever really enjoyed as a young learner, were the funny Scholastikoi stories, which have ever since clung to my memory. But why should not some of our clever young classical tutors translate into simple Latin and Greek a few of our English standard stories, or a set of interesting anecdotes, or even a tale or two from the Arabian Nights, or a good novel? Why should not the more spirited of your own Border ballads or Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* be turned into rhymed Latin metre, so as to stick for ever in the child's recollection? In India, the acquisition of Persian has been greatly facilitated by Talbot's translation of *Robinson Crusoe* into that language. It might be said that the result would not be classical Latin or grammatical Greek—but what would that matter? What you want to drive into the boys' heads and memories is the vocabulary and a knowledge of the meaning of the words, and this can only be done by interesting them in the story, by exciting their curiosity, by making them eager to know what comes next, and what it is that is concealed within the jargon of sentences they are set down to read. How few of us there are who would ever have acquired French if we had been

confined to Bossuet's sermons or Montesquieu's Treatise, unaided by the blessed stimulus of Dumas' novels. If such a plan as this were adopted, both Latin and Greek would be acquired in half the time now taken to teach them, and we should then disarm the enmity of those who would exclude Greek from our university curriculum on account of its acquisition being incompatible with that of practical subjects. Moreover, men of twenty would no longer be matriculating at Oxford and Cambridge with less classical knowledge than they ought to have acquired when they left their preparatory school, while for the rest of their lives the golden-mouthed authors of antiquity would be a source of endless delight and recreation, and the pious Æneas would cease to be a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the ingenuous British schoolboy. For, gentlemen, I confess I am inclined to range myself on the side of those who would retain not only Latin, but also Greek, as an essential part of the education of every gentleman. Indeed, I cannot conceive the meaning of the term education if either Greek or Latin is to be excluded. Nay, if one were to be compulsorily omitted, I would prefer dropping Latin rather than Greek; for, surely, if a choice has to be made, Herodotus, Thucydides, Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes, Pindar and Theocritus, are more precious possessions than even the works of the Roman authors, who, after all, only imitate their style and reflect their genius. Has not Greek literature been the quarry out of which the brightest gems in the writings of our modern authors have been extracted? Is not Greek genius the divine source from which has sprung the existing aftergrowth of European literature, philosophy, art, and politics, while it is through the portals of Grecian history, Grecian mythology, and Grecian tradition that we find entrance into those dim mysterious regions peopled by the primeval nations that sprung, flourished, and decayed during a series of unnoted centuries on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. How is it possible, then, that any intelligent man with the slightest curiosity or love of learning, or interest in the past, could be content

to remain ignorant of a language, in itself the most beautiful ever spoken by man, and that has embalmed for the benefit of future ages such inestimable treasures of original thought and far-reaching information? Besides, where else will you obtain, otherwise than in the stories of the Greek States, such a marvellous or instructive *Kriegspiel* or rehearsal of the course and possible contingencies of modern European politics? Put Russia or America for Macedon, the unknown quantity; Germany and France for Thebes and Sparta; England for Athens; China for the Empire of Darius, and you see at a glance what may happen to an empire such as ours. Like Great Britain, Athens was a small mother country, with a splendid maritime jurisdiction and important colonies, some of which turned against her in the day of trouble, while her absolute existence—the food of her people, her revenues, and her commercial wealth—depended on her command of the sea. She loses a single naval battle, and her imperium is for ever shattered, the violet crown falls from her brows, her foremost citizens are either executed or sold into slavery, and her name as a political entity fades from the page of history.

Nor, gentlemen, can I see that the admitted desirability, nay, necessity, of acquiring a knowledge of at all events one modern European language, need in any degree interfere with the claims of the classical tongues. During the fourteen years which may be regarded as the educational period, there should be ample time for the acquisition of both. In most European countries, except perhaps France, the children of the upper classes generally know two languages, beside their own, before they are ten years old; in Russia they all know three, and this independently of other studies. What is to prevent the British youth doing as much by the time he is twenty? The late John Stuart Mill was, I believe, of opinion that it is a waste of time to learn a foreign language out of the country in which it is spoken, and in this view I am inclined to agree, if there is any prospect of the student ever being in a position to visit for a certain number of months the country in question;

but, even so, it would be well for him to obtain some slight knowledge of it beforehand. Inasmuch, however, as it is only the minority of young men to whom it is possible to reside abroad, instruction in one European tongue should, I think, be made an essential element in education. Nor can there be any doubt that that language should be French; for not only is its literature the most diverse and admirable possessed by any European community except our own, but it has long been accepted as the common channel of communication between European nations. There is also another reason which makes it more desirable to know French than what probably may be considered the next most useful language, namely, German. The genius of French and English are so dissimilar, and the mould in which they are cast so different, that they never can be quite satisfactorily translated the one into the other. Consequently, if a French author is really to be appreciated, he must be read in the original. This is not the case as regards German, into which language even Shakespeare has been so admirably rendered as to have lost comparatively little of his original glory. Of course a knowledge of German is of great use both to the scientific and the theological student and to the literary critic, for a great deal of the original thinking of the present day is done by Germans; but, on the other hand, almost every first-rate book that is written in German is pretty sure within a very short space of time to be translated into English. I should therefore say that to the ordinary student who has not the faculty for acquiring foreign languages, which is a talent of its own, or who has not some special prospect of being connected during his future career with German interests, it would be good economy to pretermit the German and to be content with French. If, however, his tastes and his natural aptitudes lie in the direction of languages, he might with advantage apply himself not only to German but also to Italian. With regard, however, to the latter, I would observe that it is a great mistake to suppose that it is an easy language either to learn to

speak or to learn to read. In this respect it is the most deceptive of all languages, for to any one with a knowledge of French and of Latin it appears at first sight extremely easy. Nor, indeed, is there very much difficulty in acquiring a sufficient smattering of it to run through the Italian newspapers or to enable you to make known all your needs as a traveller; but when you come to converse in it with educated people, or to read Dante and the great Italian classics, the case is very different. Still, it is a lovely tongue, and its medieval literature is equally rich and interesting.

And now I wonder whether I could be of any use to you in giving any hints as to how a modern language is to be learnt. Sticking to the principle which I have already submitted in reference to Latin and Greek, it seems to me that the first thing to do is to acquire some knowledge of its vocabulary. There are various ways of doing this. The late Dr. Schliemann, who was undoubtedly a very apt linguist, used, I believe, to take some good book written in the tongue he wished to acquire, and learn off a certain number of pages by heart; but this is a process which it requires a peculiar capacity to accomplish. The great Duke of Wellington learnt Spanish out of a Spanish prayer-book once given him by the famous old ladies of Llangollen. What I would recommend is this,—to inquire for some work in the language which is both easy and entertaining, and then to get a Frenchman or a German, as the case may be, to read it out to you aloud, and to tell you *viva voce* every word that you do not know, while you mark the unknown word on your own copy as you go on. If this living dictionary is not within your reach, then I would say—though I tremble as I utter the words—provide yourselves with a good crib. Of course these markings would occur under almost every word in the first chapter—perhaps in every other word in the second, and in two-thirds of the words in the third, fourth, and fifth; but before you got half through the book, the interruptions would gradually diminish—for every author has a vocabu-

lary of his own, outside of which he does not travel; and probably by the time you had got through two-thirds of the work, you would find yourselves able to finish the volume without any assistance. In a novel, say of two volumes or of six hundred pages, there will probably be three thousand words about which you have had to inquire, and which you will have marked. Of these you should make a list, either in writing, or, what perhaps is better still, through the medium of a type-writer, after which you should learn them by heart. A person with a fair memory should be able, without sacrificing much time to the business, to master forty words a-day, so that three thousand words could be acquired in about three months. When this process has been accomplished, you will find that you will be able to take up any ordinary book in the language in question and read it, I will not say with fluency, but at all events without that sense of intolerable irksomeness which oppresses us when we have to puzzle through each successive sentence with the aid of a dictionary. If going through the first book has not been found sufficient to enable us to read the succeeding book with ease, the original process can be again repeated until our vocabulary has become so enlarged as to render it altogether unnecessary. Of course I do not mean to imply that in the course of the foregoing operation we are to neglect the grammar; but my own experience has taught me that, although it may be desirable as a preliminary step to run lightly through some elementary grammar of the language, the task of acquiring a comprehensive, intimate, and intelligent knowledge of its rules will be much more rapidly and thoroughly accomplished after we are able to embrace at a glance the meaning of a sentence and the relation to each other of the various words which compose it; for, at this stage, those grammatical rules which at first it seemed very difficult for the memory to retain, soon impress themselves instinctively upon one's attention.

Another advantage accruing from this method of writing down as you go along a list of the words you do not readily

remember is that, if through disuse for a few years, absence from the country, or other accidental circumstance, you in a great measure forget a language which you have once learned, a very slight re-study of your vocabularies will enable you to recover it.

Before I quit the subject of modern languages, however, there is another point to which I may refer for a moment, namely, the acquisition of a good accent. Here again certain persons are endowed with greater aptitudes than others, for it will be generally, though not always, found that those who have a good ear for music have also a happy knack of acquiring a right pronunciation; but even those who cannot whistle a tune need not be discouraged on this account, for, with a little care and attention, they also will be able to attain the desired object. Of course the only way to do this is by constantly listening to the language in question spoken around them. I would therefore strongly advise the student, even should he have learnt to read or write French or German readily, to avoid every attempt at pronouncing it in his own uninstructed manner, for it is almost impossible to get rid of the wrong pronunciation of a word or of a bad accent when once one has acquired it. If, however, there is a French or a German instructor handy, the best plan would be to make him either talk to you or read to you out loud, and then, when you have in a certain degree accustomed your ear to his pronunciation, to read out aloud to him. But this latter process will have to be pursued very diligently and for a great length of time, and the words you cannot pronounce should be written down, and you should be constantly repeating them to yourself; for in this way you will find your mouth and your vocal organs gradually mould themselves to the nasal and guttural accents of your French and German friends.

But far more important than the acquisition of any foreign tongue is the art of skilfully handling your own. Already Providence has issued its decree that English should be the predominant language of the globe. In other words, the man who writes a good book or makes a good speech in

English will command for all time what is already the greatest audience known to history, and which eventually will cover the better part of three of the five continents of the world. Consequently, if any of you should have anything worth saying, and you can only learn how to say it properly, you will be able to ensure a vast amount of sympathy and attention. But it is not only to the writers of books and sermons and addresses that the power of expressing our thoughts in clear, persuasive, and enchanting language is useful. The pen of a ready writer is an inestimable advantage in our daily avocations and our social and domestic relations. How, then, is this to be acquired? —this simple but divine gift by which a string of the most commonplace monosyllables can be arrayed in such a connection with one another as to caress our ears like the music of the spheres, at the same time that they melt our heart or convince our understanding. That is a secret which I do not myself possess, and therefore which I cannot disclose; but many admirable books have been written, especially in Scotland, on the rhetorical art, on literary style, and other cognate subjects. Personally, I do not believe that any of these books are of much practical benefit. But there is one golden rule which I would venture to insist upon—namely, that in the first place, before putting pen to paper, you should compel your own mind to hammer out an absolutely clear and distinct conception of the thought you wish to express, and that then you should put it into the simplest and least Latinised words that come to hand, without giving a thought to what is called style, and confining your attention to the attainment of only two objects—conciseness and lucidity. If these two points are secured, the rhythm, cadence, harmony, and music will come of their own accord. In fact, let the first sentence in Cæsar's Commentaries be your model, for simplicity is as great a grace in style as it is in character and conduct. But do not imagine that either clearness or conciseness can be attained without a great deal of labour. In the hurry and fervour of composition we are too apt to become obscure

and, above all, redundant. Indeed, until we have been shown how to boil down our paragraphs by some person acquainted with the secret, it is difficult to believe the extent to which compression may be advantageously carried, not merely by the suppression of adjectives, adverbs, participles, and expletives, but by a change in the construction of the sentences. Of course there are a few simple mechanical rules which are easily followed, such as the breaking up both of your paragraphs and of your sentences into unequal lengths; the introduction of a synonym in the place of a too frequently recurring vocable; the rounding of the periods with a word of a certain weight and substance; and the preventing your sentences, especially at their commencement, being cast in the same grammatical mould. These, however, are trifling precautions in which you will soon acquire a mechanical aptitude. But there is one great danger to which a young writer is exposed, and that is a love of ornament, metaphor, and allusion. I do not say that they are not permissible in the hands of a master of literature, but then a master has an unerring instinct and an exquisiteness of taste which never betray him; but in nine cases out of ten the neophyte will do well ruthlessly to tear out from his composition all its choicest flowers, even though they should shriek like mandrakes at the operation. I confess the rule is a very difficult one to observe, and that, after the severest and most searching excision, symptoms of this noxious efflorescence may still lurk in one's manuscript. If they do, you may be certain that an adequate retribution will overtake you. Some years ago I had to write a report on the best way of reorganising the Government of Egypt. It was a subject upon which I had spent a great deal of pains and labour, and my one thought in drawing up the paper was to make it a clear, practical, and business-like statement of the actual condition of the country, and of the measures it would be desirable to introduce for its improvement. Unfortunately, however, in one of the earlier paragraphs I was tempted in the fervour of composition, as there rose to my mind's eye a regenerated Egypt and the beneficial

consequences of the reforms I was suggesting, and which have been so happily applied, expanded, and improved upon by Sir Evelyn Baring, to make some allusion to Memnon and the rising sun. It was a perfectly spontaneous image, which sprung unbidden from the innocence of my heart; but, in spite of the general indulgence with which the report was received, those who, for one reason or another, were opposed to the policy of the Government I was representing, at once seized upon this unfortunate simile, and denounced what I had written, which, in all its other parts, was as bald as well could be, as a literary exercitation; and no doubt they were perfectly justified in considering that neither Memnon nor the rising sun had any business in a blue-book.

There is one other useful rule which I would also recommend to all young writers, no matter what may be the nature of their composition—whether books, speeches, sermons, lectures, or addresses—namely, that after they have written them they should cut them down by about a third. Probably there are few books, still fewer sermons, and certainly no speeches that have ever been produced or delivered, which would not have been very much improved by being considerably curtailed.

But, talking of speeches, perhaps it may interest you to know what I have occasionally heard from various authorities in their regard. Undoubtedly, the gift of speaking is a totally different thing from the gift of writing; nor does it by any means follow that he who excels in the one is equally perfect in the other. Indeed, next to the gift of poetic inspiration, the gift of true oratory is the rarest of any accorded to man, and yet it is the one which, in England at all events, leads more readily than any other to distinction, to fame, to power, and to what are called substantial public rewards. Whether it is beneficial that this should be the case may be a question; for it does not always follow that great eloquence is the handmaid of perfect wisdom. On the other hand, it is seldom dissociated from eminent ability of some kind or another. Now it is probable that the great

majority of those whom I am addressing will be called upon to speak in public, either as ministers of the Gospel, as lawyers, as members of Parliament, or as exponents of opinion in some form or another. It is therefore of the utmost importance to you to know how the art of public speaking can be best attained.

I am not now alluding to that almost preter-human eloquence which is the endowment of genius, and of genius alone, and which flows from the lips of a great orator, impassioned and uninvoked, clothing his ideas in words of fire which burn into the hearts of his audience, and leave them spell-bound beneath the wand of the enchanter. It is only to few, to very few, amongst men that this power is intrusted; but there is a secondary order of eloquence which, though in no sense artificial, can—provided there exist a certain natural aptitude—be successfully cultivated and rendered of commanding utility as an instrument of pleasure and persuasion. The first essential principle is undoubtedly practice. I have often heard experienced members of the House of Commons remark on the extraordinary improvement which practice has produced in those whom necessary circumstances or their own courage and ambition have induced to persevere in imposing themselves upon a long-suffering audience. The reason of this is not far to seek. What is required before a man can think effectively upon his legs is the perfect concentration of his attention upon what he has to say; but this is almost impossible to those who are new to the effort. A multitude of thoughts utterly foreign to their speech and its subject are dividing their minds, while sheer physical nervousness imports a further element of confusion. The fear of failure and its consequences; the dazzling spectacle of so many hundred attentive faces swimming before their eyes; the careless gestures and whisperings of the indifferent members of their audiences; the knowledge that their notes have got hopelessly mixed, combine to create a situation of mental torture which shakes the limbs, dries the mouth, and twists the tongue inextricably round the teeth. Indeed, so terrible is the ordeal that, as we all know, only a minority

are capable of surviving it; but in the case of those who have courage to persevere, these unpleasant accidents and symptoms will eventually vanish, the train of their thoughts will gradually flow forth clearly and calmly, and the necessary words will suggest themselves with less and less difficulty and effort. But still I am inclined to believe that no good speech is ever made, unless by the most practised of our public men, without a great deal of careful preparation. Indeed, it is almost an insult to his audience for any ordinary person to demand their attention unless he has well considered beforehand what he is going to say. But of course both the kinds and the degrees of possible preparation are very various. Some persons—and this we know was the practice of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and of the ancients—write out every word of their speeches from beginning to end beforehand; and this practice, I imagine, has been followed by many eminent orators of our own time—by Macaulay, for instance, by the late Lord Ellenborough, and by others. Some persons only compose and write out beforehand portions of what they intend to say, but these portions generally include the exordium and the peroration. Mr. Bright, I believe, made no secret of this being his practice; and we have Lord Brougham's own statement for the fact that he wrote out the last paragraphs of his speech in defence of Queen Caroline nine times. But I do not recommend any one who would really desire to become a good speaker to accustom himself, unless on exceptional occasions, even though he should write out his speech beforehand, to learn it by heart. Such a practice is like swimming with corks. In the first place, to most people, both the labour of such a process and the time occupied in executing it would be found excessive; and in the next, if through any lapse of memory you get into difficulties, your breakdown is sure to be instantaneous and complete. Moreover, under such conditions you would never become a debater, or capable of replying to the arguments of an opponent, which is even a more useful and necessary aptitude in public life than the art of delivering a set speech. At the same time there are occasions when it would be prudent

to follow such a course. For instance, I remember, many many years ago, I was intrusted by the late Lord Palmerston with the duty of moving the Address in the House of Lords on the assembling of Parliament after the death of Prince Albert. The occasion was a most sad and solemn one, for the principal subject of my discourse was the national loss we had so recently sustained. I felt that were I to trust to the inspiration of the moment, or even to such perfunctory methods of preparation as are generally adopted, it might very well happen not only that I should fail to give adequate expression to my own feelings, and to the feelings of the august assembly of whose grief I had been appointed the interpreter, but that there might fall from my lips some unhappy and incongruous phrase which would jar disagreeably on the ears of every one present, and expose me to well-merited censure and reproach. Accordingly, I at once sat down and wrote out every word of my speech, and learnt it so carefully by heart that I knew that no untoward accident or interruption could interfere with its delivery; and in this way, though it lasted an hour and a half, I was able, without once looking at a note, to go through it without accident to the end. But if you do learn your speech by heart, do not embellish it with unnecessary apostrophes, like a member of the French Chamber, who, in the midst of the most profound silence, said, "In vain does your clamour try to stifle my voice; your rude howls do not intimidate me;" or, like Quintilian's orator pleading against Cassius Severus, who, suddenly stopping short, cried out to his opponent, "Why do you fix on me that angry scowl?"—"I!" said Cassius, surprised, "I was not even thinking of you, but since you have it written so, I am ready to oblige;" at the same time making a hideous grimace, which threw the audience into fits of laughter. There are also one or two other occasions when the writing out at least of a speech beforehand may be advisable—namely, where the audience you have in view is rather the general public you hope to reach through the newspapers than the few score persons by whom alone your observations are actually heard; for, strange to say, it frequently happens

that an extempore speech which sounds excellent to those who hear it, does not read nearly so well in a report, whereas a prepared one, which sounds artificial and tiresome to the listener, will prove a moving and powerful exposition of a theme when perused by the public. There are also occasions when a responsible Minister, in making a statement, especially if relating to foreign affairs, is bound to consider not only the turn of every sentence, but carefully to weigh every word he utters, as an ill-chosen phrase might give rise to the most serious consequences.

Indeed, there are numerous instances where even practised orators have come to grief through what we may call a slip of the tongue in the course of an extempore speech—nay, it was only the other day that the choice of an ill-considered epithet caused the fall of a powerful Minister in Italy. Still it is undoubtedly a fact that all audiences prefer an extempore or semi-extempore effort to the finest specimens of prepared, self-conscious, and theatrical oratory. I am even inclined to think that they are more attentive to a somewhat hesitating than to a glib and fluent speaker, as they certainly are ready to show far more indulgence to bashfulness than to a too confident demeanour.

If, however, you write out your speech beforehand, there are one or two precautions to which you had better attend. In the first place, do not have it sent to the reporters interlarded with cheers before it has been delivered, as once was done by an acquaintance of mine, who, after all, never got an opportunity of speaking; in the next, do not repeat as a speech a couple of pages from some well-known author, as Lord Beaconsfield most unaccountably did when passing an eulogium on the Duke of Wellington, for only a very great man could afford to take such a liberty; and, lastly, do not let the manuscript fall out of your pocket, for there may be practised upon you a trick which was played once in the House of Commons by Sir Thomas Wyse upon an honourable member. Sir Thomas Wyse told me the story himself. The gentleman in

question had come down primed with a great oration, but unfortunately he dropped his manuscript. A mischievous colleague picked it up and brought it to Sir Thomas, who had an extraordinary faculty of learning by heart. Some other business being on hand enabled Sir Thomas Wyse to retire to a committee-room and duly prepare himself. When the discussion came on, he watched his chance, and contrived to catch the Speaker's eye at the opportune moment. A great number of people had been let into the secret, and were watching the effect produced by the stolen thunder upon its rightful proprietor. At first he showed signs of being pleased with support from so unexpected a quarter, but when gradually he recognised his own well-polished periods flowing forth from alien lips, the look of surprise, indignation, and confusion which passed over his countenance was extremely comical.

What, however, I should recommend to beginners, but only to beginners, is a suggestion made to me in the hunting-field by an eminent Privy Councillor, who was undoubtedly a very powerful speaker, and was able to hold the attention of the House of Commons for long periods at a time. The plan he told me he pursued was the following: He first, of course, saturated himself with a thorough knowledge of his subject. This, I need not say, must be a preliminary to every good speech. He then carefully constructed a skeleton of his arguments, and impressed this firmly on his memory, after which he went to his study and wrote down as fast as he could lay pen to paper his whole speech from the beginning to the end; but the moment he had completed his task—and here is the peculiarity of his method—he gathered all the sheets together and put them in the fire without looking at them. He then sat down and repeated the process, and this not once or twice, but three, four, five, or six times. In this way he not only got clearly into his head the articulated structure of his speech, but having clothed the same ideas over and over again with different forms of expression, when he went down to deliver himself in the House of

Commons he had such a wealth of language at his disposal, such a variety in his vocabulary, that he never had to hesitate for the words or to stutter or stumble over a single sentence. But it is needless to observe that this process, though very effectual for the purpose aimed at, would only be possible to a person who addressed his audience at rare intervals, and had ample time at his disposal for the excessively laborious process I have described. Still it appears to me a mode of procedure which is not unworthy of a beginner's attention, as it would at once give him confidence, fluency, and a clear perception of the line of country he had to traverse; and this in itself is a great advantage, for very often when a man gives utterance on his legs to a succession of inane or meaningless phrases, it is because for the moment his brain has not supplied him with the necessary material for the proper continuation of his discourse, and his tongue is performing one office while his mind and his memory are endeavouring to fulfil another. Nor must you suppose that even the most practised of our public men are free from those lapses and infirmities which naturally fill our own minds with terror at the thought of speaking in public. I have seen the late Lord Derby, one of the most eloquent, courageous, and successful speakers that ever charmed the two Houses of Parliament, tremble throughout his frame at the commencement of one of his great speeches. I have seen a Lord Chancellor of England completely lose the thread of his discourse, and, sitting down, confess that he had done so; and I have heard another very famous orator rolling forth platitude after platitude in the most helpless manner, simply because he could not, for the life of him, hit off a satisfactory peroration.

Another practice which I have also found useful, has been to dictate a speech over to a shorthand writer immediately before delivering it. When I was in Canada, particularly in remote districts, it frequently happened that the newspaper reporters were not masters of shorthand, or perhaps there was only one shorthand writer amongst them.

As a consequence, they sometimes asked me to say over my speech beforehand to their representative, and I was quite surprised to find how a compliance with their request enabled me to clarify and condense what I intended to say when an hour later I addressed my audience.

There is another subject in connection with public speaking upon which one or two observations may be opportune, and that is gesture. There is no doubt that a graceful, commanding, and dignified attitude in the orator greatly enhances the effect of fervid eloquence, and in this respect I am afraid it is rather on the Continent than in the House of Commons that your best models will be found. According to our ideas, foreigners gesticulate a great deal too much; but I have been much struck, when attending the debates in the Italian Parliament, by the unstudied and easy manner in which its members enforce their meaning by graceful and spontaneous gestures. They neither put their hands beneath their coat-tails, nor do they scratch the tops of their heads, nor do they toss about their pocket-handkerchiefs, or wave one arm up and down like a pump-handle, nor bend their bodies in two at every word. So far from this being the case, it is quite a pleasure to watch them, even when you are not able either to hear or perhaps to comprehend what they are saying; and, consequently, you must not be surprised if I am disposed to insist on the advisability of paying some attention to the movements of your hands and body when you speak. What may be the best method to follow is another question. I remember getting a very useful hint from Wigan, the actor, when we were both attending a charity dinner in the City. He had observed that when making my speech I had kept turning my palms to the audience, as is a very common habit with many people, and he told me that on the stage they were specially warned against this practice, as it conveyed the notion of weakness; whereas, if the back of the hand were displayed, the very opposite effect would be produced. However, I am inclined to refer you on this delicate subject to your womenkind. It is wonderful what an eye one's

sisters and cousins have for any awkwardness of manner or ungainly tricks and contortions; nor probably will you find them behindhand, especially your daughters, when you have them, in proffering their criticisms on the subject. As supplementary to these impartial and frank instructors, I would recommend you to—well, if I were not speaking to a Scotch audience, I would say to go through a course of dancing lessons; but to you, being what you are, and in the city of John Knox, I will refrain from so frivolous a suggestion, and propose to you to go to the fencing-master instead; for not only will you derive from the practice of fencing that indescribable lightness and freedom in your joints which is the very essence of grace, but you will find that in the fencing-room there is such an atmosphere of traditional courtesy, that it will give you in general society that easiness, aplomb, and self-confidence which is the foundation of good manners and gentleman-like bearing.

There is one further general suggestion, in addition to the few practical hints I have given you, which perhaps you may find useful, and it is that, apart from and in addition to whatever may be the professional and obligatory occupations of your lives, you should invent for yourself an interest or employment as distinct as possible from your usual avocations. A *parergon* of this kind will always provide you with a delightful rest or change, whether it be an art such as music or painting, the exercise of an experimental science such as chemistry—which I believe engrosses Lord Salisbury's leisure moments—or a species of sport like book-collecting, or the acquisition of some abstruse tongue like hieroglyphics or Arabic, or something of the sort, which shall stimulate your imagination and lift you out of the ruts along which the routine of your ordinary lives forces you to travel.

But, gentlemen, I am transgressing my own recommendation that all speeches should be as short as possible; and after all I am afraid that I have only treated you to a very gossiping, commonplace allocution — to nothing, in short, that may not have occurred to your own minds. My object has been not to be brilliant myself, but useful to you. All

the loftier themes upon which young men are generally addressed on these occasions I have purposely pretermitted; nor have I ventured, for obvious reasons, to indulge in any recommendations in regard to the higher, more abstruse, and scientific departments of your university studies, for upon none of them would I be entitled to speak with the slightest authority. And yet, before concluding, I would like, as your Lord Rector, to risk a few parting words in reference to one or two of what I will call the lesser moralities; for education does not simply consist in the acquisition of knowledge or even the training of our mental faculties: it also includes the disciplining of our consciences and the right ruling of our conduct; for what is the use of putting arms into a man's hands if it is only to turn them against himself or his friends? which is what happens to us if we employ our faculties otherwise than in accordance with God's will. Now the essence of conduct is a right judgment in all things. But good judgment, like everything else, is a gift from heaven which some have and some have not. There is, however, one practical rule in regard to the formation of our judgments upon which I am disposed to insist, and that is, that you should never arrive at any decision nor enter upon the execution of any act, without setting yourselves deliberately and of set purpose to consider it in all its bearings. This seems a very commonplace recommendation; but I firmly believe that half the mistakes that are made in life arise from people merely revolving things in their minds in a casual, half-hearted kind of manner, and allowing an impression in regard to them to form itself insensibly and automatically as a kind of growth, and the result of an imperceptible process. Now, in the course of a somewhat varied public career, I have had to arrive at decisions upon many momentous subjects, involving not merely my own interests or the interests of persons connected with me, but the welfare and happiness of thousands and thousands, I may say millions, of my fellow-creatures. Well, my practice has always been, and I heartily recommend it to my young hearers, no matter how long or how carefully I may have

been chewing the cud of reflection, never to adopt a final determination without shutting myself up in a room for an hour or a couple of hours, as the case may be, and then, with all the might and intellectual force which I was capable of exerting, digging down into the very depths and remotest crannies of the problem, until the process had evolved clear and distinct in my mind's eye a conclusion as sharp and cleanly cut as the facets of a diamond: nor, when once this conclusion was arrived at, have I ever allowed myself to reconsider the matter, unless some new element affecting the question, hitherto unnoticed or unknown, should be disclosed; for if one is weak enough to get into the habit of going back upon one's decision, the chances are that your faculties, being no longer so alert as when you originally took the matter into consideration, some one factor in the case acquires, according to the transitory mood or temper of your mind at that particular moment, a predominance and an importance which does not belong to it, and in this way you are led into a change of opinion which in all probability turns out to be a wrong one. To the foregoing advice I have to add a corollary. Never send off a letter, and especially if it is likely to involve you in an angry discussion with another person, by the evening's post. Reserve it, if possible, till the next morning, and you will find after you have read it again that in some cases you will not send it at all, or, if it has to go, that it will be in a different form from that in which it was originally written.

Then, again, I would advise you not to stimulate over much the critical faculty—of course I am not using the term in its literary sense. On the contrary, you will find life much pleasanter if you habituate yourselves to seek out and to see the good rather than the evil in all things. Nor need you be the least afraid that such an attitude will in any degree blunt your preceptions or generate a tendency to silly and indiscriminating admiration. So far from this being the case, it is in those whose natural impulse it is to recognise merit, whether in persons or in things, that the faculty of true criticism is most vigilant; but, like a faithful

watch-dog, it lies apparently dormant until the real aggressor approaches, instead of annoying the world in general by perpetually snarling at the heels of every innocent passer-by. The very reverse, however, is the case as regards the spirit of the detractor and habitual fault-finder. By dint of perpetually fixing his gaze upon the weaknesses and the defects of his fellow-creatures, or upon what is less beautiful and lovely in the world he becomes, as it were, colour-blind, and, to his own great loss and misery, degenerates into a narrow-minded cynic. In illustration of my meaning I subjoin this rather pretty oriental apologue:—

A dead wolf lay beside the road which led from Jerusalem to Jericho. First came a Pharisee, who exclaimed, "How the brute stinks!" then came a Sadducee, who cried, "How horridly its coat stares!" then followed a publican, who remarked on the hideous look in its glazed and sunken eyes. Lastly came our Saviour, who exclaimed, "What beautiful teeth the creature has!"

And now I will conclude by mentioning two further rules of conduct which I would urge you to consider—one to be observed in the interests of your fellow-creatures, and the other in view of your own happiness—namely, the cultivation, first, of the spirit of Justice, and secondly, of the sentiment of Chivalry. I am disposed to lay especial stress on each of these points, because it seems to me that modern society runs the risk of losing its hold upon both of them. A wave of hysterical sentimentality appears in some quarters to be threatening the first principles of Justice, and other influences which it would be difficult to define or analyse are drying up the fountains of Chivalry. There is no doubt that the weak point in all democratic societies is to be found within the domain of Justice. And by Justice I do not mean the justice administered in our courts of law, but Justice as it is understood and interpreted by public opinion, by our newspapers — nay, even by our Parliaments. The misapprehension of the exigencies and requirements of Justice is the product of by no means unamiable qualities in our human nature. It is the

triumph of the heart over the head, of our feeling over our reason, and it is further stimulated by that tendency to "compassion" which has of late become so signally developed amongst masses of men in most civilised nations; for we must remember that amongst the bulk of mankind the emotions, the affections, the passions incident to human nature, are being daily and hourly stimulated through the friction of their social and domestic relations, whereas their logical faculties are much more rarely brought into play, and when this is the case, sentiment is sure to overpower reason. Some of the most cruel episodes in the French Revolution had their origin in this perversion of a not unrighteous instinct. We see the same tendency in American lynchings and in the scandalous scenes at French murder trials—or, to cite a ridiculous instance, when the good actor who has sustained the villain's part in some thrilling drama is unmercifully hissed by the excited pit and gallery on his reappearance after the fall of the curtain. Now Justice, and Justice alone, is the very basis and foundation of civilisation, as well as of all private and public happiness, and if we destroy its legitimate supremacy, the most frightful evils will be sure to overtake the human race.

> Since in a State fond men are tempted still
> To evil, for a guard against worst ill,
> And what in quality and act is best
> Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
> Then labour good on good to fix, that so
> Justice may triumph over every foe.

With regard to the spirit of Chivalry which I have recommended you to cultivate, a very few words will suffice. Remember that the very essence of that spirit is the empire of pure and generous thoughts in a virile and robust body, and if you wish to have this spirit exemplified in its noblest form, I refer you to those immortal works in which it is embalmed for the happiness and instruction of all time—the poems and romances of Walter Scott. Compare the magical creations evolved from that powerful brain and

noble heart with certain novels of modern times, and you will be able at once to appreciate the difference between the two worlds which either have created. While the one compels us to wander through the polluted atmosphere of what are falsely called the realities of life, the other leads our souls through a region where manly virtue, heroic courage, self-respect, and, above all, a tender and loving reverence for women, which is the keystone of all goodness, are the characteristics that illuminate and glorify its surroundings. Believe me, the only true reality is the ideal, and what is commonly referred to as the realistic truth is a degraded and apocryphal eidolon. The secret of lifelong happiness is not, as is generally said, to keep one's illusions as long as possible, but to preserve the conviction that one's "illusions" are the only realities, and that their destruction is tantamount to our becoming the victims of a vain and empty dream. But with knightly Purity and white-robed Justice for your companions on either hand, the magic light of which Wordsworth speaks in his glorious "Ode on Immortality" will neither waver nor fade from your path, but will invest all your surroundings, your inner thoughts, and the outward sights of earth and heaven with a magical glory and a divine iridescence, showering sunshine and gladness over your most commonplace employments, and illuminating your declining years with unspeakable content.

MARQUESS OF BUTE

Rector from 1892 to 1895

Address delivered on November 20, 1893

MARQUESS OF BUTE

THE position to which I have had the honour of being elected has surrounded me with a good many elements of the new or of the unexpected. My installation indeed is but a few moments old, but those who know anything of the circumstances of my election know that that election was in no way anticipated by me. My adventures since have not been of a character which I foresaw. Nor can I even exclude from the category of the unforeseen much kindness with which I have been treated, for it has been greater than any for which I was entitled to look. But there is one feature about my office in which there is for me nothing new. That feature is St. Andrews itself. I may indeed claim that my affection for this place has hitherto been lifelong. My mother, like so many others, sometimes came here about August and September—how often, I do not remember, for these sojourns enter dimly into the region of some of the very earliest recollections which I have, and these memories, associated with that of the only parent whom I ever knew, and with those of friends of hers, nearly all of whom are now passed away, form elements in that mental store which is now become sacred for me without becoming sorrowful. I dimly recall the old garden of St. Leonard's and a variety of mechanical toys working by wind and water with which Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair had adorned it. The art of taking photographs was then new, and he was rather an enthusiastic amateur in it, and fond of getting my mother and her friends to sit for him. I think I have some of the results now. There was Sir David Brewster, who gave me a kaleido-

scope, an instrument which was, I believe, of his inventing, and was then still regarded by his contemporaries as somewhat a new thing; and I have a faint remembrance of some other optical machine of his, I think of a rotatory character. I remember gazing from St. Andrews at the great comet which there was about the time of the Indian Mutiny, and when we were living in the Principal of St. Mary's house, my kinsman, Charles MacLean, came home wounded from India and stayed with us, and with his maimed hand gave me some elementary lessons in fortification, with wet sand in a box. I think St. Mary's must have been the last house in St. Andrews where we stayed. I am one of those persons, of perhaps disputable prudence, who keep a Diary, and I find under date of July 20, 1889—"to St. Andrews . . . saw the last of the old garden of St. Mary's College, where I used to play (and eat unripe pears) as a child: they are going to build the library extension over it." Well, I can only hope that the fruits of the tree of knowledge, to the cultivation of which that spot is now dedicated, may prove less crude and more wholesome than the grosser dainties, to the attractions of which I there formerly yielded.

As I grew towards manhood, I did not put away childish things in the sense of losing my feelings towards this place. And I remember when I was at Oxford and was going one Long Vacation to Iceland in company with an English friend (now the secretary of one of Her Majesty's present ministers), I stopped the yacht here in order to show him with pride the only place in Scotland, as far as I know, whose appearance can boast any kinship with that of Oxford. And, indeed, if the buildings here be comparatively few, they would be proud enough at Oxford of the tower and chapel of St. Salvator; they never had any building such as is the Cathedral, even in its ruins; they have nothing to compare to the tower of St. Regulus, and no walls like those of Prior Hepburn. And the glorious surroundings of nature here rise above any comparison with the site of Oxford amid flat meadows surrounded by tame

hills, upon the banks of a small sluggish river, and annually insulated for a longer or shorter period by floods.

I was going to have added that St. Andrews had also the advantage over Oxford of emerging into the light of history from the glittering haze of the heroic myth, instead of from the dark fogs of uncertainty, occasionally illuminated by the fitful will-o'-the wisp of doubtful conjecture. But I am not fond of the heroic myth when I can get facts, and even fair suppositions drawn from facts. And St. Andrews needs not the heroic myth in order to clothe its birth or its history with lustre. Its real history is noble. And as time advances, and the romance of youth becomes ever more and more distant, and the sober desire for historic and scientific truth waxes stronger, it seems to me all the more precious for being a real history which is recoverable from documents, and of which what must still be the subject of conjecture, is at least conjecture based upon good circumstantial evidence. How much has been done for that history by the late William Skene it would be unseemly here not to acknowledge, and the field which his learning covered was so vast that it is no disparagement to him to say that he has left in it much which has yet to be gleaned, or that a consultation of the authorities may sometimes lead to the respectful formation upon particular points of conclusions other than his.

I look upon the history of St. Andrews as especially precious here as a continual expression of and witness to the spirit of the Scottish nationality in the higher spheres of thought and activity. There is, of course, a true and a false nationalism. It seems to me to be a false nationalism when, as I think is done by Erastianism, it is attempted to render amenable to political and even artificial distinctions things which are by their very nature either true or false, not only in every part of this planet, not only in this system, but universally. It is a true nationalism which recognises and acts upon those racial instincts and characteristics which are eradicable only with the races themselves. The developments of these instincts and characteristics may be modified,

but to ignore their existence and endeavour to thwart their manifestation is merely a useless and harmful fighting against nature. This extends into the modes of religious thought and practice as well as to other things. It would be no doubt an exaggeration to say that the conversion of an Aryan country to Christianity is no more than the infusion of Shemitism into its religion; but I have seen a certain amount of people of different races and of different religions, and the result of my observation is that those who are of the same race, and of different religions, resemble one another more even in their religious practices than do those who are of the same religion but of different races. I might take divers examples, which I abstain from citing for fear of hurting the feelings of any good people, but I think I cannot be blamed for taking two or three which are historic. You cannot have helped remarking how parts of the English population in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. displayed great indifference upon the subject of what really were fundamentals, but rose in rebellion over changes in certain adjuncts which were of no comparative importance. And I verily believe that if the parish churches among those people's descendants were turned into Buddhist temples to-morrow, they would regard you with perfect equanimity while you held forth to them upon the Causal Nexus of Being, or upon that Nirvana which Wagner has so beautifully called "love's endless, dreamless sleep." What they would not like would probably be the priest wearing a yellow robe. It is, I believe, a certain fact that the statues of Reason which were set up in the French Churches at the time of the Great Revolution became in not infrequent cases the objects of the same observances as had, a few years before, surrounded in the same places statues representing very different things. No one, again, can read the suggestions for religious practices which Auguste Comte has made to his disciples without being struck by their resemblance to those which prevail among the majority of French Christians. As to Scotland, I may recall to you the rather hyperbolical saying, ascribed (on I forget what authority) to James VII.,

to the effect that every Scotchman, to whatever Church he may belong, and however sincerely, is always a Presbyterian.

I look, then, upon St. Andrews and her history as a singularly pure type, presentment, and symbol of the distinctive genius of the Scottish race energising in the highest field of thought, a chief witness to, and monument of, the Scottish national history in its most ideal and elevated aspects. In such a type, while the whole is, as I think, and have said, controlled, through the very force of nature, by physiological causes, the introduction of Christianity has necessitated the existence of two elements. They are elements which here have harmonised as a patriotic State supporting a patriotic Church. The secular or State element is the Scottish nationality, of which the southern of the two Roman walls in Britain was perhaps even originally a witness, perhaps, after the invasion of Britain by the English and Saxons, in one sense a partial cause, in any case has been, and, as I think, is the great geographical expression. The Christian element has been based upon things which are contemporary not with the invasion of Britain by the English, but with that by the Romans. I mean the difference between the so-called Petrine and the Joannine Liturgical families. I need not remind the student of Christian Liturgiology that all the antient Liturgies contain in common a certain skeleton or groundwork, and certain formulæ, which for this reason can hardly fail to be ascribed to the Apostolic era itself, most probably even to a time before the dispersion of the Apostles, but that after these features of a common origin to which all alike bear witness, the early forms of Christian worship divide themselves into five heads. It is true that in these cases the difference of the *lex orandi* implied no difference in the *lex credendi*, but they sometimes became identified with discussions such as the Paschal controversy, which some, such as the Canterbury school, did their very best to drag into the sphere of doctrine. Indeed, the representatives of that school at Whitby, in 664, strove, more or less honestly, to represent Columba as being set up as a rival to the

Apostle Peter. If they had named the Apostle John, it would not have been true, but it would have been nearer to the mark. Perhaps they did not dare. As for the five Liturgical families—with the Egyptian, the Syrian, and the Chaldean, we need not here concern ourselves. But the Italian, commonly called Petrine, and the Ephesine or Joannine have divided the Western world. The early history of the Italian is turbid. Without going the lengths of Renan, I think it will be generally admitted that there are some indications of a Pauline as well as of a Petrine tradition, and the period at which what was originally, as we all know, a Greek Church, became, under influences which were possibly African, a Latin Church, is wrapped in absolute mystery. On the other hand, the Joannine Liturgy is recognised on all hands as springing from the tradition of the beloved disciple, from the very home of her whom all generations shall call blessed. It was brought to Lyons by Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, the disciple of John. The local traditions of the Churches—probable enough, I think—bring it to Marseilles with the family of Bethany, Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. Under the circumstances, its history presents a curious phenomenon, and it is almost startling to read the language applied to it, for instance, by "T," the biographer of St. Margaret. It has now practically no rest for the sole of its foot except in a side-chapel of the Cathedral of Toledo, and even that it owes only to the cultured patriotism of Cardinal Ximenes.

What were the forms of Christian worship prevalent in Britain during the Roman occupation, it is unnecessary here and now to discuss. I hazard the conjecture that they very probably varied, according to the nationalities of the troops quartered in the island, or of the other immigrants from different parts of the Empire, in the same way that different forms of worship are to be found at the present moment in use among the British population of India. The author of the Life of Brendan of Cluainferta (I speak of the Life, not of the Romance) mentions a Greek Liturgy as in use in Wales in the VIth century. This, is at least, a proof that

he believed such a thing to be possible; if it be true, it may throw some light upon the tradition of Eleutherius and Lleurwg, as showing a possible survival from that epoch. But before the Romans had finally evacuated Britain, our illustrious compatriot, Patrick M'Calphurn was born near Dunbarton. What the form of Christianity was which he introduced into Ireland can hardly be said to have admitted of any question before, but the publication by the Bollandists in 1882 of the Würzburg Codex of the Life by Muirchu Maccumachtheni, appears to me to clinch it by rendering no longer reasonable any doubt that in the words of that Life, "he went forth no farther" than Auxerre, but sat at the feet of Germanus, "according to that which Paul was at the feet of Gamaliel," and that his "brethren" (as he himself expresses it) were "the Saints of the Lord . . . in the Gauls." This was undoubtedly the form of Christianity reimported into what is now called Scotland, by Columba, in 563. The mission of Columba has indeed perished as regards its merely Liturgical practices, and their very monuments are scant. But in its essence, as the abiding idea of a national and nationalist church, it will be generally confessed to have ultimately dominated hitherto anything which it found before it, and anything which it has since been sought to introduce into it. It lives mightily. Whatever denomination people belong to in Scotland at this day, they are all eager, with hardly a single if any exception, to claim that they most truly represent the ideas of Columba. I do not believe that his memory ever received so wide a veneration as it does at this moment.

And it is with this birth of the distinctively patriotic National Scottish Church, as opposed to what had hitherto been rather the Churches of Roman Cantonments, that what had been thitherto merely the Wild Boars' Headland, first, but at once, becomes in the very light of Columba's own day, if not actual presence, a sacred spot. There are two names connected with the sowing of that grain of mustard-seed which afterwards grew into such a tree, in whose branches so many a mind of soaring thought and thrilling

voice has found a congenial home. The first of these two is Kenneth of Aghaboe, the intimate personal friend of Columba, whom he accompanied when he first went to see Brude, the King of the Picts, and whom he survived for only three years, dying in the year 600. Of his historic greatness in Ireland, it is needless to speak. His fame is attested in Scotland by the continual popular use of his name, as well as by the dedications of churches. I am, however, inclined to think, with Dr. Skene, that when he is named in connection with St. Andrews, the phrase is used rather loosely, much as one might say that the Charing Cross Railway Station is in London, whereas it is really west of Temple Bar, and that, familiar as he must have been with the Promontorium Apri, the actual scene of his temporary abode is more probably to be found outside its swampy moat. The second name is that of Regulus. With him the question is different. A tower raised in his memory when that memory was less than half as distant as it now is, still rises above us, and his connection with the actual spot is intimate. But very little is now known about him. He belongs almost completely to that curious class of whom it has been said, with a certain quaint beauty, that "their memories are justly venerated among men, but their acts are known only to God." I have not succeeded in finding any date assigned as that of his death, but one of the few statements regarding him associates him with a moment more interesting than that which a barren entry of decease would record. It was soon after the accession of Aidan M'Gabhrain, that great Prince from whom not only is our present Royal Family descended, and in right of whom they may be said to reign, but who undoubtedly was the first monarch who proclaimed the national independence of the Scottish Kingdom, and who is regarded by Dr. Skene as the founder of the Scottish monarchy more really than even Fergus M'Erca; while he also seems to have been the last man who actually represented the Roman Emperors, as commanding the united forces of all Christian Britain. Only the year before Columba, in obedience, as he believed,

to a direct revelation from Heaven which had substituted the Divine Will for his own, had ordained him King in Iona with such a tremor of patriotic and religious emotion, that while his hand was resting upon the august head the very words of Benediction which he was reciting had been broken by an unpremeditated outburst of prophecy and warning. In 574 the hero and the saint went together to Drumceatt, to claim the independence of the Scottish Kingdom. Before he returned, Columba founded the Church of Drumcliffe, and among those who met him upon the occasion to do him honour was Regulus.

From the few facts and the jumble of contradictory fictions, I think we may at least gather that Regulus was a contemporary, and a friend, perhaps a disciple of Columba, who retired at some time to the then solitude of the Boars' Headland. There is certainly a curious coincidence between this name of the Boars' Headland, with the Cursus Apri and the rest of it, and that of the Boars' Isle in Lough Derg on the Shannon, with which the name of Regulus is elsewhere associated. And I venture to hazard a conjecture. I cannot identify the isle among the many which stud Lough Derg, but I find that the Lough is fairly deep. Pigs notoriously swim very badly, and I strongly doubt whether wild boars would ever make an habitual resort of an island in deep water. Whence then the name? At St. Andrews it is fitting enough, as this isolated headland is separated from the mainland only by a swampy valley with a little stream, where the boars would have wallowed and whence they could have sought a drier refuge on the higher ground. Is it possible that Regulus went over into Scotland after Columba, later than the Synod of Drumceatt, and then founded the cell called thenceforward Cillrighmonaich, and when he returned to Ireland and sought an hermitage in Lough Derg, gave it the name of Boars' Isle in remembrance of his foundation and probably his hermitage upon the Boars' Headland?

From the time of Regulus till that when it became St. Andrews, I notice nothing of the history of this place, but

events took place which mightily affected it. In 597 (the very year of Columba's death) the Petrine Church of Canterbury was founded by an Italian mission under Augustine, and, although primarily meant for the conversion of the heathen Angles and Saxons, soon assumed an aggressive attitude not only towards English Churches such as that of Deïra, which owed their existence to the labours of the members of the ancient Joannine Churches, but also towards these churches themselves. In 664, the Canterbury party at the Synod of Whitby, by invoking the civil power to decide a purely ecclesiastical question, succeeded in conquering and capturing the Church of Northumbria. In 710 a similar change was made by Nectan MacDerili, King of the Picts. He threw himself body and soul into the arms of the Canterbury party. In 717 he expelled the Columban monks from his dominions. He proclaimed St. Peter Patron of his country, and invited an architect to build him a church in the Roman style,—a building of which I need hardly remind you that the late Dr. Stuart believed the lower part of the existing tower of Restennet Priory to be a part. It is interesting to observe how history repeats itself, as though by those re-incarnations of which we have heard a good deal of late years. Not many months ago a ceremony with a similar object was performed in London in honour of St. Peter, with exactly the same intention as that of Nectan MacDerili, and the place purposely selected for it was a building erected on precisely the same principle, and with the same motive as those which dictated his architectural choice.

This brings me to the time of the inbringing of the reliques of St. Andrew, from which this city has its name, and the national and sacred movement with which that in-bringing is associated. First, as to the reliques. Without discussing the varying amount of attraction which is presented to various minds by the contemplation of minute fragments of bone, it is a patent fact that the reverence for the remains of the dead, of which that attraction is only one manifestation, is a universal

sentiment of mankind. The respectful or tender ceremonial of every funeral is only another form of it. And such respect varies in character with the character of the dead. The emotion which centred round the bones of Robert Bruce when they were found in their grave at Dunfermline in 1818, and reinterred the next year, was patriotism. But it is the love of our Fatherland which is in heaven which rouses emotion at the sight of remains which, as we know them to have been sown in corruption, we are also sure will be raised in incorruption, but especially of a body which had enabled him who wore it to walk with Christ in the flesh, which had enabled him to imitate his Master to such an extent as to manifest by suffering martyrdom the love than which no man hath greater, which had enabled him alone with Peter, among the Apostles, to share with their Master the death of the Cross.

But it is needless to remark that a superstructure of such feeling as that with which we should gaze upon the mortal remains of the Saint, of the Apostle, of Andrew, must be based upon at least a reasonable belief in the authenticity of the object, and such belief can only be justified by a purely archæological investigation. It is necessary to hold clear, on the one hand, from the excessive credulity which has enriched collectors with so many autographs of Burns, not to mention those of Montrose or Charles Edward, articles made by or belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots, or furniture, especially writing-tables, once used by Marie Antoinette, and, on the other, from an irrational and unscientific scepticism which I fancy really owes a good deal to jests made by Erasmus, of which I venture to think that the honesty is sometimes nearly as shady as the taste. I follow the late Dr. Skene, so far as he goes, as to the history of the reliques of the Apostle Andrew which were brought here and gave this place its name, while I admit with him that some of the evidence is only circumstantial, and I supplement his researches with one or two additional observations.

In the time of Constantine the Great the grave of the Apostle Andrew at Patrai, in the Peloponnesos, must have been as well known as that of John Bunyan is to us. The comparison is very exact, because both belonged to the mechanic class, both were itinerant preachers of detested dissenting sects, and both for that reason found themselves in collision with the law. The body of Andrew was removed by Constantine to Constantinople in the twentieth year of his reign, and by him or Constantius buried in the Church of the Apostles. Roundly speaking, as I need hardly remind you, it was thence removed by Cardinal Peter Capuano, after the sack of Constantinople in 1204, and reinterred in 1208 in the Cathedral of Amalfi, where it now is. I have seen the top of the skull. It was during the sojourn of the remains of the Apostle at Constantinople that they underwent a mutilation which, according to the plausible conjecture of Dr. Skene, was the remote cause of the national position which the Galilean Fisherman now occupies among us. When Gregory the Great returned in 584 from discharging the duty of Apocrisiarius at the Court of Tiberius II., he brought with him to Rome an arm of St. Andrew, which the Emperor had given him, and placed it in the monastery of St. Andrew (now called, from its founder, San Gregorio), which he erected upon the site of his ancestral home—and where most of it seems still to be. But from this it may be conjectured were taken the reliques brought to England by Augustine, a monk of the same monastery, and in honour of which his royal convert, Ethelbert, erected the Church of St. Andrew at Rochester. Hence again were most probably derived the reliques which Bishop Acca placed in the church which he raised in honour of St. Andrew in his See at Hexham. In 731 he was expelled from his See—for what cause we know not, but it can have been none to endear the Northumbrian Government to his sympathies. He is said to have taken refuge among the Picts. It is certain that Angus, King of the Picts, received reliques of the Apostle, which he

placed here, and immolated this place, the antient Muckross, the more modern Cillrighmonaich, to the Apostle from whom it is now named. That the late Historiographer Royal was right in this derivation of the reliques here from the arm brought by Gregory from Constantinople, appears to me to be greatly supported by the fact that these reliques are stated to have consisted of three fingers (probably finger-bones) and a fragment of an arm. A knee-pan and a tooth, which are also mentioned, I am inclined to guess to have been the additions of subsequent and less critical times. But whatever the history of these bits of bone, and whether they were or were not part of the body of the first-called Apostle of Christ, they were undoubtedly believed at the time to be genuine, and they were the immediate cause of the creation of St. Andrews as the great national church of Scotland.

The historic expulsion of Acca followed at no long interval after the occupation of the throne of the Picts by Angus, son of Fergus, and while that Prince must have been still warm from the struggle in which he had deposed Nectan MacDerili. Angus is distinguished for three sets of wars in particular. The first of these is the struggle against Nectan MacDerili, the last scene of which was enacted at Loch Inch in 729, although the civil war did not close till 731, and Nectan did not die till the following year. It was a struggle which argues in Angus no love for Nectan and his Canterbury sympathies, or any enthusiasm for his peculiar Petrine devotion. The second group consists of his wars against the Scots of Dalriada, which argue no special love for Iona, the sacred capital of their race, and its Columban monks. The third class are his wars against Northumbria, which argue no love for the Cantuarian Churches and the English Benedictines, but do render certain at least one bond of sympathy with Acca, the possessor of the reliques of the Apostle Andrew, the Bishop whom the English had driven out of his See of Hexham.

I think that the presentation of the reliques to him by Acca, which gave him an advantage over Nectan MacDerili, who is not known to have possessed any of St. Peter, enabled him to indulge all these feelings at once by starting a thoroughly national church of his own and proclaiming St. Andrew Patron of Scotland.

He selected the antient Boars' Headland for the place which should be given to the Apostle. This may have been partly for some topographico-historical reason, such as meeting Acca near there, as hinted in the later and mythological legends, but I should fancy mainly for two reasons. The first of these is that so beautifully expressed by Sir Walter Scott, when he puts in the mouth of one of his characters the words, "If there is anything utterly uneatable, let it be given to the poor," and in accordance with which you will observe that the sites bestowed for monasteries are in most cases either howling wildernesses like the Grande Chartreuse, or bogs and swamps such as the site of Fountains must have been till it was reclaimed by labour which it was not worth the lay proprietor's while to expend; while the endowments of these establishments, as recorded in their Chartularies, consist with almost monotonous regularity, of the bestowal by lay Patrons of the Patronages of parishes of which they were unable to draw the teinds for themselves. This wild and rocky headland, separated by a swamp from the cultivable mainland, must have been singularly well adapted for the purpose of pious munificence. The second reason was that there was an appeal to national ecclesiastical history and sentiment in the memories of Kenneth and Regulus, the friends of Columba: indeed, the name Cillrighmonaich, as a variant of Ceannrighmonaich, leads me to conjecture that there may have been actually some place of worship dating from the time of Regulus.

Then Angus wanted some staff to look after the place, to do something to keep the services going decently, and to provide lodging for anybody who came (doubtless including himself), and, as he did not want to have Dalriadic

monks from Iona, and still less English Benedictines from Northumbria, or to have to endow any one else, he put in a community of Culdees. I think that the first mention of Culdees at St. Andrews is the entry in the Annals of the Four Masters under 742, and, I believe, in Tighernac under 747, *Mors Tuathalain Abbas Cindrighmonaigh*, and that this is one of the very few places, either on account of its royal or sacred character, or because they ruled there alone, or for all these or some other reason or reasons, where their superior was styled Abbat. This peculiarity seems to be preserved down to this day by the use of the word Abbey in connection with some places in this city, although I have not found the title itself used later than 1178-88, when the constitution of the Culdees was being shaken by the action of the Bishop and his new so-called Augustinian Chapter. Perhaps the then holder was the last who bore it.

I feel a good deal of shrinking from that old subject of fiction, the Culdees, but I suppose something must be said, if not for very shame's sake, at least for history's sake. As in many other points concerning Celtic ecclesiastical history on which I have not been able myself to make original research, I feel great confidence in accepting on this subject the opinion of my late dear and venerated friend, Bishop Grant of Aberdeen, who was able to deal with such things with singular learning and acumen. There are either historical notices or more or less trustworthy allusions to 25 establishments of persons called Culdees. Of these establishments, 13 were in Scotland, 9 in Ireland, 1 at York, and 1 in the island of Bardsey, off the coast of Carmarthenshire. These people had at least two Rules which are extant, one of which is attributed to Mochuda, who died in 636, but is perhaps somewhat later, and the first name actually connected with them is that of Moling, who died in 697. They do not seem, like ordinary religious orders, to have had any bond of common Government, a fact which probably accounts for what appears to be a notice of some re-

organising of some at least of the Scottish houses upon an Irish model in 921. Their establishments were communities, but where, as was, or came to be, the case at St. Andrews, they consisted of married men living with their families, the tie of the common life cannot have been very strict. They were not clerical bodies in the ordinary sense, any more than is the Board of Governors of an hospital, although, as with such a board, a clergyman might join them if he so pleased. They dedicated themselves mainly to two works. First, they erected and maintained hospitals for the spiritual, and the more comfortable bodily tending of the poor and the sick; and secondly, they strove by singing, etc., to make more solemn the rendering of Divine Service.

This ecclesiastical part of their work consisted in attending and taking part in the regular Church services every day. In the absence of a properly ordained officiant, they conducted them, with the exception of the Eucharist. In the fifteenth century we find that the Prior of the Culdees of Armagh was a sort of precentor in the Cathedral. In some cases, at least, there seems to have been an attempt to add to the daily services the chanting through of the whole Book of Psalms every day. The distinctiveness of their hospital work is illustrated by a mystic story about Moling, in the Book of Leinster, so striking that I shall read it. "One time, when he was praying in his Church, he saw the youth coming to him into the house. A purple garment was about him, and he had a distinguished countenance. That is good, O cleric, said he. Amen, said Moling. Why dost thou not salute me? said the youth. Who art thou? said Moling. I, said he, am Christ, the Son of God. That is not possible, said Moling, when Christ approaches to converse with the Celi-De, it is not in purple. . . . He comes, but in forms of the miserable, *i.e.* of the sick and lepers." The Book of Fenagh applies the word Culdee to St. John the Evangelist, apparently because he provided for the widowed and childless mother a

home and the services of a son. One might have thought that the sacred pathos of this allusion might have moved Prior Hepburn to spare the poor old women whom he deprived, with a rather brutal remark, of their refuge, but probably he had never heard and never thought of it.

The origin of the Culdees is from Ireland, but the fact of their larger development in Scotland is owing, I think, to the expulsion of the Columban clergy by Nectan MacDerili, whereby they were, to a certain extent, called upon to take their place; indeed, Dr. Skene remarks that it is not till after that expulsion that the name of Culdee appears in Scotland at all. This is again, I think, an instance in which history repeats itself. Such lay bodies occasionally coexist with monasticism, but the suppression of monasticism has a tendency to develop them. I remember visiting a lay community on the slopes of Mount Etna, which was several centuries old, and in Mallorca there were at least two. One of these, which I visited, and in which there was no clergyman, was, I think, though I am not quite sure, older than the suppression of the Spanish monasteries, but my impression is that the other, which I did not see, but which I heard had been joined by one clergyman, was more recent. The most striking instance, however, is that of the body commonly called Frati Grigi, who have come into existence in Italy entirely since the suppression of the monastic establishments under the present Italian constitution. They have, besides other establishments, which I believe are numerous, an Orphanage or Reformatory for boys, and an Asylum for old men, with which I am familiar, close to Sorrento.

The history of Scotland now gathers more and more closely round St. Andrews, and nearly every distinguished name is to be found in connection with it. The national Bishopric of Alban had been founded at Fortrenn about the middle of the ninth century. Early in the tenth century King Constantine and Bishop Cellach stood to-

gether upon the Mote Hill at Scone, and swore that in the land of the Picts "the laws and discipline of the faith, and the rights of the Churches and of the Gospels, should be kept as well as among the Scots." This Cellach transferred the See, which had already been moved from Fortrenn to Abernethy, from Abernethy to St. Andrews, and Constantine himself, in extreme old age, went thither and became Abbat of the Culdees. As it is said—

> Afterwards did God call him
> To the Recles on the brink of the waves,
> In the house of the Apostle he came to his death ;
> Undefiled was the pilgrim.

In 1144 the reforming and constructive zeal which so marks the reign of David I. made itself felt at St. Andrews. Robert the Bishop, an Englishman, in view of the lay character of the Culdees, and anxious to provide his church with a clerical staff, in strict accordance with the ideas of his day and of his sovereign, brought in the Augustinian Canons—who, as I need hardly remind you, have nothing to do with Augustine, except so far as their rule is based upon his works, especially the 109th Epistle, which, however, originally relates to women. The result was a kind of intermittent struggle with the Culdees, the original occupiers of the ground, which lasted about 200 years. The hospital work of the Culdees crystallised into the hospital of St. Leonard, the name of which is the same as that of their hospital built by King Stephen at York. It was, as you know, suppressed by Prior Hepburn in 1512, and turned into St. Leonard's College, so that its moral heir is now the United College, and its material representatives the remains of the chapel, once the parish church of St. Leonard, and some remains of buildings mainly incorporated in those of Miss Dove's admirable school. The more ecclesiastical side of the Culdee community became shaped into the Royal Collegiate Chapel of St. Mary of the Heugh, the interesting remains of which, uncovered not so many years ago, we see upon the Kirkheugh. This institution long survived the

Reformation. But in the arrangements for the settling of Episcopacy by James VI. the place was, in 1606, conveyed to the Archbishop, and Mr. Robert Buchanan, who had been appointed to the Provostry in 1599, the last representative of the Culdees, and successor of Tuathalain, died minister of Ceres in 1617.

I have said that there is hardly one great name in the history of Scotland which is not connected with St. Andrews, and the mention of the Culdees is connected, though not in a friendly way, with the chief action of William Wallace towards the place. William Frazer, Bishop of St. Andrews, died in France 20th August 1297. William Comyn, Provost of the Culdees, was the English candidate, and they claimed the right to vote, but were not allowed, and William Lamberton was elected. In the articles against him, printed by Palgrave, we find "when the Chapter of St. Andrews had chosen Mr. William Comyn, who had always held himself loyal to our Lord the King and in his friendship, William Wallace and his adherents, the enemies of our Lord the King, to whom the said Mr. William Lamberton had, and has been, an adherent, contrary to his oath and allegiance, by force and stress made him to be elected Bishop of St. Andrews." I think this implies that Wallace was actually present and aided the seven Augustinians to exclude the Culdees, and that the day must have been 5th September, as stated by Gordon, just a week before the Battle of Stirling, and not 5th November, as stated in Bower, when Wallace was in England. But if so the election must have been very hurried, as they could not long have heard of Frazer's death. On 5th July 1318 this Lamberton had the satisfaction of consecrating the Cathedral in the presence of King Robert I., who then settled 100 marks yearly upon the Church in thank-offering for his victory at Bannockburn. It is interesting still to observe upon the east wall of the Cathedral the scored lines which guided Lamberton's thumb in applying the Sanctum Chrisma.

In 1378 broke out the Great Schism, and the Church of Scotland, with the exception of the Bishop of Galloway, who had to retire to York, declared in favour of the line of Anagni. It was during the Schism that the University was founded. Of the University itself I need hardly speak. I was going to say *Si monumentum quæris circumspice,* but I might apply that famous quotation to the University itself, as the living monument of the remarkable man who founded it in 1413 at the request of Bishop Wardlaw. I mean Peter de Luna. His arms still appear upon the University Seal between those of the King and of the Bishop. But if you look above the Tabernacle in St. Salvator's Chapel, you will see that some Urbanist fanatic has defaced them. That childish act, which could not delete the facts of history by injuring an historical work of art, was but of a part with the treatment which Peter received from so many during life, and a forerunner of that which his memory has very commonly received since his death. To denounce him has been the continuous occupation of the historians who adopt the Urbanist view,—a view which is undoubtedly the prevalent one, although there have not lacked writers such as Baluze, to set forth the other side of the question. Dr. Ludwig Pastor, Professor of History in the University of Innsbruck, has assailed Peter de Luna and his party within the last few years, in a work which has just been published in an English translation, and the learning of which is worthy of the writer's nationality. German nationality may, however, I think, have something more to do with it, when we find Peter represented as a tool for the unjust extension of French political influence, much as we might regard French political agents in Siam, Madagascar, or Tunis. The accusation strikes me as remarkable, when we consider that the man was a Spaniard, and passed most of his official and public career as the object of the persecution of the French Government, which finally drove him out of the country. The more usual charge against him is pig-headed obstinacy. But pig-headed obstinacy is an expression which may be only an abusive term for what

others might as well call an unflinching and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. He is accused of believing himself to have been in the wrong all the while,—and here, as far as my reading goes, I would join issue. It might, I think, have been observed that where so many learned and able, so many pious, even saintly persons were divided in opinion, a difference of judgment from one side or the other did not necessarily imply moral obliquity. Remember also that the Sovereign Princes of Spain suspended their judgment until the most searching inquiry had ascertained the facts which were to be laid before them as the basis for their decision: that this was done, and that after the most careful consideration, the decision of these Sovereigns was given in favour of the claims of the line represented by Peter. A very able English writer, who has publicly directed against him, within the last few months, a reiterated attack, which is all the more telling from the moderation of its language, admits not only the force of the case as put by Baluze, but also that until the publication of the additional documents from the Vatican Secret Archives, by the Abbé Gayet, in 1889, the full strength of the Anagni case was not placed before us. As a matter of practice, I would ask you, if you wish to form an opinion, to investigate the conditions under which the Conclave elected Urban, and to ask yourselves what would be the decision of one of our judges at this day were similar evidence laid before him in the case of a Parliamentary election petition. Peter de Luna has been held up to condemnation as a man whose only motive was a personal lust of power. I do not think that it looks very like it, that, when Scotland was the only country in Europe really faithful to him, and an army of French troops was beleaguring his Palace, to extort his resignation, and were withheld from actually assailing it only by that spectacle of patient dignity, he yet refused at any cost to assent to the induction into this Church of St. Andrews of one who would be an unfit minister of the Word and Sacraments; and when the Scottish Government proceeded to give the temporalities to

their nominee, Peter replied that *that* was in their power, and they were able to rob the Church of St. Andrews if they would, but that as for him, he would never consent—and he never did. It does not look like personal and worldly ambition that when he was asked why he did not lay France under interdict, he replied that he would never profane the censures of the Church to punish the poor, the ignorant, and the helpless, for the faults of their rulers, and, moreover, in a matter which could possibly be said to concern himself personally. It does not look like personal ambition when all his Cardinals left him, and he told them that they might go, but that he dared not flee, and leave the care of the sheep which the Great Shepherd had called upon him to assume. Ambition is generally to be measured by its possible gains. What did he gain? The shifty Angelo Corario, the infamous Baldassare Cossa, even poor Egidio Muñoz, gained by submission the certainty of much more power and wealth and dignity than they could have dared to hope for before their uncertain assumption of the state by the resignation of which they gained it. Peter de Luna, your founder, a man whose straightforwardness no one has ever challenged, a man whose private life no one has ever dared to assail, but who said that he could not desert the post of duty except at the command of Him who had called him to it, received nothing but persecution,—as far as this world goes, ruin. This very University deserted him five years after he had founded it. But I hope that when he lay upon his death-bed at Peñiscola, almost quite forsaken by men, he was yet not alone, because the Master whom he had tried to serve was with him.

I have always desiderated that history should be written with only an impartial statement of absolutely certain facts, so that the reader may be able to take one view or the other, just as the contemporary did. The ideal history of Mary, Queen of Scots, composed upon this principle, certainly never has been written, and I strongly doubt whether it ever will be written. I myself have tried to deal thus with smaller matters, in my own small way, and I think not

altogether without such success as I really coveted, namely, a testimony to my absolute impartiality. I once wrote an essay on the so-called prophecies of Malachi of Armagh, in which I did my best to put the arguments both for and against their Divine inspiration as strongly as I could. Some of my friends said to me afterwards, that they wondered how I could believe in such rubbish. Others told me that, however I might myself believe these prophecies to be a forgery, they thought I might have done better to attack in less violent language a thing in which so many good people believe. A third friend told me that I had displayed an absolute impartiality, which deprived my essay of all interest. Then I wrote another essay upon the question whether Giordano Bruno was burnt or not. I put the historical arguments both ways as well as I could. My own impression at the time was that he really was burnt. But a newspaper critic remarked that I had strained every nerve to make out that he was not, and I had finally a sort of triumph over myself, because, when I re-read the article some years afterwards, I found myself a good deal shaken in my opinion by my own arguments. I think, therefore, that you may fairly trust me, even me, to speak of the Reformation without giving offence to any man. It is not, however, merely the fearsome joy of dancing among eggs which makes me wish to speak of the subject, but because it necessarily falls in with the line of historical sketch which I have been taking, and because there are two observations upon it which I wish to make.

The first of these is that the Great Schism, of which your own founder, Peter de Luna, was one of the most prominent features and almost the last survivor, was one of the things which most chiefly led to it. That this would be so would be evident to anybody who thinks, having regard to the belief hitherto generally prevalent in Western Christendom as to the constitution of the Visible Church. It is interesting to observe as a proof of this the effect of the spectacle upon the mind of Wiclif. He began by being a violent Urbanist. He said (I cannot lay my hand upon the

place, but the words fixed themselves in my memory), "No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron, and as is Urban." Afterwards he said, "If ever Urban departs from the right way, then is his election a mistaken one; and in this case it would be not a little for the good of the Church to want both Popes alike." He ended by blessing God for having, as he expressed it, split the serpent's head into two. Professor Pastor has gone into this whole question at length, in its several aspects. I need only here remark that the necessities of the contending parties and the ultimate discrediting and weakening of the central authority must be universally admitted to have borne an immense part in generating, in perpetuating, and in fostering those practical abuses, the existence of which at the beginning of the sixteenth century no moderately educated man in his senses denies.

Considering the prominent position which St. Andrews had occupied in connection with the Great Schism, it is therefore all the more natural to observe the prominent position which it occupies in the history of the Reformation, or to observe that in 1571 no less than 12 of the Augustinian Chapter, without counting the Prior and the Prior of Pitmook, were holding Reformed parochial benefices, and that the Principal of St. Mary's, an old Carmelite friar, was inducted into the Reformed Archbishopric in the same year.

As far as the University goes, and any changes effected in its constitution, I might nearly as well have left the Reformation unmentioned; but this is exactly the second remark which I wished to make upon the subject, viz. the mild and conservative manner in which the Reformation was effected in Scotland as compared with England. A tempest of blood and fire raged in England for something like 300 years, in fits of intermittent violence, but rising into a tornado in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children. In Scotland, the future was reserving horrors of cruelty based upon religion almost entirely for later periods, for witches and for Covenanters. The maximum of persons put to death in connection with the Reformation is stated to be 19

on one side and 5 or 6 on the other. Admit the 25. Henry or Mary would have consumed them in a month. Again, the dissolution of the religious houses was effected without that cruelty and injustice towards individuals which marked the proceedings of Henry VIII. It is not very unusual to hear people talk vaguely about what they call the rapacity of the nobles. I once began a thorough examination of this subject. It is not finished, but I did enough to see that this sort of talk is nonsense. Very few persons profited by the confiscation of this property who did not profit by it already. The Act of Resumption itself was not passed till long after the Reformation, viz. in 1587, and the ground on which the Crown resumed, viz. that the objects for which the grants had been sanctioned were no longer attained, was not unreasonable. The vested rights of individuals were respected; there had even sometimes to be interference to prevent their alienating property in which they could in any case have had only a life-interest. There were immense reservations and exceptions, provisions for glebes, and so on. In some cases, especially the friaries, which were few and poor, the property went to the burgh where they were situated. In some, as at Queensferry, it was returned to the representatives of the donor. In most, it seems to have been made over to the Abbats or Priors, many of whom already held it almost hereditarily, and of whom, as regarded the larger houses, there were very few who were either in Holy Orders, or members of the Order to which the establishment belonged. Some of these remain to this day — Neubotle, for example — and the Chapel Royal, and the endowments connected with it, still holds the Abbacies of Crossraguel and Dundrennan. Lastly, a good deal is said about the destruction of architectural monuments, which I believe to be at least very greatly exaggerated in popular belief. Many of the people who say these things do not know, or do not remember that the work of ruin in the south, as at Melrose, was the work, not of the Scottish Reformers, but of the English. The expression "cast down" means, I think, the destruction of much of the

internal decoration and furniture, and, although many inestimable monuments of art and history must thus have perished, the destruction of stone buildings is not only a thing which a mob could hardly effect, but is opposed to the formal directions sent from Edinburgh in 1560, not to injure desks, windows, doors, glass, or iron, to a variety of notices, such as the directions given in 1563 for the upkeep of the Abbey of Dunfermline, which had been what was called "cast down" three years before, and to the action of John Knox himself with regard to Scone, when the building was ruined in spite of him. As regards the Cathedral of St. Andrews, I commend to consideration not only Knox's own description of what occurred, and which does not seem to me to warrant the impression often conveyed by modern writers, but also the arguments of Mr. Fleming as to the bad condition of the building for some time before its sack, in 1559.

The last occasion upon which St. Andrews appears as the centre of the national life was the sitting of Parliament in 1645-46. Just as the Reformation may be traced from the Great Schism, so may the Covenant be traced from the Reformation. And this is no doubt the case as regards the First Covenant; but the Solemn League and Covenant I am inclined to regard less in this light than in that of an expression of the national spirit, for, although its first article connects it with the earlier document, the essential principle of the second is the same as that of the clause apparently added to the Coronation Oath for the first time in 1331, on the recommendation of John XXI. in 1329, and certainly administered to David, Duke of Rothesay, in 1399, while the remaining four articles do not differ in principle from that of the famous declaration of the Barons of Scotland in 1320. With regard to the blood which was shed by this St. Andrews Parliament, and to which I think that an undue amount of relative attention is sometimes called, I will only express the hope that as regards the Irish prisoners we may form an exaggerated idea of the numbers who suffered, and we must regard the episode in the light of the

nature of their unprovoked invasion of the country under Montrose, and specially of their acts at Kilsyth, and above all, at Aberdeen. Whatever it was, I believe it was not as sanguinary, not only as the action of the French Republican Government in Brittany, but as that of the Hanoverian Government after the '45. As regards regular judicial proceedings, there can be no comparison between the moderate justice with which the Covenanting Government selected for punishment a few of the highest and most responsible leaders, and the almost promiscuous vindictiveness with which the Hanoverian consigned to a death of studied horror a great number of persons, even down to the humblest walks of life. And the same moderation once more appears towards the close of the century, in the philosophical self-restraint which — unlike the silly fanaticism which defaced the arms of Peter de Luna—has left us intact in the Parish Church, even after 1689, the blatant monument of Archbishop Sharp.

I have quoted the saying of him who called the eighteenth century the Valley of the Shadow of Death more than once, and still I cannot find another phrase which seems to me so truly to depict it. So in Scotland—1706-7—1715-16—1745-46. In St. Andrews the *Imum Cœli* was probably reached when the Butcher Duke of Cumberland was elected Chancellor in 1746, and next year St. Leonard's College may be said to have collapsed from inanition.

Eppur', si muove—or, as I would rather say, *Eppure, sta.* Anyhow, it abides still.

I have spoken of the past. Perhaps I should in any case have been borne in that direction by my own idiosyncrasy, or by the same profound veneration for this spot which led my Assessor, when he was invited to preach the University sermon, to choose for his text the words: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." But after all, how could I, here and now, have spoken of the present or of the future? In the present there are "fightings within and fears without." And yet perhaps a voice, however feeble, which speaks here of

the past, may aspire to do a little both for the present and for the future by fanning the noble ambition to have a present, and to make a future, worthy of a noble past.

Of the future how could I have spoken? I have heard a distinguished man utter the hideous word *euthanasia*. I myself have sometimes dreamt of the primeval headland, still lifting skyward its crown of antient towers, but with that crown encircled by an aureola of affiliated colleges—a commonwealth of seats of learning, an Oxford of the North.

Anyhow, even as in the days of Constantine, the son of Aedh, the house of the Apostle still stands upon the brink of the waves. May it stand.

On the 5th of March, in this year, I took a walk with Professor Knight to Drumcarrow. It was a fine, sunny day. We stood among the remains of the prehistoric fort, and looked over the bright view, the glorious landscape enriched by so many memories, the city of St. Andrews enthroned upon her sea-girt promontory, the German Ocean stretching to the horizon, from where it chafes upon the cliffs which support her walls. And we remarked how God and man, how nature and history, had alike marked this place as an ideal home of learning and culture. And then the view and the name of the Apostle together carried my thoughts away to another land and to a narrower and land-locked sea. I do not mean that where Patrai, the scene of Andrew's death, looks from the shores of Achaia towards the home of Ulysses over waters rendered for ever glorious by the victory of Lepanto. I do not mean the City of Constantine, where the first Christian Emperor enshrined his body, and where the union of ineffably debased luxury and ineffably debased misery, which drains into the sea of Marmora, excites a disgust which almost chokes grief and humiliation. Neither do I mean those sun-baked precipices which, by the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, beetle over the grave where lies the body that was conformed in death to the likeness of the death of the Lord. I mean the land of Andrew's birth—the hot, brown hills, which, far below the general sea-level of the world, gird in the Lake of

Gennesereth,—that strange landscape which also is not unknown to me, the environing circle of arid steeps, at whose feet, nevertheless, the occasional brakes of oleander raise above the line of the waters their masses of pink blossom, and whence the eye can see the snows of Hermon glistering against the sky far away,—and I pray that some words which he heard uttered upon one of those hills may be realised here,—that the physical situation of this place may be but a parable of its moral position,—and that it may yet be said of the House of the Apostle that "the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

APPENDIX I

LIST OF RECTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY FROM 1859 TO 1894

SIR RALPH ANSTRUTHER

(1859–1862)

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL

(1862–1865)

JOHN STUART MILL

(1865–1868)

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1868–1871)

LORD NEAVES

(1872–1874)

DEAN STANLEY

(1874–1877)

THE EARL OF SELBORNE

(1877–1880)

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

(1880–1883)

LORD REAY

(1884–1886)

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

(1886–1889)

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

(1889–1892)

THE MARQUESS OF BUTE

(1892–1895)

The Rector of a Scottish University is elected for a term of three years. Ten of the twelve St. Andrews' Rectors, whose addresses are published in this volume, held office for three years, but two of them, viz., Lord Neaves and Lord Reay, only for two years. The explanation of this is that Mr. Ruskin was elected before Lord Neaves, and Mr. Russell Lowell before Lord Reay, but neither of them took office. The delay in the appointment of their successors, in each case, took a year out of their terms of office respectively. It may also be explained that the date for the delivery of the Rectorial Address isi nvariably left to the Rector. It will be seen that an interval of nearly five years separated Mr. Balfour's address from Lord Reay's, while only two and a half divided Lord Bute's from Lord Dufferin's, and only one year and two months separated Sir Theodore Martin's and Lord Reay's. As three to four years is the usual length of the undergraduate course, this has deprived some students from ever hearing a Rectorial Address, and has enabled others to hear two of them. But, when public men are selected to fill such an office as the Rector of a University, it must be left to them to fix the date most convenient for their visit, and their address.

W. K.

APPENDIX II

LIST OF RECTORS' PRIZES, WITH THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS

Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL

I. Ten Guineas for Essay on "Solar Physics."

John G. M'Pherson, M.A., and George Forbes, equal.

II. Ten Guineas for Essay on "A Comparison between Ancient Tragedy and Shakespeare."

Edmund Robertson.

JOHN STUART MILL

I. Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on "The Sources of Fallaceous Thinking, and of Opinion insufficiently grounded in fact, which lie in the original Constitution of the Human Mind; and on any modes of fortifying the Mind against the tendencies thence arising."

Edmund Robertson.

II. Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on "The Logical and Psychological questions involved in the Controversy between Nominalism and Realism; and on any Remains of Realism in the Schools of the present day."

Alexander Stewart.

III. Twenty-five Pounds for Essay "To explain and illustrate the Principle of Inseparable Association and its Applications to the Theory of the more complex Mental Operations."

William Horne.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

I. Ten Guineas for Essay on "The Gowrie Conspiracy."

WILLIAM WEIR TULLOCH.

II. Ten Guineas for Essay on "The Influence of France on Scotland."

Result not recorded.

III. Fifteen Pounds for Essay on "The Olympic Games—their effect upon Greek Culture."

PETER ANTON.

LORD NEAVES

I. Prize for Proficiency in Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy.

ROBERT T. CUNNINGHAM.

II. Prize for Proficiency in Logic, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy.

ALEXANDER SPENCE, M.A.

III. Prize for Proficiency in Classics, and Philology.

JOSEPH BROWN.

DEAN STANLEY

Ten Pounds for Essay on "The Legend of St. Andrew, in connection with Scotland."

JOHN ANDERSON BLACK.

LORD SELBORNE

Twenty-one Pounds for Essay on "The Causes of Internal Decay in Nations."

JAMES M'REATH.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

I. Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on "Lyrical Poetry: its distinctive functions, and the various forms which it has assumed."

WILLIAM A. SIM.

II. Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on "The Element of Originality in Latin Poetry."

ARCHIBALD ALLAN.

LORD REAY

Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on the question "Is Ownership of Agricultural Land a necessary element of the Wellbeing of the Rural Labourer?"

JOHN LIDDELL, M.A.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Twenty-five Pounds for Essay on the question "How far can the Political Circumstances of Nations be shown to affect their Literary and Artistic Productiveness?"

ARCHIBALD ALLAN.

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

A Gold Medal for Essay on "The Contrasts between Eastern and Western Civilisation."

JOHN SEMPLE SMART.

THE MARQUESS OF BUTE

Thirty Pounds for Essay on "The History of St. Andrews, 1645-46, based on Contemporary Documents."

(Not yet awarded)

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